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13 n.s. 1-4

THE
MOTHERS' FRIEND.

EDITED BY

ANN JANE.



"JUST AS THE TWIG IS BENT, THE TREE'S INCLINED."

(VOLUME THIRTEENTH.)

VOLUME I.—NEW SERIES.

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PREFACE

TO THE THIRTEENTH VOLUME.

SHORTENING days and autumnal scenery once more remind us that our annual volume approaches its consummation. Beloved friends, we greet you. Unobtrusive, quiet, but progressive, continue to be our characteristics. Accumulating testimonies of usefulness, untiring kindness of contributors, with increasing readers, cheer us as we pass along. For the year now closing we would express our lively sense of obligations:—first to “our Father” in heaven—then to our coadjutors around us, while we affectionately solicit a continuance of their confidence and help. We trust our pages for 1861 will partake largely of that precious revival power we cannot but believe is now being breathed by the Divine Spirit upon the Churches of our land. “But this kind cometh by prayer;” therefore, Christian friends, pray for a holy influence to rest on our labours, and on all who read the “MOTHERS’ FRIEND.”

DECEMBER, 1860.

THE MOTHERS' FRIEND.

THE RECORDING ANGEL.

"Are they not all ministering spirits?"

"MAMMA, Uncle John has quite frightened me." "Indeed! I am surprised to hear that, Minnie; for he is very kind and fond of little children." "Ah, but he has, though. He told me there were eyes looking at me, and I turned round to see if you were at the door, and I told him it was shut; but he said, 'No matter, Minnie, eyes are looking upon you that you cannot see;' but how can eyes look at me without my seeing them?—He said, too, that he thought an angel was looking over my shoulder, and I ran away—how could an angel in heaven see me, I wonder!" "The Bible, dear, tells us that the angels are ministering spirits; and, I think, if we were like Adam was, when the great God made him, we should be able to see them all around us." "Oh, Ma!" "And then, Minnie, you know the Bible tells us that the eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good. What were you doing when your uncle talked thus to you?" "Oh, why, Ma, I only just gave Sam a very little push, and he fell down and made his lip bleed. I am sure I did not know an angel was looking." "I hope, dear, you will in future remember, when you are inclined to do a naughty thing, that the God of Angels is looking at you, and noting down all you do and say. Do you not remember your little hymn says—

Almighty God, thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.

‘ There’s not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say ;
But in thy dreadful book ’tis writ
Against the judgment-day.

‘ And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and published there ;
Be all exposed before the sun,
While men and angels hear ? ’

“ Oh, mamma, I see you and Uncle John both think the same thing. I will try to mind the angel is looking at me always.”

Mothers ! we will suppose you have the faculty of seeing celestial beings—pure, holy, heavenly messengers. Look ! there stands one by your side—a white-robed recording angel ; he points with his golden pen to an unopened book with blank pages, which he holds in his left hand. Listen !—he speaks—“ I am commanded by the King of Heaven to stand by your side through all the days and hours of this new year—I am to write down everything you do, and every word you say, in private and public—in the midst of your dear children, and in the house of your neighbour—doings often explain motives—all, all will be recorded in this book ; and on the last great day your eyes will have to look upon your words and actions again, and you will have to give an account of all before an assembled world.” How would you feel, while listening to the King’s messenger ? How would you resolve to act through every day and hour of the coming year ? In private, you would say—the angel is recording ! In your family—the angel is recording ! In the world—the angel is recording ! And can you say he does *not* stand at your right hand this new year’s morning, an unseen observer of you and yours ? You cannot ; for are they not all ministering spirits ? Oh, how careful should we feel not to offend the God of Angels, whose eye penetrates matter, and investigates mind—even the inmost recesses of the heart.

Mothers ! let us begin the new year with this thought, “ Thou, God, seest me,” and take it as our motto every day. When you lead the little feet to the mercy-seat morning and evening, say—“ Thou, God, seest me.” When you feel inclined to do anything you will not wish to look upon again in the light of

eternity, think—"Thou, God, seest me." When joyous days of prosperity and sunshine gladden, and when the clouds of sorrow, disappointment, and anguish overshadow your pathway, look up, and say—"Thou, God, seest me."

ALWAYS WATCHING.

There is an eye now watching me, Watching—ever;	When I cast the scoffer's eye, Watching—ever;
From its gaze I cannot flee, Sleeping—never.	On the righteous passing by, Sleeping—never.
Marking every little sin, Watching—ever;	When I do an act of love, Watching—ever;
And the thoughts which rise within, Sleeping—never.	Following Him who reigns above, Sleeping—never.
In the early morning light, Watching—ever;	When I wipe the widow's tear, Watching—ever;
Through the darkness of the night, Sleeping—never.	When I hush an infant's fear, Sleeping—never.
When I walk along the way, Watching—ever;	When I speak a word for Him, Watching—ever,
When from sacred truth I stray, Sleeping—never.	Who was slain to save from sin, Sleeping—never.
When I act the double lie, Watching—ever;	All the year through, day and night, Watching—ever;
Thinking there's no angel by, Sleeping—never.	Noting all I do aright, Sleeping—never.
When I blast my neighbour's name, Watching—ever;	While I draw my fleeting breath, Watching—ever;
Sneer upon deserved fame, Sleeping—never.	When I pass the gates of death, Sleeping—never.

LIFE'S EARLY LESSONS.

"CAN you tell pretty stories, Sir?" asked a little boy with up-turned face, peering into a pair of eyes that did not seem to beam love. "No, child, no; your mother will tell you stories." The little fellow turned away from the visitor-gentleman, saying, in a low whispering voice, "I 'spose he does not like little boys!"

Lavater says, "Beware of him who tells you he does not like children;" and does not one's heart recoil from the person who frowns upon the prattle and gambols of these darlings? Richter said, "I love God, and every little child." A mother would smile

even upon a stranger who uttered such a kindly sentiment. The love of children in man is a virtue; in woman, an element of nature. It is said that tenderness and generosity spring into the heart of a father from the cradle of his child; we believe it. Often have we felt delighted to see the father, whose mind was filled with everything great and grand, stoop from his loftiness to have a game on the carpet with little children. We have admired the kind philosopher, and thought more highly of his heart than if we believed in inherent goodness.

One evening, one such kind, tender, loving father attempted to convey to his little son's mind the first notion of an unseen Jehovah. The little fellow had gone to bed, and the father took his seat beside him, saying, "Samuel, who is here?" "Who is here besides Samuel?" asked the child, as if he did not fully understand the question, "Yes, papa and mamma." "Who else is here?" asked his father, intending first to excite his attention to the question of persons present and absent. The little boy raised his head, looked around the room, and replied, "Mary is out-away." "Yes; but who is here?" "Besides, in the room where Samuel is?" asked he, looking round in vain for another person. After a momentary pause, the father added, in a serious tone—"God is here!" "Heh?" said the child, in a tone that cannot be spelt. "God is here." "Is He?" in a voice of surprise. "Yes; He is here." "Let me see Him," starting from his pillow and looking eagerly around. "No; you cannot see Him." "Is He out *this* way?" eagerly pointing. "No; you cannot see Him." "Is He out *that* way?" "No; you cannot see Him anywhere." "Let me get up; I can see it." "No," said the father, calmly, "you cannot see Him anywhere. Papa cannot see Him; mamma cannot see Him; nobody can see Him." "All body, all folks, can't see Him?"

It was with difficulty that he could be satisfied that he could not see God. He wanted to get up, and gazed with great eagerness into every part of the room; presently he laid down, and there was a pause.

"God can see Samuel," resumed the father, "though you cannot see Him." "Heh?" "Yes, He sees you when you are

naughty, and when you are good." The child did not answer, he seemed lost in thought. "God is all about us," continued the anxious parent, "everywhere—He is down stairs and up stairs; out in the street, and everywhere." "Can Mary see Him?" asked the little fellow. "No, nobody can see Him." He lay still for a moment, apparently thinking with interest and pleasure on what he had learned; at length he said, in a gentle and subdued tone, "I love God." He probably meant by this that he was interested in the new idea thus presented to his mind.

After a little more conversation, he was left for the night, and a few minutes afterward some one was passing the door, and heard him, half-singing and half-talking himself to sleep, "Oh, ah, Pa can't see Him, Ma can't see Him; God can see me." Although such a mind could of course but faintly appreciate the sublime conception of an invisible but omnipresent Deity, the lesson had made its way to the heart and the understanding, and was remembered. We all know how fond little children are of listening to stories, particularly if *true*; and we can remember being told "nurse's tales," when we have held our breath with very happiness, and when ended, have said in a whisper, "Please tell it to me again."

More of this another month. Now, mother, listen to a Bible story, and tell it to your infant group in suitable language to meet their embryo minds, and mark the bright eyes while you tell the tale of

THE ARK AND THE DOVE.

"Tell me a story, please," my little girl
Lisped from her cradle—so I knelt me down,
And told her how it rained, and rained, and rained,
Till all the flowers were covered, and the trees
Hid their tall heads; and where the houses stood,
And people dwelt, a fearful deluge rolled,
Because the world was wicked, and refused
To heed the works of God.

But one good man—

Who long had warned the sinful to repent,
Obey, and love—taught by the voice of heaven,
Had built an ark, and thither with his wife
And children turned for safety. Two and two

Of beasts, and birds, and creeping things, he took,
With food for all; and when the tempest roared,
And the great fountains of the sky poured out
A ceaseless flood, till all beside were drowned,
They in their quiet vessel dwelt secure;
And so the mighty waters bore them up,
And o'er the bosom of the deep they sailed
For many days.

But then a gentle dove
'Scaped from the casement of the ark, and spread
Her lovely pinions o'er that boundless wave.
All—all was desolation; chirping nest,
Nor face of man, nor living thing she saw,
For all the people of the earth were drowned
Because of disobedience.

Nought she spied
Save wide dark waters and a frowning sky,
Nor found her weary foot a place of rest;
So with a leaf of olive in her mouth,
Sole fruit of her drear voyage, which perchance
Upon some wrecking billow floated by,
With drooping wing the peaceful ark she sought.
The righteous man that wandering dove received,
And to her mate restored, who with sad moan
Had wondered at her absence.

Then I looked
Upon the child, to see if her young thought
Wearied with following mine; but her blue eye
Was a glad listener, and the earnest breath
Of pleased attention curled her rose-leaf lip;
And so I told her how the waters dried,
And the green branches waved, and the sweet birds
Came up in loveliness, and that meek dove
Went forth to build her nest, while thousand birds
Awoke their song of praise, and the tired ark
Upon the breezy breast of Ararat
Reposed, and Noah with glad spirit reared
An altar to his God.

Since, many a time,
When to her rest ere evening's earliest star
That little one is laid, she fondly asks,
"The Ark and Dove."

SOMETHING STRONGER THAN A MOTHER'S LOVE.

AN EPISODE OF LIFE.

"THERE, there, Norra honey, now ye're like a queen, and me leddy may be proud of ye; but, every time I dress your beautiful hair, I am thinking how soon poor old nurse Murphy must give up her delight to that queer grand English lass—methinks, too, she's as could as she is queer!" "Hush, hush, good nurse, you must remember I am not a little girl now, and mamma must have her way." "Ah, indeed, is it her way she'll have? Won't she move heaven and earth, barring the priest, to have her way too? But haven't I left my avourneen little Peggy, only a bit thing of a month, to come to you, my sweet moss-rose, and didn't I watch ye while yer smiles and yer teeth were growing? And now ye be near eighteen long years old, I have been watching ye all the time, and if ye live to be a hunder years old, and I dead and gone, I shall always be thinking of ye; sure ye're the same to me as me own childer and more entirely; sure ye 're the pride of the auld country and the beauty of the auld halls of O'Connor, and could have the pick and span of auld Ireland to marry, me dear Miss Norra, honey!"

"Hush, hush, my good dear nurse," said Norra; "there are many ears in this house." Do, Miss Norra dear, hear me speak while ye can; to think ye're to be taken over the great water by that grand soldier to the heritic country, where nobody cares for the blessed Virgin, nor for the dead—pace be to the soul of Tim Murphy—and where ye'll hear and maybe learn all sorts of hurtasy or what they call it? Why ye'll never come back a true Catholic any more, avourneen—Pat the butler says so, and sure thin I hope the green grass 'll wave over my poor auld heart afore I hear and see that day, and I'll groan down there too." "Hush, nurse, you really must not talk in this way; I shall not be ready for breakfast; do you not know that mamma says she will allow you some day to come and see me in my new home?" "Ah, is it me leddy said that? thin she's too grand to tell a flittergib, barring what the priest Father Mallony tells her—oh, here comes me leddy; I catch the wind of her grand silks."

Just then a very stately lady, heiress and boast of the O'Connor family, sailed into the dressing-room where Norra Kinnard with her old nurse was finishing her morning toilette. "Are you ready, Norra dear?" she asked in her bland way, as she gently kissed her daughter's forehead. "Harwood tells me the gentlemen have been in the breakfast-room some time; put on your best looks, my love, and be cheerful—the captain likes happy faces."

Not many days after this conversation, there was a grand gathering of the O'Connor and Kinnard families in the old hall, and a very stately wedding in the little Catholic chapel hard by; and Norra Kinnard, now Mrs. Captain Percy, appeared in her travelling-dress, ready to leave the hall of her fathers to sojourn in an English home.

THE MATERNAL MEETING.

FIRST PRAYER IN THE FAMILY.

SOME persons we have known have found it very difficult to establish worship in the family. Having lived many years without it, there seems a shyness to commence this duty, almost a fear of being called righteous overmuch—more afraid of man's laugh than God's frown. Sometimes it happens that the *mother* does not wish; sometimes the father objects; and not unfrequently the young people of the household call it a "bore." Alas! that there should be found in our homes any who thus dare to disobey Heaven's King, and lift the arm of rebellion against the Almighty, heedless of the curse pronounced against those families who call not upon His name.

One poor man we knew, who became converted long after his marriage, and resolved to erect an altar to God in his house. His wife did all she could to prevent it, but he was unmoved in his purpose; and often, while he was asking for blessings on his household, this ungodly wife and mother would get behind him and kick his heels. But when death's icy hand was laid upon her, she repented sorely of this sin; we hope not too late, but a doubt hangs over her grave. We know many, very many mothers, who

assemble their children in their sleeping-room, morning and evening, for reading and prayer, after the husband leaves his home in the morning, and before he returns at night.

One instance we knew of a husband who would neither consent to help in the establishment of this duty, nor would he stay away while the wife took his place; but often, when she was pouring out her heart to God for blessings on her household, he would rattle the chair to which she was kneeling, and exclaim, "There, you needn't pray like that—I dare say you mean me." But unmoved she went on speaking to her heavenly Father; year after year found her faithful to her charge, and then she went up to her "mansion," rejoicing in hope. If we resolve to serve God, and dare to be singular in this work, yielding our hearts and ways to the guidance of Heaven, our path is sure to be made plain; and in most cases, when our ways please the Lord, He makes our enemies to be at peace with us.

Among the deeply interesting accounts we have of those on whom the Spirit of God has been poured, during the various revivals, we have one of a young man of wealth and fashion, who with his wife and a sister, who resided with them, were all devoted to the pleasures of the world. He became bowed down under the weight of his sins. His heart was filled with sorrow and his face wore the marks of woe; day after day his head was bowed down, and his sorrow became insupportable. At length he found peace at the foot of the cross, and believing that God for Christ's sake had forgiven his sins, he determined to acknowledge and honour Him everywhere.

The opportunity, the time, and the place soon came. He was returning to his home in the evening—"Now," said he, "I must honour and obey God in my family; I must have family worship." "Oh, no!" said the tempter, "not yet; don't be in a hurry, take time, get a little stronger, and then you can do better." "I must begin to-night; I do not know what my wife and sister will say, but it is a duty; I am resolved to do it, and I trust God for the rest; I must pray in my family." "Not to-night," said the tempter again; "you don't know how to pray, you have never prayed much, you are unacquainted with the language of prayer;

wait and learn how first." "No! no! I *must* pray to-night, I *will* pray to-night. 'Get thee behind me, Satan.'"

Dear friends, does not Satan sometimes whisper thus to you, trying to keep you from a throne of grace—knowing perhaps that this is a turning-point in your history, the history of your comfort? And it may be some little pair of eyes are watching you, and wondering why mother does not pray; and then and there you leave on the young mind the solemn and fatal thought, that mother thinks prayer of very little importance. We knew a little boy who used to watch for his mother going into her private chamber to pray, and then watch to see if her face was tearful or bright as she returned to her family; sometimes he would ask to go with her, and sometimes when he saw her go alone he would go alone to pray also. Would that we could persuade you of the importance of prayer!

Well, this young man went home and passed into his library, and there poured out his earnest prayer that God would give him strength and grace to assist him in his duty. When he met his wife that evening, she saw at once that a great change had taken place in him; she saw it with awe, but said nothing. At last he said, "My dear wife, would you have any objection to our having family worship?" After a moment's surprise and hesitation, she said with true politeness, "Certainly not; if it is your pleasure." "Bring me a Bible, then, please, and draw up under the gas-light, and let us read and pray."

He read a chapter and then knelt down; but his wife and sister sat upright in their seats, and he felt that he was alone on his knees. He lifted up his eyes to God, and cried out in the bitterness of his soul, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" and gathering strength he went on in his prayer for mercy on his dear wife and sister. So earnest, so importunate was his prayer, that the heart of his wife was melted and overcome, and she slipped from her seat upon her knees beside him; and, putting her arms round his neck ere she was aware, she burst into one agonising cry to the Lord Jesus for mercy on her soul; and then the sister knelt down by his other side, and she, too put, her arms around him and burst into a flood of tears. He continued to pray,

he devoted himself and those with him to God ; he confessed and bewailed his and their manner of life hitherto. He pleaded the promises of God to all those who seek Him, and with unspeakable joy he made mention of the amazing grace of God in the pardon of his sins, and he besought that they all might find together forgiveness and peace through a crucified Saviour. The surrender was fully made, and as the three rose from their knees it was to acknowledge, each to the other, what new resolutions and consecration they had each made during the progress of that first prayer in the family.

Since then, God has been daily acknowledged by the same circle, and day by day they all go forth in their walks of usefulness and on their errands of mercy, seeking out the perishing, ten thousand times more happy than they were before, and long as eternity endures will they remember that first prayer in the family.

Mothers! will you not press the importance of family worship on your husband's consciences? And if they will not join you around the family altar, will you not present your dear children to God yourself, asking blessings on them, on their father, on the neighbourhood, and thus show that you will not yield to the tempter, nor be ashamed of Jesus?

THE BABIE.

NAE shoon to hide her tiny tae,
 Nae stocking on her feet;
 Her supple ankles white as snaw
 On early blossoms sweet.
 Her simple dress of sprinkled pink,
 Her double-dimpled chin,
 Her puckered lip and baumy mou',
 With nae one tooth between.
 Her een sae like her mither's een,
 Twa gentle, liquid things;
 Her face is like an angel's face
 We're glad she has no wings.
 She is the budding o' our love,
 A giftie God has gi'ed us;
 We munna love the gift ow'r weel,
 'Twad be no blessing thus.

THE NEW YEAR.

It was New Year's Eve—the pale winter sun had long since sunk to rest, and in the dull gray twilight Kathleen Bentley was seated thoughtfully by the fire in what had been her mother's room. She had sat there other New Year's Eves, and why does her cheek pale, and unbidden tears start to her eyes? Look at her sable dress and know that Kathleen is an orphan. She loved to sit alone in the "gloamin" and watch the stars come out one by one, for to her they seemed like sweet messengers of love from the spirit-land where her dear ones were. Then the moon shone out and threw her pale beams in at the window and across the room where Kathleen sat. The bright glorious sun seems to bid us be "up and doing," but the pale moonbeams seem to speak of rest and peace. Was it so to Kathleen, or why does she cover her face with her hands, as if to shut it out from view? Ah! it was the hour her mother so loved, just such a night as this that she laid her pale cold hand on Kathleen's sunny head, and asked a blessing on her darling. Kathleen seemed almost to hear her sweet voice as she sat there with bowed head and clasped hands.

Hour succeeded hour, and still Kathleen moved not; at length she rose and knelt in the same place where her mother had so often prayed for her little "Katie." Solemnly and with a mournful sound the church-bells rang out the knell of the dying year, and then with a joyous peal they welcomed his new-born successor. An hour after, Kathleen arose from her knees, and looked out at the pale moon and stars. Two years before, Kathleen and her mother had passed "watch-night" together. Kathleen was a Christian; a month before she had cast in her lot amongst God's people, and there had been joy in the heavenly home of her mother. The moonbeams had taught Kathleen a lesson that night. Whose heart during the past year had she made light? Whose tear-dimmed eyes had she made bright? Whose trembling hand had clasped hers with a thankfulness too deep for words? Had one faltering voice invoked a blessing on her? and Kathleen's heart sunk as conscience whispered "no."

Reader! how has the year passed with you? Does conscience say "well?" If not, let the coming year be passed in nobler strivings after good. Think whose "well done" will reward you.

LETTIE LEE.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.—No. I.

THE TWO BARRISTERS.

It was the autumn of the year, and I had escaped for a season from the heat and turmoil of city life. My professional duties were discharged in close chambers and crowded courts. No wonder, then, that inhaling the balmy air of a country excursion I felt rejoiced and buoyant. To render the following narrative explicit, it will be necessary for me to say that my early life had been wild and extravagant—emphatically, a man of the world; it had, however, pleased God to stop my evil courses, to bless me with a better spirit, and at the time I now refer to, I was seeking to lead a new life.

With two or three friends I had bidden adieu to wig and gown, judge and juries, and was a hundred miles from town. We had spent a pleasant day, and were familiarly laying out our plans for the morrow, when suddenly there came across my mind a flashing conviction that I ought to be in London. It pressed on my mind for some time, when I retired by myself to think on it. The impression gathered strength, but it was to me unaccountable. I had no engagement, no letter had reached me—why should I go? I could not tell, but the thought would give me no rest. I looked up to Him whose intimations are often very mysteriously made, and returned to my friends. Impelled to inform them, my statement was received with a shout of laughter; such silly presentiments were unworthy of me, mere figments of imagination, not to be dwelt on for a moment. Their persuasion and their ridicule were alike useless; *there* was the command, written as with a pen of fire, "Return to London!" I must go. I did return by railway that night.

In the morning, whilst pondering the next step, I concluded if some duty awaited me, I should most likely find it in my ordinary

engagements. Assuming my professional garb, I attended the sessions then being holden at the Old Bailey. That day I sat expectant—no brief appeared, nothing transpired; I returned home wondering why I had come, and almost inclined to question the propriety of the step I had taken. The next morning my impression returned, and I resumed my seat in Court; another day passed, and still all was dark and mysterious. The following was the closing day of the sessions, when the Court would rise—I resolved, therefore, to sit it out.

The day was wearing on—three, four o'clock had come, and no clearing up of my presentiment; vividly do I remember the sore disappointment I felt. It wanted but an hour to the end, when looking up I saw, leisurely entering the barristers' seats, an old acquaintance and companion of my past dissipation, but whom I had not seen for a long time. He came across, and with a smile of sarcastic import seated himself by me. "Ah! T—," said he, "who would have thought to see you here! I heard you were far away in the country." "How did you happen to hear that? Were you making inquiry for me?" He seemed rather confused, but acknowledged he had asked if I were in town. "Well," I said, "I was away, but I came back rather hastily three days ago."

He then began conversing on our past intercourse, and expressed the pleasure he had always found in my counsel and advice. What this meant I could not tell, but there was something in his manner that indicated a desire to unfold a secret, but dislike to enter on it. At last he said, "To tell the truth, T—, I have a case now on my hands of great perplexity, and I *would* tell you of it, but that I hear you have turned 'saint,' and most likely will be too much annoyed to counsel me at all." "As to my saintship," I replied, "I thank God it is true a great change has passed over me; I am no longer the abandoned profligate I was: but this, I should think, would inspire you with more confidence in seeking direction in a case of difficulty. Be assured I am willing to do what may be in my power to serve you." I could not have the most remote idea of the case, but I saw it was something of more than ordinary importance.

LEARN TO SAY "NO."

A PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

"Oh, Harry," cried James Neal, "Tom and I were just wanting you to go with us into the woods to seek birds' nests; come along!" But Harry hesitated; it was Sunday afternoon, and he was on his way to the Sunday school; the words which his teacher had told him about the unkindness of taking birds' nests, and the wickedness of breaking the Sabbath, flashed across his mind, but he knew his companions would laugh at him if he told them, so he allowed himself to be led into the woods by those wicked boys.

The sun was shining very brightly, and the sweet birds were singing very merrily, when they entered, and commenced their hunt. "Let us climb this tree," exclaimed Tom, "there are such a lot of nests in it." But the tree was difficult to mount, and the boys consulted how to manage it; at last it was decided that Tom should go first, and then pull Harry up after him. They had arrived safely half-way up, and very near a little nest, which contained some pretty eggs; this they thought a charming prize, but how should they reach it? for it was so near the end of the branch that it would not bear them; but Tom said he would clasp the trunk of the tree with one hand, and take hold of Harry with the other, and he might slide along and get it. James was to stand to catch him if he fell; he had only slid along a few paces when the branch broke, and down he fell to the ground, senseless—neither James nor Tom could prevent it. They carried him home, where he lay for some weeks in great danger.

When Harry knew that it was thought he would die, he was afraid, and entreated his mother to pray to God for him, that his sins might be forgiven; but, alas! his mother knew not how, for she had for many years never thought about good and holy things, her time had been taken up with the cares of this world. This now made her feel sad, for she loved her little boy, and saw how unhappy he was. She sought to comfort him with fruit, but this would not do; he still wanted some one to pray with him;

at last his face was lit up with a smile as he exclaimed, "Oh, mother, I have just thought of my teacher; if you will go and seek him he will come and pray."

His mother went, and soon returned with his teacher, who sat down by his bed, and listened while he told him all about his Sunday afternoon adventure. His teacher said, "Ah, Harry, what a pity you couldn't say 'No.' " Harry looked puzzled, therefore his teacher explained to him that if he had decidedly said "no" when James and Tom invited him into the wood, they would have left him, and all this would not have happened; he then prayed with him and left him, promising to call again soon.

The next time he called, he told Harry he now hoped he would not die, but wished to know if he could bear to hear something dreadful; he looked afraid, but said he would try. His teacher then told him that his leg was broken, and could never be healed, so that he must walk on crutches to the end of his days. The tears rolled down poor Harry's cheeks, but his teacher pointed him to Jesus, and told him he must pray very often that God would enable him to bear this trial, which Harry promised to do. He now walks on his crutches. Many people have asked him what was the cause of his lameness, when he always answers, "I am lame because I had not learned to say 'no.' " Children, have you learnt to say "no?" If not, learn from Harry, whenever you are asked to do what is wrong, to say "no."

J. H.

THE STORY OF A LIFE.—No. XXII.

"I MADE every search," said Mr. Ewart, "for my dear old friend, Mr. Lindon, but success mocked my efforts. Yesterday, to my surprise, I received a letter from him, bidding me to come without delay. I started for town immediately, and in a few hours was by his side. His beautiful child, now a woman, was with him, and she was all he now possessed of his former wealth. There was nothing that told of poverty, that is to say, in the shape it sometimes assumes of pinching want, but that humble lodging was a sad contrast to their former home.

"I had some private conversation with him, and he informed me that he was suffering from an internal complaint, which, in the opinion of his physician, was utterly beyond human aid. I could not help feeling, as I looked on my old friend, that 'passing away' was indelibly engraved in their desolating characters on every feature. It was not without a deep struggle in his heart, I could plainly see, that he informed me why he had desired to see me. His child! When he had sunk to repose in the grave, she, penniless, and without a friend, would have to encounter a world which, when we come to realities, is to youth and beauty often as gentle a nursing mother as the arid desert would be to the drooping snowdrop. I need scarcely tell you his request, that I should shield her in her hour of desolation."

The rich mellow tones of Mr. Ewart's voice deepened with emotion as he continued, "Alone, I shall be but a poor assistance. I cannot well bring this young and beautiful girl to my home. You, my dear friend, may say that I should not suffer myself to be influenced by the world's opinion. I should not regard it for myself, but I should dread the faintest whisper on such a matter reaching her ear; besides, she needs womanly sympathy, and if you would receive her for a time in your home, I need not ask a place for her in your heart." He paused.

What great sweeping thoughts can pass through the mind whilst the tongue is sending forth a few simple words. Many thoughts passed through Mrs. Howard's mind in that brief instant; no one had ever broken the sweet intercourse of thought and feeling which were daily exchanged between Nelly and herself, more than any other earthly pleasure she loved to be alone with her child; but her noble self-sacrificing nature would not suffer such a thought to dwell with her for an instant; and if Mrs. Howard had needed a stronger inducement than the gentle pleadings of her warm and sympathising heart, Nelly's tearful and pleading eye would have been sufficient, but she did not; more than Mr. Ewart asked, all even that he could desire, was promised.

Some days after, with her head resting on Mrs. Howard's shoulder, and her hand firmly and lovingly clasped in her new friend's, Isabella London learned the sad truth that her father's

hour of departure was at hand. Need we say that Mrs. Howard's words were fraught with tenderest sympathy, that with her warm loving nature she poured the balm of consolation on the wounded heart? Isabella's tears flowed freely, nor did Mrs. Howard chide them; when, however, the first burst of grief was over, she delicately led the drooping spirit to Him who will not break the bruised reed. Oh, what a healing balm was there, what a fountain of refreshing waters to the worn and weary spirit!

Did you ever see a weary traveller seated by the wayside stream, drinking bountifully of its clear sparkling waters? Did you ever give bread to the hungry, and whilst the food was eagerly devoured to satisfy the human want, did you note the expression of the eye and brow, as there far more eloquently than flowing words was revealed the impress of thy deed on the soul? What water is to the thirsty, and bread to the hungry, so is He in whom dwells the fulness and perfection of love and wisdom to the soul. As such He seemed to Isabella Lindon, as from the lips of Mrs. Howard she heard of Him who bids all that are weary and heavy-laden come and find rest in Him. Not that she was ignorant of religion. She had heard of a Saviour's marvellous love, and listened to the wondrous story of God manifest in the flesh. She admired the eloquent language of the Scriptures, the sweet poetry of the [psalmist of Israel; Christ had died for the world, but that He had died for her was a truth she had realized in her soul; and now, when earthly ties were nearly snapt asunder, it was sweet to hear of Him who binds us to Himself with cords that time can never loosen. Truly she was seeking Him in the storm, and of her, as of many who have crossed the Jordan, it might be said, "Behold I have refined thee, but not with silver, I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction."

COUNTING THE DEATHS.

"WHY, mamma," said Madeline Gray, "it's almost Christmas. How quick the time goes, and what a number of our friends, that came to our last Christmas party, will be absent this: so many are dead." "Yes, Madeline," said Mrs. Gray, "I think we have

lost more friends this year than any previous one. There's Mrs. Leigh, and Miss Clyde, and young Harry Lisle, and poor Miss Watson, who was ill so long; and Mrs. Hampton, and, oh dear! I don't know how many more," said Mrs. Gray, with a sigh. "Yes, mamma," exclaimed Madeline; "but you have forgotten cousin Annie and Miss Campbell. Poor girl! how pale she used to look. I am glad I don't look pale, mamma!" and Madeline stole a glance at the mirror. Ah, Madeline! know you not those of the sparkling cheek and dew-bright eye are more often the reaper's choice?

Time passed, but before Christmas came one night there was a wild cry of agony in Mrs. Gray's home, and ere the trembling mother reached the room from whence the cry came, poor mistaken, misguided Madeline was "pale." Death had come, and robbed the bright eye of its brightness, and instead of the blooming cheek, alas! 'twas pale now. There was one more dead, and instead of the Christmas rejoicings Madeline had looked forward to, Christmas was a sad and mournful time. Truly "God's ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts."

THE HOME-MOTHER.

WE must draw a broad line between the home-mother and the frivolous butterfly of fashion, who flirts from ball to opera and party, decked in rich robes, and followed by a train as heartless as herself—she, who, forgetful of the holy task assigned her, neglects those who have been given to her charge, and leaves them to the care of hirelings while she pursues her giddy round of amusement. Not so with our home-mother; blessings be upon her head! The heart warms to see her in her daily routine of pleasant duties. How pleasantly she sits, day after day, shaping and sewing some little article for use and adornment of her little flock! And how proud and pleased is each little recipient of her kindness. How the little faces dimple with pleasure; and the bright eyes grow still brighter as mamma decks them with her own hands in the new dress she has made! How much warmer and more comfortable they

feel if mamma wraps them up before they go to school. No one but she can warm the mitts and overshoes, or tie the comforters round their necks. There is a peculiar charm about all she does; the precious mother! They could not sleep—nay, for that matter, she could not—if she failed to visit their chamber, and, with her own soft hands, arrange them comfortably before they slept. Her heart thrills with gratitude to her Creator, and looks on those sweet blooming faces; and when their prayers are done, imprints a good-night kiss on each rosy mouth. It may be, too, a tear will start for the little nestling bird in its chill, narrow bed, for whom her maternal care is no longer needed. It sleeps, though the sleet and snow descend, and the wild winter howls around its head. It needs no longer her tender care. A mightier arm enfolds it! It is at rest. She feels and knows that it is right, and bends meekly to the hand that sped the shaft, and turns with a warmer love, if it be possible, to those little ones who are left to love. How tenderly she guards them from danger; and with what a strong untiring love she watches by their bed-side when they are ill. Blessings on the gentle, home-loving mother! Angels will look with love upon her acts. Her children will rise up and call her blessed, and the memory of her kindly deeds will enfold her as a garment.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Prison Opened. By Rev. J. VINNY. London: Book Society, 19, Paternoster Row.

An exceedingly interesting narrative. A very useful present to the young.

"Revival," an Address to the Unconverted. By Rev. R. MAGUIRE, M.A. London: The Book Society, 19, Paternoster Row.

A useful and heart-searching little book.

Rum, Speak to that Young Man. By the Rev. J. P. CHOWN. London: The Book Society, 19, Paternoster Row.

Good advice we wish all would follow.

I cannot say "No." By Rev. SAMUEL MARTIN. London: The Book Society, 19, Paternoster Row.

A book for you to present to your son, mother.

The Happy New Year. By Rev. W. LINCOLN. London: The Book Society, 19, Paternoster Row.

A father's story, with excellent advice.

THE MATERNAL MEETING.

LIFE'S LAST DAYS.

WE often read together of a mother's living work, and of her deep responsibility while she moves among her household band; but as we live in a dying world, and many a mother is called away from the midst of her important duties, it may prove useful now and then to assemble around a mother's dying bed.

When a pious mother looks upon the group gathered around her fire-side, how anxiously does she sometimes ask, "Will my children, as they grow up and pass away from under my care, prove blessings or curses to the world on which they enter?" And if she thinks the dark wing of the angel of death is hovering near her, how earnestly she exclaims, "Who will take charge of my precious children? who will attend to their wants? and who will care for their souls?" Who? why our heavenly Father will, if we obey His Word, and train them for Him. He is never at a loss for agents; and who can say that the spirit of the sainted mother may not join the ministering angels in shielding the motherless ones from dangers seen and unseen. While writing this page we have met with—

THE LAST WISH OF A DYING MOTHER.

"O God!" she faintly said, upon her dying bed,

"If I have followed thy Divine behest,

As my entire reward grant this request,—

Make me the guardian angel of my babes when dead."

And why may it not be so? Are not the angels all "ministering spirits," and are not the saints in heaven said to be "equal to the angels?" While we think of parting hours, how fervently ascends the prayer, "Let my children live before thee." The mother in the circle of happy ones often ponders on the thought that it must be difficult, very difficult, to pass away over the river of death joyously, while these dear ones are weeping around. Yet this is possible—this has been—such scenes have often brought glory to God, by showing how the religion of Jesus can

sustain a dying mother when she bids a last farewell to those to whom her heart was fondly clinging, while surrounding spectators are led to wonder and admire as they hear her tell her children that she is going to live with Jesus, which is far better.

Our heavenly Father has surrounded death with many circumstances of dread, that the rash and thoughtless may not rush upon it, when harrowed up by disappointment, or disgusted with the world and its surroundings. The heathen in his ignorance, and the sinner in his guilt, alike tremble at its approach; but the real Christian, who has nothing to fear from the consequences of death, has often been seen to pass into the shady vale cheerfully, committing all her precious ones to the care of her Father in heaven. And when she is called to give up her heart's treasure at the command of Jesus, although her circle of happiness is broken on earth for ever, she does not always grieve bitterly that she may behold them here no more. Nature's tear at parting cannot be restrained; even Jesus wept at the grave of His friend. It will not do, when we are called to mourn for our beloved ones, to dwell on the beautiful body wasting in the damp, dark grave, passing to "dust." No; some we know are weeping now over the beautiful household flowers lately transplanted to bloom in the better land, where everlasting spring abides, and where blight shall never come. While we mourn over the departed who belonged to the Royal Family of Heaven, the happy unfettered spirits traverse a celestial region—they have attained a purer existence. By a voice we might not hear, God called them, and they arose and put off their cumbrous garments, that they might perfectly do His will. An invisible hand drew them within the veil; and now, without a shade of sorrow, they stand among the white-robed company, where tears are wiped away, and happiness is perfect. Whatsoever our hands find to do, let us do it as if our work would be over to-morrow. Let us live much in heaven, and train our children for that holy place; and then death will come as a guest long prepared for, and be welcomed by us as he bears to us the welcome of angels and of God. And when we are called to cast the dust on the sunny brow, let us try to remember—

“There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown ;
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone.
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere.”

Come now with us to witness the last acts of a dying mother, whose life had been early devoted to God; and may we learn, while we wait around the death-scene, how a Christian mother can die.

For a few short years this young mother was the very life and sunshine of a happy home, and had been constantly found in her duty, training the infant minds of three dear little children to love and serve Jesus. On one occasion, after she became poorly, a dear little boy of three years old, on bidding her “good night,” said to her, entirely of himself, “Mamma, I do pray to God, for Jesus Christ’s sake, to make mamma better.” They were one day found assembled in a group, and after some discussion of death and heaven, they came to the conclusion that if God should take mamma to heaven, they hoped they might all go too.

After a fourth dear babe was given to her, she suffered from extreme weakness; yet there seemed no danger until at the still hour of midnight, when, buried in deep sleep, she was awakened by a sudden and unusual cough; a vessel had burst on her lungs, and her life-blood was seen streaming. Amid the alarm attending the painful circumstance, she was perfectly calm and resigned. The next day, hearing that her little boy of two years was suffering from headache, she, with all a mother’s tenderness, requested he might be laid beside her; and while there he was suddenly seized with convulsions, and before the little sufferer was relieved, the crimson stream of life again broke forth from its wonted channels, hectic fever followed, and it was soon evident that no mortal power could save her life. She had always herself expected such a result, yet when death seemed certain, she looked around upon her aged mother, her dear husband, her infant who had never realized a mother’s care, and her other three delicate children, and then

“Some natural tears she dropped, but wiped them soon.”

The words of the Saviour came into her mind: "He that loveth father or mother, husband, wife, or children, more than me, is not worthy of me," and she was soon enabled to resign all cheerfully into His hands. It was not that she cared for them less, for she loved them as her own soul, but she was willing to forsake all and follow Him. From that time her countenance assumed its natural cheerfulness, and she looked forward to death as her introduction to the joys of heaven.

She one day sat up in her bed, and arranged with her own hands, and with perfect calmness, the little presents she could leave; and talked so cheerfully of dying, that it seemed as if she were about to leave her home to sojourn among her relatives, instead of going to the land afar off. Although she had a temporary cloud, her peace and cheerfulness returned, and her countenance assumed a beautiful expression; although her health daily declined, and her form became more and more emaciated, few could believe that she who could talk so cheerfully would soon be numbered with the dead. Gathering her dear children around her, on one occasion, she gave each a Bible as a dying present; talked to them at the same time of the Saviour's love to little children, and earnestly besought them, with tears streaming from her eyes, to read the Bible daily, as soon as they should be able, and committed them to the care of Him who was about to call her home. She gave her own Bible, which she was now unable to read, to her eldest daughter, a child about five years of age, and with a trembling hand she wrote in it, "To my dear little girl I leave this Bible; and may it, my sweet child, be to you the inestimable treasure it has been to me. It has been my greatest comfort in the troubles of life, and now, upon my death-bed, through the merits of a crucified Saviour, it gives me the peaceful hope of an abundant entrance into the kingdom of heaven. Oh, my darling girl! whosoever cometh unto Him, He will in nowise cast out." She gave also a Bible to her infant, and wrote in it, when her weak hand could scarcely make it legible, "To my dear babe, who never knew a mother's care. Gracious Redeemer! take her in thine arms—ever, ever guard her. 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' were thine own words on

earth; and in thy tender care I would humbly pray to leave her."

During all her illness she had expressed the greatest anxiety and hope that her death might be sanctified. She dictated letters to relatives, telling them of her happy state; exhorting them to meet her in heaven. She desired her friends not to think of her as dead, but as a glorified spirit in heaven, through the finished work of Jesus. Parched at night by a burning fever, and in the morning wasted by profuse cold damps, and a distressing cough, when allusion was made to her sufferings, she replied they were nothing compared to what Jesus had suffered for her. Her gratitude was often expressed to God for all His mercies, and her prayer went up for the wretched and dying, for whom none cared. Her thoughts now seemed, as she neared Jordan's flood, quite absorbed with heaven; sometimes she whispered, "I think my dear Saviour will soon come now to fetch me home." Sometimes she lay in silent enjoyment of the thought that the presence of God was in her chamber, and that angels were waiting to waft her departing spirit home to Him. Once, in the stillness of night, as her bright, sleepless eyes were fixedly gazing towards heaven, she broke forth in the words of Spenser—

"How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
And come to succour us who succour want!
How oft do they on golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivants
Against foul fiends, to aid us militant!
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And then bright squadrons round us plant,
And all for love and nothing for reward!

Oh, why should the great God to us have such regard!"

When the last hour drew near, she said to her dear husband, "I am perfectly happy!" Her voice faltered, but she added, "I know I am going to die; but I am going to heaven, to see God and Jesus Christ, and I am perfectly happy. Tell my mother (and others she named) that I go to heaven, and charge them all to meet me there. I am going to heaven to-night! Oh, how happy! how delightful! Do let the dear children come and see me go to heaven." The children were brought, and at her

desire they were placed by her side upon her bed. Never did a smiling mother surrounded by her children at some festive meeting look more happy; every feature beamed with heavenly joy. She told them she was going to heaven, where she should see Jesus, and turning to her youngest child, requested he would sing a verse with which his infant lips had often gladdened her sleepless nights—

“Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,
Pity my simplicity,
And suffer me to come to thee.”

The dear child performed his task; the dying mother gave her children her last farewell, and turning to her astonished family, said, with looks of ineffable joy, but with faltering lips—

“‘Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are.’

You must not grieve and lament for me when I am gone; think not of me as dead, but as a glorified spirit in bliss. You will all sing to-night, will you not?” The agonies of convulsions now prevented her from speaking, yet a most beautiful smile of heavenly peace beamed forth upon her countenance, even amid those agonies, which amazed and delighted all who saw her. Being somewhat recovered, she requested her husband to pray; her sinking voice could now scarcely articulate, “Lord Jesus, into thy hands I commit my spirit! Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.” She then raised herself gently in her husband’s arms, and the happy spirit fled away to the mansions of blessedness.

What a scene of deep interest does this death-bed present! Can you not imagine the infant group, gathered at the request of their dying mother, to witness her passing over the border-land? One sweet little fellow she asks to sing a song of Jesus and heaven, which she herself had taught him; the infant voice is raised, and cheers by its melody his mother’s last moments! Surely, there was but a step from earth to heaven from this place. Angels, methinks, would fold their wings, and wait to listen and

admire, and the Lord of angels here saw some of the fruit of the travail of His soul. The beautiful scene is ended. Thus can a Christian mother die; and while her family gaze on the immovable clay, she takes her seat in the mansion prepared for her, and with a crown of triumph on her brow, and a golden harp well-tuned and strung, she sweeps the chords along in praise of Him who washed her in His blood, and made her meet to be a guest at the marriage supper of the Lamb.

Mothers! would you thus die? Then live as she lived; arouse from those slumbers, and whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; nothing has half thy work to do, yet nothing's half so dull. Work while it is day; the night cometh to us and to our children—the night of death—and then the morning of the judgment-day!

THE LAMENT OF OLD FATHER CHRISTMAS.

With icicled brow and unbending cold feet,
Old and grey Father Christmas came through the white sleet,
Looking as if some dim shadow of earth
Had met him—or passed him—to hush his wild mirth.
“Tell us, grey father, what hath thine eyes seen?
Hast thou gazed on the dying? say, where hast thou been?”
The grey-bearded father stood shivering and cold,
With his icicled brow dropping gems on the mould;
Where sleeping and silent, and hushed in death's sleep,
Lay bloodless in beauty the late lovely cheek.
“Alas!” cried the old man, “how quickly they're past!
They were radiant and gay when I came this way last!
As I garnished their windows with tracery of trees,
They danced and sang loud in my cold wintry breeze;
Why surely, I thought, when I come here again,
They will greet me with joy in the dwellings of men.
Oh take down the holly, the cypress suspend,
Tell the gay and the lovely how life's dreams may end.”
The greybeard passed on, looking icy and cold,
With notes of deep warning to the young and the old;
He moaned in the wild winds—we wept as he passed,
As we thought of the dear ones who looked on him last.
An echo came back, like a whisper of love,
From the lips of an angel sent down from above:
“They are up where the spring-time for ever shall be,
Where there shall be no winter—no snow—nor no sea.”

The missionary knew that she had been a careless, thoughtless, sinful child, and had neglected the advice of pious parents, and of a mother who had lately left this world, and often prayed for her. So, when she was becoming very cross indeed, he asked her one question, "Do you remember your mother? her taking you to the house of God? her prayers for you, and advice to you?" And God was pleased to bless that recollection to her. She wept, and was melted down at that question; it appeared as though a tide of early remembrances of past days came back upon her mind, and she exclaimed, "Oh! yes; I had a good mother." "You had," repeated the missionary, "and she prayed for you, and taught you; but you have been a wanderer in the ways of sin, and now you are in danger of death, with only a few days allotted to you."

She then accepted from his hands a New Testament, which was often found under her pillow, from whence it was brought out to use. She was very glad to receive the good man's visits afterwards; to listen to advice, and join in earnest prayer, that she might be brought home to that place where her mother had gone before her. The missionary had every reason to believe God led her to true repentance. Thus, in life's last hours, the child of many prayers was brought to the foot of the cross. A friend was brought to her side, who loved and served her dead mother's God; and that mother's prayers were all answered after her song of praise had commenced in heaven. Pious mothers! take your harps from the willows; your heavenly Father may yet answer your supplications.

LIFE'S EARLY LESSONS.—No. II.

"It matters little," says Lamartine, "on what story in the street, or of what extent in the country may be the domestic hearth, provided that be the refuge of piety, of integrity, and tender family affections, which are there perpetuated." The future fate of the child depends not on the house in which he was born; the soul is nourished and grows above all by the impressions left on the memory. Our mother's look is a portion of our

soul which penetrates into our very being, through the portals of our eyes. Who is there, on seeing that look again, merely in a dream or in thought, that does not feel a something descending on the heart, soothing its troubles, and diffusing serenity around it?

When does the mother's look and voice begin to educate her child? Just as soon as the bright eyes of her infant peer up into hers. A babe of a few weeks, or months, begins to live, for the external world. How soon it sees, judges, enjoys; how much a cheerful countenance enlivens it; how much a severe aspect frightens, and renders it dejected! Its intelligence is still mute, while its soul already sympathises with ours; it does not yet know what can be useful to it, but already it attaches itself to that which is agreeable. How important that these little ones should feel how fondly mothers yearn towards them, and that it is their delight to see and make them happy. This cord of love is of all chains the longest lasting. The most vicious cannot break it; even when the mother moulders in the clay, it will move the wayward spirit to her memory, and check it in sin. The care and worth of one immortal soul is of sufficient importance to fill the heart of an angel, with all his superior knowledge and wisdom. Surely a mother, in her guidance of many, needs every breath to be prayer. But, though arduous the work, and deeply graven on the young heart in life's first days, those who have gone to heaven for wisdom and help know, by happy experience, that very little children can be taught something of the great Being in whom they live and move.

We should ever make our teaching of God and heaven pleasant, avoiding every thing like gloom and terror; and while we impress on the tender mind the fact that God hates sin, there is enough in the promises and joys of heaven to rouse a child's most animated feeling, and cause the little one to think and ask questions, and these very questions will sometimes help to raise the mother's heart—alas, often too earthly—to that scene of sinless rest where the faithful mother will reap her rich reward.

"I s'pose heaven is a beautiful place, Ma," said a little girl of three years. "Yes, dearest." "Has it beautiful streets, Ma, where the angels, and holy children when they die, walk? Oh,

Ma, it must be nice to die, and go up to see it all, and gentle Jesus, too. Are there beautiful rooms there, Ma?" "It is far more beautiful, my child, than any place in this world, for there is no sin there; no wicked people to spoil its beauty, and gentle Jesus lives there." "Yes, Ma, and the night never comes dark there, does it?" "No, dear; there is no darkness there; there are no weary, tired bodies there, darling. Here we suffer from the effects of sin, and when the evening draws near, our weary bodies want rest, and then our kind Father in heaven draws the darkness around us, just as I draw the curtains of your little bed, that we may sleep in quiet; but in heaven we shall never feel tired, although we shall be always active." "Oh, Ma, then I should like to be there, only I should like you to go with me to hold my hand." "My darling, if you are one of the Saviour's lambs, He will Himself be with you to take care of you, and this will be far better than holding your mother's hand." "Well, Ma, then will you just come up to our chair now, where we kneel, and ask Him to let me be one of his little lambs, that when I die I may live in heaven, where there is no darkness?"

THE STORY OF A LIFE.—No. XXIII.

It was no sparing hand that ministered to the old merchant; every comfort surrounded his declining days, still there was one anxious thought—the beautiful being that hovered around him, and watched with interest, painful to behold, the varied changes of the deadly disease. "In the hour of need, I promise you that Isabella shall find a friend in me," said Mrs. Howard, when she noticed Mr. Lindon one day looking more particularly anxious and uneasy. Mr. Lindon met her full dark eye as she spoke, and all the noble steadfastness and unwavering will of the speaker seemed to shine forth in those expressive orbs, on which were never falsely mirrored the feelings of the heart.

"Thank you," he said, in tremulous tones, "I feel you will; Walter has promised to do all he can, but she needs some one to whom her heart would be as an open page. I dread the thought of her feeling alone in the world—alone, I mean, with her heart

shut up from sympathy, living only to trust in herself; you understand me, Mrs. Howard?" "Quite well, for I have learnt by experience; I know it to be very difficult to take the middle path—for human weakness, alas! too often leads to one of the two extremes, and they are both almost equally injurious. To lean too much on the sympathy and judgment of men—frail, and often erring creatures, like ourselves—weakens the basis of our own judgment, and thus it becomes easily diseased; when, perhaps, by the force of circumstances, we find ourselves alone, floating down life's stream without rudder or compass to direct our course. On the other hand, if we isolate ourselves from kindred sympathy, and friendly counsel, the heart, no longer permitted to throb with delight at the joys of others, or bleed for others' wounds, becomes insensible to love and pity; and the cold self-reliance and self-command displayed in every word and deed renders such a heart, even in its supposed strength, unfit to support and guide the weak. But, unerring wisdom, Mr. Lindon, has provided a remedy—Religion. That soul, taught by faith to look upwards, will never lean too dependently on human aid. "The abiding presence" will dispel each lonely fear, and even though the storm rage with tempestuous fury, a voice far more sweet than earth's richest melody shall cheer and comfort the buffeted one. 'It is I; be not afraid.' On the other hand, the one who looks for aid, not from within, but above itself, will never presume to trust too fondly in its own strength; and the heart thus strengthened by continual evidence of Divine love must necessarily catch some faint ray of its Divine light to illumine the darkened chambers of the heart, nurturing in its operations the seed of Divine love sown in the soul."

Mrs. Howard paused, and the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Isabella. But that one conversation on a subject before untouched, led to others, and they were blessed, for he who was "once afar off was brought nigh." Mrs. Howard had never spent so much time from home before, and as one of the servants remarked, "It was main strange Missus should leave Miss Howard to mope at home alone." Nelly thought so too, for she had never accompanied her mother in any of her frequent

visits to the Lindon's. "I will tell you the reason why I have objected to your company so often, and I think then you will say I have acted wisely, Nelly," said Mrs. Howard, smiling herself to chase the shadow that faintly rested on her daughter's brow, for Nelly had just then been unusually pressing in her request to accompany Mrs. Howard in a visit she was about making to the Lindon's. "I want you, dear Nelly, to be to Isabella in some measure that which you have been to me—a bright sunbeam, to illumine with its gladdening beams the dark cloud that now overshadows her pathway. No sight or thought of you will ever in her mind be connected with the *past*; if I have learned anything of human nature, I think you will exercise (though perhaps unconsciously to either Isabella or you) a strong influence over her. Now, dear, say, have I been unkind in going alone?"

Mrs. Howard had, indeed, given Ellen a reason, but only in part the motive which influenced her; for Isabella's sake she wished her acquaintance to commence with Ellen when she would need all the sympathy her friends could bestow; but there was another reason, although Mrs. Howard scarcely liked to acknowledge it even to herself. Dr. Pearson's warning, "Guard her carefully, and, above all, keep her from any unnecessary excitement, for she is but a delicate flower," made Mrs. Howard anxious, for her child's sake, to avoid introducing her into any scene that was at all calculated to excite too powerfully those feelings of compassionate tenderness which ever seem to dwell more fully with the gentle and seemingly weak. Oh, that woman was so loved and guarded in every path of life! The voice of woman never need be heard mingling with senators, or her deeds shine forth in tales of dauntless bravery; no, as the gentle ripple on the rivulet plays, as the dew falls softly on the sun-parched flower, so should woman pass her days on earth, ever comforting, ever soothing. The days passed swiftly by in their course, drawing Mr. Lindon nearer to that point in life never re-passed; his life seemed to ebb gently away, for it was well with him; he was passing beneath the shadow, and through the valley, but the light of the eternal moon beamed through the gloom. Death was

"But the breaking down of vision walls,
To let the spirit into boundless life."

SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.—No. II.

THE TWO BARRISTERS—*concluded.*

AFTER some minutes of struggling with inward emotions, my old acquaintance said, "Well, then, T——, you have ever been my faithful friend; I feel I can trust you, and will tell you, in few words, my present trial. Whilst on circuit lately, I was in the city of W——; I was introduced by a friend to the family of one of its most respectable citizens, and amongst them was a young girl, of great intelligence and superior personal attractions. You know the effect such an object was likely to have on me. I sought her society, really enjoyed it, and paid her, doubtless, many compliments—some, perhaps, extravagant; with me it was merely the enjoyment of the passing hour. I had no serious intentions, assuredly no evil ones, but our intercourse unhappily was misunderstood by her. My professional engagements were finished, and I left for other spheres, and had almost forgotten the impressions she had made. Two days ago, to my great astonishment, she presented herself at my chambers, insisted I had gained her affections, and declared her determination to live and die near me. I have used every possible argument to induce her to return home, but in vain. I have told her I *will not* marry; to all she replied, 'That, married or not, with me she will live, and return home to her friends she will not.' I tremble at the danger to which she is exposing herself, and knew not where to seek one who was likely effectually to influence her. You crossed my mind; your antecedents, your change arose before me, and I thought you were just the person to whom I could refer it. My disappointment was great when I found you out of town; but now I rejoice that you are here, and if you can save this young creature, I shall be very thankful."

On hearing this statement, the mystery of the past few days vanished; a glorious hope sprang up within me, and I felt an assured conviction that this was the work of God. I instantly declared my determination to undertake the delicate and difficult mission, and, without loss of time, repaired to the address, and

procured an interview with the lady. At first, the case appeared hopeless; obstinate and infatuated, she declined my interference. She had staked her reputation and her life, and she would persevere. I endeavoured to set before her reasons, derived from her position, her family, her friends, the utter hopelessness of a marriage, and then looked up to God for words to set before her, quietly, calmly, and scripturally, her position, moral and spiritual, in the sight of God.

At length it pleased God to soften her feelings; and amidst a flood of tears, she relinquished herself to my guidance, and said she would return home. She pleaded for a parting interview with my friend; but to this I could not yield. Hastily I hurried her to the railway terminus, paid her passage to W——, and had the intense satisfaction to find the next day she had arrived safely, and was in the bosom of her family. They had happily remained ignorant of all the particular circumstances, and only expected she had visited a friend in town. After a little while, she ingenuously confessed all to her father, and I had the gratification to receive from him a letter full of gratitude and thanks. To my professional friend it was a lesson he has never forgotten, and though he does not, as I do, see the direct interposition of "Our Father," yet he says he often shudders as he thinks of the misery that might have fallen on a happy home. About two years after these occurrences, I was inquiring for the young lady in the city of W——, and found she was very comfortably married, and settled in the neighbourhood, with one child. Flavel says, "They who watch Divine Providence, will never want a Providence to watch." Why did I leave my friends in the country? Why did the mind of the barrister revert to me for counsel? Why was I successful with the young lady? Whatever replies may be suggested by others, I can only refer it all with solemn and profound adoration, to "the Special Providence of God."

MOTHER! DO YOU PRAY?

It is possible there may be some mother who reads this little piece, or hears it read, who has not thought of the value of

prayer. Amidst her daily cares and anxieties, she has not remembered how many blessings might have been bestowed by asking her heavenly Father for them. She has not thought of the salvation of her own soul, nor of the souls of those dear ones committed to her charge ; therefore, does not see the importance of it. Mother, you know not what blessings have been withheld through your prayerlessness !

Reflect, *now*, on its importance—before another day dawns ; and let not the morrow pass without prayer for yourself, and those to whom you are united by the strong bonds of affection. I bless God that I have had a praying mother ; one, who not only prayed for me, but with me ; who would take my hand, and the hand of my little brother, and kneeling down, would pour out her supplications for her offspring into the ear of a prayer-answering God. From her I early learnt the value of prayer ; and now I have a little plant committed to my own care, I still *more* deeply feel the importance of seeking wisdom to train it for heaven.

Christian mother ! be encouraged to *continue* in prayer for your children ; for though they may be perverse and wayward, and often cause you grief, if you set a holy example before them, your prayers *will* be eventually answered.

ELIZABETH JANE.

ABSENT DEAR ONES.

As there was an hour when the fishermen of Galilee saw their Master transfigured, His raiment white and glittering, and His face like the light, so there are hours when our whole mortal life stands forth in a celestial radiance. From our daily lot falls off every weed of care ; from our heart-friends every speck and stain of earthly infirmity. Our horizon widens, and blue, and amethyst, and gold, touch every object.

Absent friends, and friends gone on the last, long journey, stand once more together, bright with an immortal glow, and like the disciples who saw their Master floating in the clouds above them, we say, "Lord, it is good to be here." How fair the

wife, the husband, the absent mother, the grey-haired father, the manly son, the bright-eyed daughter ! Seen in the actual present, all have some fault, some flaw ; but absent, we see them in their permanent and better selves. Of our distant home we remember not one dark day, not one servile care, nothing but the echo of its holy hymns, and the radiance of its brightest days—of our father, not one hasty word, but only the fulness of his manly vigour and noble tenderness—of our mother, nothing of mortal weakness, but a glorified form of love—of our brother, not one teasing, provoking word of brotherly freedom, but the proud beauty of his noblest hours—of our sister, our child, only what is fairest and sweetest. This is to life the true ideal, the calm glass, where looking we shall see that whatever defects cleave to us, they are not, after all, permanent ; and that we are tending to something nobler than we yet are. It is “the earnest of our inheritance, until the redemption of the purchased possession.” In the resurrection we shall see our friends for ever, as we see them in these clairvoyant hours.

Mrs. STOWE.

THE GOOD MOTHER.

THE other morning, when paying a visit to the infant school to which I belong, I gathered round me a class of girls and boys, to ascertain their progress in reading. My attention was soon attracted to a little fellow, who paid marked attention to all that was going on ; and when it came to his turn, he read the lesson with singular propriety and distinctness. He was one of the youngest in that class (that is, about five or six years of age), but he was the best reader, and the best behaved of them all.

On my making inquiries about him, his teacher said, “ Ah ! ma’am, he is indeed one of my very best boys ; he has been *so well brought up at home*. His poor mother died a little time ago, but when she was alive, I have frequently seen her in the evening, when her work was done, seated with this little boy, and one younger still, reading the Bible, and talking to them about it. She has

taught them such a number of sweet little hymns and texts! I wish there were more mothers like her; but most of the little creatures are so dreadfully neglected at home, that they lose all they gain at school. All my best children are just those who have *good mothers*." Oh, that mothers would take more heed to their children's welfare!

WHAT IS TIME?

I ASKED an aged man, a man of cares,
Wrinkled and curved, and white with hoary hairs.
"Time is the warp of life," he said; "O tell
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well."

I asked the ancient and venerable dead,
Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled;
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flowed,
"Time sowed the seeds we reap in this abode."

I asked a dying sinner, ere the stroke
Of ruthless death life's golden bowl had broke;
I asked him "what is time?" "Time," he replied,
"The lost,—ah! the treasure," and he died.

I asked the golden sun and silver spheres,
Those bright chronometers of days and years;
They answered, "Time is but a meteor's glare,"
And bade me for eternity prepare.

I asked the seasons in their annual round
Which beautify or desolate the ground;
And they replied, "No oracle more wise,
'Tis folly's blank, and wisdom's highest prize."

I asked a spirit lost; but oh, the shriek
That pierced my soul, I shudder while I speak:
It cried, "A particle, a speck, a mite,
Of endless years' duration, infinite."

Of things inanimate, my dial I
Consulted—and it made me this reply:
"Time is the season fair of living well,
The path to glory, or the path to hell."

I asked my Bible—and methinks it said,
"Time is the present hour, the past is fled;
Live, live, to-day—to-morrow never yet
On any human being rose or set."

I asked old Father Time himself, at last,
But in a moment he flew swiftly past;
His chariot was a cloud—the viewless wind
His noiseless steeds—which left no trace behind.

I asked the mighty angel who shall stand,
One foot on sea and one on solid land,
“By Heaven’s great King I swear—the mystery’s o’er;
Time was,” he cried, “but *Time* shall be no more.”

Supplied by J. G., from an old MS.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

SPARE MOMENTS.

SPARE moments are the gold dust of time; and Young was writing a true as well as a striking line when he said, “Sands make the mountain, and moments make the year.” Of all the portions of our life, spare moments are the most fruitful in good or evil. They are gaps, through which temptations find the easiest access to the garden of the soul.

HERE AND THERE.

Mortal things fade. Immortal things spring more freshly with every step to the tomb.

LASTING LABOURS.

All that ends with time is worth little. Let us labour in those fields which shall not suffer from the last fire, but whose last harvest on earth shall be gathered in with rejoicings in heaven.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

A Woman’s Secret; or, How to make Home Happy. London: Griffith & Farran.

A very useful little work for cottage wives.

Memoir of Emma Ash. By R. MATTHISON. London: Sunday School Union.

An encouraging tale for Sunday-school teachers.

Daily Bible Teachings. By J. S. HENDERSON. London: Knight and Son.

An attractive little text-book for every day.

The Words She Wrote; or, the Blood-stained Leaf. By Rev. B. L. WITTS. London: Wertheim & Co.

A touching tale of Lucknow.

THE PROGRESS OF THE REAPER.

"In the morning it groweth up; in the evening it is cut down and withereth."

How many and varied are the ways that the dread Reaper, Death, finds to enter the households of our world! And sometimes he comes so unexpectedly that we stand looking on in amazement, almost stunned by the blow. Sometimes he comes with gentle tread and touches the life-blood of the beautiful, smiling, dimpled infant, who had not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression; and taking the tiny hand, he leads it through the dark shadowy vale that it might enter the gates of eternal life, leaving the young mother in her bitterness almost inclined to charge God foolishly.

Then, again, we see a group of little children enjoying life's sunshine, and appearing like buds of some choice flower expanding day by day under the eyes of admiring gazers; but our country proves too cold for them, and the Master sends the Reaper for them that they may bloom in a more congenial atmosphere.

Sometimes the dread Reaper comes with thunder in his march to the young man in the midst of his sins and follies, causing him to stand still with horror and consternation, and beg, with alarmed look and gesture, to be spared, that he may have time for repentance. But he is "driven away in his wickedness;" his plans and arrangements, which were all for this vain world, are broken and left, and he cries, as he passes away beneath the Reaper's scythe, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, but I am not saved!"

Again, the Reaper comes to the home of the bright young maiden, just bursting into womanhood, loving and beloved. He touches her gently, for she is ready for his approach—she has heard his foot-fall afar off, and receives him as a friend. As he leads her past the shadow, she waves her hands smilingly to the weeping ones who stand near the border-land, exclaiming, "I go to a sunbright clime, where shadows never fall; where love is perfect, and tears are wiped from all faces."

Again, we have seen the youthful mother, with light step and cheerful face, whose heart seemed to keep perpetual holiday, —thinking in her joyousness that her earthly happiness was almost immortal; but there was a worm at the root of her gourd, and she exclaims in surprise, “I did not know how frail I am.”

Scarce twenty summers had passed her by
When she heard the sound, “Prepare to die!”
Oh, did ye not mark that blooming face—
That joyous step—that youthful grace?
Did ye think that cheek so soon would be
A home for the worm’s coarse revelry?

But so it was—she was smitten by a direful disease, which precluded any friend from knowing the state of her mind in the prospect of entering eternity; only once she had a lucid interval, and then the necessity of prayer seemed to be deeply felt, and she exclaimed with soul-stirring energy, “MOTHER, PRAY FOR ME!” The grass had not grown over her grave ere the Reaper came again, and her husband was placed beside her, leaving an orphan babe to battle with life’s rude storms.

Again, we have seen the Reaper come and pale the cheek and dim the eye of the interesting and devoted young man preparing to become an ambassador for Christ. One might have thought some pity would be shown to him, for he was the only son of his mother, and was likely to become, as we imagined, a burning and a shining light; but no—He to whom the lovely youth had consecrated his youthful energies made no mistake in taking him from earth, and we think regret should cease in the removal of such, until we are *quite sure* they are no longer of use to the church in the world.

Then, again, the Reaper comes to the mother in the midst of her large circle of little ones—comes without any note of his approach. He presses his icy hand upon her warm heart and relentlessly stills its beating, hurrying her away from the home duties of earth, done or not done, to the bar of the Eternal, in a moment of time! Oh, mother! “Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh.” Blessed is that mother, who, when her Lord cometh, He shall find waiting—

waiting full of faith in Jesus—waiting robed in His righteousness—waiting to tread the valley with the Reaper, singing, as she passes,

“Father, I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode;
I leave thine earthly courts to flee
Up to thy seat, my God.”

Again the Reaper comes and touches gently the hoary head, which is honoured as a crown of glory, and silently he leads the waiting disciple over the border-land, saying—

“Death is the gate to endless joy,
And I am entering there.”

Jordan's banks overflow for a little season, while the companion of his long past journey stands weeping near, weary and sad; but they shall be divided only for a very short time—lovely and honoured in life, the Reaper will not long delay to re-unite them for ever.

Then, again, we could take you to the home of the widow and the fatherless, from whence the husband went forth in health and happiness to do business in the mighty waters; but the relentless Reaper follows, and amid the storm and the tempest, and the rolling billow, he stills the throbbing of the seaman's heart, and the husband and father returns to his loving ones no more—his children are fatherless, and his wife a widow—ah! a *widow*! When our heavenly Father would teach us what desolation really is, He places the “*widow*” before us. Some of us can understand the meaning of the word—a *widow*! One who has loved and been beloved—once the mistress of a pleasant home, where clustered the richest blossoms of affection—where was music and gladness—one who once had a strong arm to lean upon—a noble, manly heart to sympathise in all her sorrows, and to shield her from every rough blast; but now she stands like a scathed tree in the forest. Many, it may be, who in her life's sunshine talked of love and friendship, receiving her kindness and partaking of her hospitalities in the cheerful home she adorned, have forgotten all about the matter! Ah, when she was a wife and had a protector they were respectful—almost loving—but now they can pass by

on the other side; one step out of their course is too much to make, to comfort or help the widow in her desolateness! Oh, how sweet to turn away from the heartlessness of earth, and hear the voice from heaven proclaim our God to be the Father of the fatherless, and the God of the widow—and then that blessed promise, “If ye afflict any widow or fatherless child, and they cry at all unto me, I will surely hear their cry.” The more entirely you confide in Him, the greater the blessings you may expect from His hands. Though new and deep are the channels of sorrow opened in your heart, remember there are also *rivers* of consolation; and in searching the Bible you will find many precious promises, which none but the widow who loves and trusts God can claim. Do not be afraid of leaning too heavily on His almighty arm. Do not be afraid of asking too much from your heavenly Father.

Oh! it is not in the sunny day,
When all looks bright and fair,
When sorrow and tears seem far away,
That we feel the need of prayer.
But in the dark and dreary night,
When those we looked on with delight
Are gone—we know not where?

When we feel this earth is a dreary place,
And its joys are passing away—
When the death-bands fold the dear one's face,
Oh, then, how we hasten to pray.
Then we feel a heavenly friend is near,
To hush the storm and chase the fear,
And point to eternity's day.

Then we kiss the hand that deals the blow,
And turn from this earth to rest,
And feel it is best from the valley to go,
To dwell in the home of the blest.
We long for the peace of that happy land,
And to sing the song of the angel-band,
In that city of sinless rest.

Earth is called a vale of *tears*, and many of us have found it a vale of *death*. We have been taught by what a slender thread we hold our dearest comforts; and we have been taught, too, the danger of having household gods to worship, and, alas! to find

them clay! Mothers, husbands, and children are gone from among us to their final account; we must soon follow them. Let us work, while it is day, for the living. Our regrets are vain as it regards those who are gone; our good resolutions can never profit them—our prayers will avail them not—memory and conscience may work within, but those who are gone cannot be recalled, nor can any alter the thing that is done. If they are happy they need no sympathy—if they are lost we cannot alleviate their woe—

“There’s no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardon offered to the dead.”

We have many dear ones remaining with us; let us work while it is day, that we may never have the agony of feeling, should they be taken from us, that we have not done all we might and could for their salvation. Let us be earnest in prayer, remembering our gracious Redeemer has said, “Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, believing, ye shall receive.” Time is short. The past years of our life appear but as a moment, and when all our days and years are fled, they will only seem to us as a dream, or as a tale that is told, and yet on them hang the immortal interests of the soul. Be ye, therefore, ready—we must all pass away singly and alone, but at the great meeting-place we shall see each other again. May it be with joy and not with grief—may it be to recall with joyful feelings the good that has resulted from these happy hours at our Maternal Meetings.

A LAMENT FOR THE DEAD.

MOTHERS! where are they?—where?
Gone from this passing scene;
Gone with the dream of joys that were
As if they ne’er had been.

Husbands! where are they?—where?
The visions of life are fled;
But they live—beneath—above—in air—
For spirits can ne’er be dead.

Children! where are they?—where?

Will the sun or stars reply?
Nor earth—nor sea—nor air,
Will answer to the cry.

Return they not with the early morn—

Where are the lost ones? say—
Gone to a land whence none return;
But *where*? oh! where are they?

Dear ones! where are they?—where?

They are gone from the happy home;
We ponder and gaze on the empty chair,
And recal the voice's tone.

Loved ones! where are they?—where?

We stand by the vacant bed,
On the spot where we breathed the prayer,
When we raised the dying head.

The friends! where are they?—where?

Their spirits have left the clay;
Are they gone to weep in black despair,
Or to sing in eternal day?

Where are they—oh! tell us where?

That our aching heart may rest;
Do they breathe the rich man's prayer,
Or are they among the blest?

Lost ones! where are they?—where?

We ask—but we ask in vain;
The sound goes round on the waves of air,
And echo says—"Where?"—again.
Where are they?—where?

SOMETHING STRONGER THAN A MOTHER'S LOVE.

No. III.

AN EPISODE OF LIFE.

"NURSE, I want you to attend to a little matter for me before the shades of evening fall. You will find in the next room the dear babe's pillow, on which she breathed away her young life; please take it to the nursery. You will find Anna, the young nurse, there. Ask her for a pillow-case trimmed with lace; then place it on *my* pillow, that I may rest my head on it evermore." "Oh! sure, leddy dear, ye'll dream of death-watches and graves

—coffins—vaults, and everything ugly 'neath the sun. Don't bleach ye're young life out like that, sleeping as well as waking; the Captin won't like to see ye take on like that." "He will not object, nurse; he is very kind, and likes me to do my own will; and, generally, he is very ill all night. He will not observe the babe's pillow." "Is it ill likes-o'-that he is? thin we had better all confess and make ready to go to the blessed Virgin and Saint Patrick altogether!"

No persuasion could induce Norra's old nurse to enter the Protestant church at the funeral of the infant; but as the procession left the house she raised the loud Irish wail, crossing herself, calling upon "Mary" and all the Saints to pray for her, and to pardon the sin of placing one of the Kinnard race in a grave among the false-religion people.

One day, as Norra was waiting on her mistress a loud ringing of bells and a violent rapping at the dressing-room door brought Norra to inquire hastily what was the cause of the tumult. "The master, ma'am, has fallen in a fit," replied two or three voices at once. Poor Norra hastened to the scene of confusion, and found her husband supported by the men-servants, apparently dead. Pale and trembling she raised his head, and resting it on her side, lifted her heart to heaven for strength and support in this hour of almost overwhelming affliction.

"Oh! thin, run for the doctor as fast as yer legs can go," said the agitated nurse to one. To another, "Get the fleetest horse and try to pass him to get help for the master;" exclaiming at the same time, "Och! thin, to think there's niver a priest in this barbarous place to shrive the poor master afore he goes to the dark world of trial. Leddy dear," she whispered, drawing close to her mistress, "is there no hope that a rale Catholic priest could be found by sending the carriage over the country?" "Hush! hush! good nurse," gently replied Norra, "he has Jesus with him, and all is well." "Is it well it is, without any holy oil or priest to confess? Think o' the likes o' that now!"

Just then the doctor and the minister entered together. The former relieved Norra from her painful position; and the latter, at the request of Dr. Hargrave, led her to the sofa, and spoke

words of peace to her stricken heart. "Is there any hope, doctor?" she asked, with streaming eyes. Looking at the sorrowful Norra, with a countenance full of compassion and benevolence, he replied, "I fear not, my dear lady, as to earth; but another harp is struck in heaven." The excellent man then took all the necessary arrangements upon himself as to his dead friend, while the minister led Norra into the library, telling her of Him who is afflicted in all our afflictions, and who only can help in such scenes of sudden and distressing bereavement; but Norra had been taught for some time to look beyond earth for happiness; and the good Dr. Hargrave had tried to prepare her for the event he had long believed would cloud the early life of this young disciple. Norra had declared herself a Protestant for more than a year; and under the faithful teaching of the Rev. John Morris she had been growing in grace and knowledge, and a preparedness for life or death—joy or sorrow.

Norra's loving old nurse had been flitting about the library-door from the time the minister and her mistress had entered, every now and then raising a piteous moan for the fate of her who was dear to her as life, and for whom she had forsaken her own children and her cherished country. When the necessary arrangements were made, and Norra's two faithful friends—with two others, who had called to manifest their sympathy—had departed, she went to her dressing-room, scarcely daring to trust herself to reflect on the events of the last few hours, which had made her a widow in the midst of her youthful bloom. Nurse was awaiting her there, rocking herself in a chair in an agony of grief. She arose as her mistress entered, and in true Irish excitement she fell on her knees before her, exclaiming—

"Och! leddy dear, how do ye feel? Sure ye'll be killed entirely. Bad luck, thin, to the day ye came over the water to this false country. I wish the poor creturs who grasped the wheels of the Captin's chariot had stuck it fast there on the bright green of auld Ireland, or that Pat Balarney had been there; for he said if he had, no horses should have dragged ye from the spot of yer own flesh and blood without his going too; and ye would sooner stayed there evermore, nor have his company—the cretur! Och!

deary-me, deary-me, what my auld eyes are forced to look upon!" "Hush! hush! my good nurse; it is all under the direction of Heaven—this poor world will soon pass away, or we shall pass from it. I shall soon meet my dear ones again in a home where there will be no more death." "Well! well! to think o' the likes o' that too, and no priest near to speak the peace, and pray to the blessed Virgin for ye. Oh! oh!" "Nurse, do not speak to me of the Virgin. I have been taught the folly of asking her aid in trouble. She was a mere mortal like ourselves. I have a better resting-place—a more sure Rock of safety, or I feel sure my affliction would press me into the grave very soon."

Hearing this the poor nurse became dreadfully alarmed, and entreated her mistress to return to Ireland with all speed, lest some more awful calamity fall upon them. "Listen," said Norra, "to these sweet words, nurse. 'Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me.'" "Ah! I see," interrupted the nurse, "ye have the forbidden book, and no priest to explain. Sure, we shall all be lost intirely." "No, no, nurse, I trust not; I have found the way of escape, and I hope to help you to understand it also. Deep as my sorrows have been in England, I am thankful I ever came here to be taught the way of salvation by faith in Jesus." "Oh, deary-me, what will the priest say, and me leddy at home too? Oh! dear, dear!" "I do not ask what the priest will say now, good nurse, but what the *Bible* says—that precious book, so new to me in almost every page. With this in my hand I can see light in the grave, and glory beyond it." "Oh! and it's meself, thin, that'll be miserable intirely, for I see ye do things that the priest forbids; and all the holy fathers and the true church is nothing to ye. Oh, leddy dear, yer rale friends in the home country will wail over ye like one dead and in purgatory for ever; and yer leddy mother will go mad intirely." "No, no, my good nurse, I hope not; and I should like to teach you also what things are real, and what things are false. When my poor head and heart are a little more 'composed we must learn together about heaven and the true way to it; but not through purgatory, nurse. No,

no, the blessed Jesus teaches us that He only is the 'way.' "Is it meself, thin, ye'll be teaching the false religion? Bad luck to the day I'll think of looking at it thin! The blessed Virgin preserve us from such destruction. Oh! dear, dear!"

GENTLE ELLIE,

(SISTER OF YOUNG EMILY.)

The dark wing hovering again over the household band,
Another bright young spirit called to tread the border-land.

MANY of the friends who felt an interest in reading the account of "Young Emily" will deeply sympathise with the bereaved parents, who have had another lovely flower gathered by the Reaper, Death. "Gentle Ellie" was the pet name always given to the lovely girl of whom we are about to mention a few particulars of her last days. From her infancy she was a fair, fragile, and exceedingly gentle child, and this lovely quality caused her to be greatly beloved by all who knew her.

Gentle Ellie had shared with the departed "Young Emily" in her early training for the kingdom of heaven, and now she shares her glory and immortality. With abilities of no common order, this dear girl quickly made any branch of learning her own, and to other things she added a knowledge of four languages besides her own; but the world was not to be her sphere of action long, and this impression seemed ever to rest on her mind. Eternity, with its dread realities, was to her more important than the passing things of earth; and in early life she gave her young heart to Jesus, and was thus made ready for both worlds. We think the frail and delicate body which the bright spirit occupied, might have reminded her of the shortness of time. The death of her beloved young sister, too, deepened this impression; at any rate, it was her wisdom and her mercy to choose Mary's better part, and to sit at the feet of Jesus, giving Him the "dew of her youth." Tenderly was she watched and nursed by anxious parents for heaven and earth for eighteen years, and now she has passed into the presence of the Lamb for ever.

This dear one was remarkable for a natural compliance with

the maxim, "Let thy words be few." She would sit calmly in the midst of excitement, and not utter a syllable, and was never known to cause pain to any one by rash words. She was a loving, feeling child, ever on the look-out to render little attentions and kindness to all around, particularly to her mamma, who tells us her precious girl never caused her a day's uneasiness by anything she said or did in her life. Oh, how much had this mother to lose in the ever gentle Ellie! It is, however, of her last days we shall speak.

About two or three months before her death, she told her mamma that she did not think her end very near, but she felt at peace, and safe for eternity; and when the dear young disciple knew that Death was really coming to claim her for his own, she was calm and serene, saying now and then, when in her sufferings, "Oh, it will be good to be at home!" Often she was asked, "Are you happy, dear Ellie?" Her reply ever was, "Yes,—very happy." During the whole of her sickness there was the same gentleness and quietness exhibited. Her great delight was in meditation on the Word of God.

A few days before her departure she said to one of her brothers, "I wish to speak to each of you." The rest of the family, with her nurse, were soon gathered around the bed of death. She then said, "My dear papa, I wish to tell you what I ought to have told you before. One evening, some time since, I was very unhappy, not about my salvation, but my condition of soul, that I had not more joy. I then prayed as I never prayed before, and I found peace and joy. That was the only time I ever felt unhappy about my soul." Her words to her young brother were "If there can be unhappiness in heaven—but I know there cannot be—it would be that you may not be there." This dear boy was the only one of the family who had not professed Christ.

When she came to speak to her only remaining sister, tenderly loved, who was kneeling and weeping by her bed-side, she seemed to speak the word "Hush!" in a different way to that in which she had spoken it before, as though halting, to reprove her gently for weeping. It was a long "H—u—s—h!" Having spoken to each,

she added, "Now kiss me;" and then, "now I have done with this world!" With a heavenly smile spread over her beautiful face, and with eyes supernaturally large, and beaming with heavenly sunshine, she looked upward and forward, as if along a vista of glorious sights, exclaiming, "Beautiful!—Beautiful!—Hush!—Hush!" In the midst of this she exclaimed, "Heavenly Father, take me home!" Her weeping parents spoke to her; she continued saying, "Hush! hush!—Let me go!" After a while she said, "Why have you brought me back again?" but quickly rejoined, "No:—I am *sent* back to bear more pain; Jesus suffered pain in this world—why should not I?" Pausing a little she continued, "If it is possible to communicate, have you any message? What message shall I take?" Her mamma replied, "Tell dear Emily that we shall all soon join her." Oh! were they not in the very gateway of heaven at this moment? On her papa remarking, "Dear Ellie, it is dreadful to lose you," she replied, "How much more to lose you, dear papa." Shortly before her departure she looked around and said, "You seem to think it all a mystery;" then, on again saying "Father, take me home," she seemed to echo her heavenly Father's answer, saying "Not yet, my child." After this she survived more than three hours. Having given her some wine and water, smilingly she said, "Wine is the last thing I drink on earth, and wine will be the first thing I shall take in heaven," often repeating "The Lord is my shepherd." To her mamma she said, in a faltering voice, "You—cannot—tell—how—*much*—I LOVE—YOU!"

"She seemed now," writes her mamma, "to triumph in the view unbounded—it is impossible to describe the scene—indeed, the remembrance of these last moments, and the thought of her present joy, sustain us in our deep sorrow. Waving her fingers in the air, and beckoning, as if to some ministering spirits hovering near, with the beautiful smile, and the unearthly, upward-fixed, and brilliantly-beaming eyes, was a picture which neither pen nor pencil could depict, and a scene never perhaps to be witnessed again on earth. Then following each dear one with her bright eye, and holding up her finger, she whispered, amid the very stillness of the grave, "Hush!—hush!"—then in a rap-

turous way she raised her open hands together, as if trying to stretch them into the very heavens, and continued saying quietly and deliberately, "Beautiful!—beautiful!" Her countenance now became quite changed, and for a short time the glory which she surely had in view shone around that lovely face, so that we who stood near had something of a foretaste of the heavenly joy and light, as well as herself. To describe it accurately is impossible. At last, she slept in Jesus, so calmly and sweetly, that the dear ones around could scarcely tell the moment when she passed from her happy loving home of earth to her glorious mansion in the skies. Gentle Ellie rests in certain hope of a joyful resurrection.

"Hope still lifts her radiant finger,
Pointing to the eternal home,
Upon whose portals yet they linger,
Looking back for us to come."

Thus could a young Christian die. Dear young friends, ponder the *path* of the Gentle Ellie—ponder her *end*. "Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart." Early devotedness to Jesus, and an early introduction to the glories of immortality, are seen in the brief annals of the Gentle Ellie. Did it ever occur to you that, ere another spring comes, your head may be laid on the cold bed of the tomb. Do you not find it difficult sometimes to realise the fact that in such a warm, gay, fair world as this there can be such a thing as death—that many, as happy as you are now, are marked by the dread Reaper to be cut down in the midst of the summer and the flowers; taken away from the bright skies, and the songs of the birds; taken away from a mother's love, and the caresses of many friends, to be on some sunny day, ere long, laid down in the deep, dark, silent grave—having passed the dark valley singly and alone?

Have you not thought sometimes, as you put on the sable garments at the death of some precious friend, that the sun was almost mocking your sorrow? that it really ought not to shine so brightly as before? Yet so it will be when you are gone; the sun will shine as gloriously—the birds will sing as sweetly—the world will go on just as busily—and the mass of the people,

even in the neighbourhood of your now happy home, will seldom give a thought to your memory, or drop a tear on your early departure. "Ah, she is dead!" they may say; "gone in her youthful bloom—gone from the midst of her adoring friends—gone from the loved pursuit of her studies—gone from all the bright visions of hope and youth—gone from her probationary state." Oh! may they be able to add, as we can of the dear Gentle Ellie, "Gone to be with Jesus, in a world without a cloud—a home without a tear—where peace and joy eternal reign, shut in for ever with the family of the blessed."

THE SAINTED SISTERS.

Another parting scene around a dying bed—
 Another triumph of the Cross—another spirit fled—
 Again the open tomb receives a bright young head.
 Another name is registered among the silent dead;
 Another empty chair around the Christmas hearth;
 Another flood of bitter tears hushing all sounds of mirth;
 Another shout of joy—I hear the angels sing
 As "Gentle Ellie" mounts through space, borne on a seraph's wing;
 Another daughter's voice amid the angel-band;
 Another greeting full of joy up in the spirit-land.
 They tell a tale of earth up in the golden street,
 And cast their crowns of victory before the Saviour's feet.
 No aching heads are there—no pain—no panting breath;
 No sad farewell—no parting kiss—no tears—no dews of death.
 "Mother! 'tis well with us—we bless thee for the past;
 For all your care—your anxious love and labours to the last.
 We know you weep your Emily gone, your gentle Ellie fled;
 But think of us as early blest, *not* down among the dead.
 We've passed the jasper wall, and through the gates of pearl,
 Where victors o'er its portals shout, and banners bright unfurl.
 We need no earthly care—we never shall grow old,
 Grey hairs and weakness never come here in the blessed fold.
 Weep not, dear friends on earth, we've passed the border-land;
 Behold amid the angel-choir your 'Em and Ellie' stand.
 Mother! the shadows fall deep on our household hearth;
 But here no dear one weeps—tears only fall on earth.
 Mother! the shadows fall! a few more years at most,
 And we will welcome thee to our disembodied host."

THE STORY OF A LIFE.—No. XXIV.

AFTER the funeral of Mr. Lindon there was little to detain Isabella in her temporary home—little, indeed, but the clinging love of the child for the parent. They had found an asylum there, a hiding-place, as it were, from the world. True, there Isabella had been but the poor man's child; the sight of those rooms awakened no memories but those of patient suffering and uncomplaining endurance; but there Isabella, more fully than in brighter days, had realized the depths of a father's love. Sorrow sits upon the heart; joys and pleasures affect us in varied ways; but sorrow unbars the inmost chambers of the heart, penetrates into the depths and springs of every feeling, and purifies in its operations every varied stream that issues from that fountain—the heart. Thus, with Isabella and her father, sorrow had knit them more closely together; each had a burden to bear, which pure and unselfish love only could impart strength to bear. In leaving that home Isabella felt she was rending many ties that bound her to old memories of the past, and him who had passed away without leaving one trace behind, save that imperishable monument—the memory of a father's love in the heart of a child.

"This is my home, Isabella," said Mrs. Howard, as they entered her cheerful parlour, "and as such you must consider it yours." Isabella spoke not; but the silent pressure of the hand, and the look, eloquent with emotion, revealed more fully than words could have done, how powerfully the feelings of gratitude had been awakened. If love and kindness applied to a sorrowing heart can heal, surely Isabella must have felt its healing power. She could not feel herself an orphan, and alone. True, many a fashionable acquaintance passed her without even a look of recognition; and one, too, who had knelt at her feet, and in words of seeming truth and tenderness sought her love, whilst pouring out his own, he also forgot her. Isabella had been dreaming, and the awakening was, indeed, a painful one.

Mrs. Howard's prophecy proved a correct one as regarded Nelly; though very different from Isabella in disposition and

ideas, hers was the influence of the weak over the strong; and though, at first sight, such an influence may seem impossible, if we look around us and examine many of the ties of friendship, we shall find that a strong daring spirit is often held in check by one apparently weak. This is not the weakening of the strong by the influence of a feeble mind; it is the power of gentleness—that winning power that leads captive the stubborn will. Thus, with the new friends, the naturally proud spirit of Isabella was restrained by the gentleness of her companion; and another influence was at work in the orphan's heart—that Spirit which ever leads the mind to contemplate Him who was content to dwell among men as the humble, lowly one.

Isabella was humbled, but not degraded. Though her riches had fled, the noble dignity of the woman remained. She was learning, too, the lesson that the most enduring treasures, and those which we should the most earnestly desire, consist not in mere outward possessions, but that they are the treasures which remain unchanged by time or sorrow, and shed on our onward path the indwelling light and power of peace and love. If wounded, these will heal; if weary, these will refresh. Peace, the only true peace, rests in the soul by the power of the Divine Spirit; and where peace is, there must also be love. If love to Him who first loved us is felt—experienced—then, though the broad running stream shall flow back to its source, innumerable rivulets will be fed from its overflowing banks.

“SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.”

A SWEET child, between four and five years of age, lost her father, and in her deep grief was consoled by hearing that he was in heaven. She often gazed up at the sky, seeming to expect she might see him there. One clear starlight evening, as with admiring eyes she looked intently up, she exclaimed, “Oh, how bright far away above the stars! Did you say father was above the stars? How shall I ever get up to him?” She was told Jesus would take her there; and soon afterwards she sickened of

fever and died. The day before her departure she was singing the hymn beginning

“Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;”

but felt too weak to finish it. “Mother, will you sing it?” said she, “and that other hymn?”

‘There is a happy land,
Far, far away.’”

The weeping mother sang as well as her feelings would allow, and the dear child lay so still after she ceased singing that she thought she slept. But presently she turned her sweet expressive face to her mother, and asked for the Bible her father had given her. “Put it under my pillow, mother,” said she, earnestly, “and do not let any one take it away.” “What will you do with it, my darling?” asked the mother. “I will give it to Jesus,” said the dying child, “when I get to heaven.” “Give yourself to Him, my precious child,” were the last words Annie heard. “Yes, mother, He will carry me up,” were Annie’s last words.

C. C.

WOMAN'S WORK.

THERE is a vast amount of latent gratitude to women lying undeveloped in the hearts of men, which would come out plentifully if they only knew what they did for them. The Doctor was so used to being well dressed that he never asked why. That his wig always sat straight and even, around his ample forehead, not facetiously poked to one side, nor assuming rakish airs, unsuited to clerical dignity, was entirely owing to Mrs. Katy Scudder. That his best broad-cloth coat was not illustrated with shreds and patches, fluff and dust, and hanging in ungainly folds, was owing to the same. That his long silk stockings never had a treacherous stitch allowed to break out into a long running ladder, was due to her watchfulness; and that he wore spotless ruffles at his wrist or on his bosom, was her doing also. The Doctor little thought whilst he, in common with good ministers generally, gently traduced the scrip-

tural Martha, and insisted on the duty of heavenly abstractedness, how much of his own leisure for spiritual contemplation was due to the Martha-like talents of his hostess. But then the good soul had it in him to be grateful, and would have been undoubtedly so, if he had known his indebtedness—as, we trust, most of our magnanimous masters would be.—*Mrs. Stowe.*

OUR PASTOR.

THERE were sad aching hearts in the sanctuary on that autumnal Sabbath; and why? Ah! our pastor, loved and honoured amongst us and our forefathers for so many years, had passed into the promised “rest.” Tears dimmed eyes that seldom wept before, as they gazed at the sable-robed pulpit from which they had so often heard the words of truth and life spoken by the pale lips now hushed into an everlasting silence. Suddenly and with noiseless footsteps the messenger from the “border-land” came; but the aged pastor was

“Only waiting till the shadows
Were a little longer grown;”

and the messenger, so awful to many, was welcome to him. Long, long, will his memory be treasured by aching hearts. He who has so often made the widow’s heart sing for joy, will not quickly be banished from memory’s page. Not only amongst his own people will our pastor’s loss be felt; but far and near, as the tidings of his death shall spread, there are other hearts that will mourn him. Each and all that knew our pastor cannot but feel and say, “Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.”—*LETTIE LEE.*

BE A FRIEND TO YOUR CHILD.

WHERE shall your child go for sympathy and counsel but to yourself? Does it run to its parent with its little cares and difficulties, or has it been taught to feel that they are too small

and insignificant to enlist their mother's attention and sympathy? If the latter, you need not wonder if you meet a rival in its affections. Be its friend, enter tenderly into its minutest sorrows, anxieties, and plans, and thus reserve for yourself the dignity of counsellor, parent, and friend. "Mother," said a little girl one day, when leaving the house of God under a deep impression of the truths she had heard, "I do love Jesus." But the words, faintly and timidly spoken, failed to reach the parent's ear, and were only met by the hasty interrogation, "What are you saying?" The little one was repulsed. She had long struggled to confess her love to the Saviour. The difficulty from this time increased, and many years elapsed—years of temptation and storms, which might well have crushed the bruised reed but for the unceasing care of the tender Shepherd—ere she could again avow her faith in Him. Dear friends, as you value the souls of your children, their respect and affection for yourself, be not only their parent and director, but their *bosom friend*. Let them at all times feel that they can confide their concerns to you, and in your influence over them, and the return of their grateful affection, you shall find a rich reward.

A. OXFORD.

"LIFE'S FIRST AND LAST DAY; OR, WHISPERS TO MOTHERS BENDING OVER INFANTS."

ANN JANE has prepared this little book at the request of some committees of ladies, who were anxious to find some small, cheap work, with good type, to put into the hands of mothers shut up in the chamber of quietness and weakness with newly-arrived infants. It will only cost one penny, and even less if purchased in numbers, and may be obtained from any bookseller with the "Mothers' Friend."

Tract Distributors and District Visitors will find it useful in their work of love.

February, 1860.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

A GOOD conscience is better than two witnesses; it will consume thy grief as the sun dissolves the ice; it is a spring when thou art thirsty—a staff when thou art weary—a screen when the sun burns thee—a pillow in death.

WE MUST WORK.

He who expects to be saved without an effort on his own part, expects what God has never promised. He has promised to work for us, by us, with us, and in us, but not without us.

CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

'Tis time to go to bed,
And shut my weary eyes,
But first I'll thank, for daily bread,
My Father in the skies.

I fear that I this day
Have not obeyed my God;
Blest Saviour, pardon me, I pray,
And wash me in thy blood.

I now am very young,
But as I older grow,
I hope to praise thee with my tongue,
And more of thee to know.

A child of God *fears* because the gate is strait; but *hopes* because the gate is open.

The tree of the *promise* will not drop its fruit, unless shaken by the hand of *prayer*.

He alone is rich who gathers gold for Heaven: the coin of Heaven is *love*.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Life's First and Last Day. By ANN JANE. London: Ward & Co.

A little penny book, containing a few whispers to mothers shut up in weakness.

The Saved and the Unsaved. London: Wertheim & Co.

Heart-stirring words by a minister.

Plain Rhymes for Plain People. By MRS. J. FEARN. London: Palmer.

Another number of "Plain Rhymes on Scripture Subjects"—cheap and useful.

THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

"And the sea shall give up her dead."

Who does not now and then think of the sailor, when the wild wind rocks the trees around our dwellings, and the raging storm is pelting upon our snug homes? Most of us know some sailor far away on the deep blue sea, and we have heard the request made, many a time, "Pray for my sailor boy." Surely we do not think enough of those who brave the perils of the mighty ocean to procure the luxuries, and what we are now led to imagine the necessary things of life. Who does not admire the character of sailors generally—their artless simplicity—their large-hearted generosity—their lack of selfishness? And who does not deplore their recklessness as regards this life, and, alas! too often as it regards the life to come? And how much must every feeling woman deprecate the many and dangerous snares laid in our country to entrap the unsuspecting sailor lad, as he steps his foot on shore, after a long and perilous voyage. Mothers! let us remember the sailors.

"When home's kind cheer and social mirth
In gladness meet round blazing hearth,
And all without is drear;
Then think of those who, far from home,
'Neath frowning skies and tempests roam,
And pray for them a prayer.

"Oh! pray for those whose exiled life
Has cast them forth, 'mid toil and strife,
Afar from home's embrace;
That they may gain, when life is o'er,
A haven on a blissful shore,
A heavenly resting-place."

"Where have you been, my boy?" asked a sailor's wife, as her young son of some five summers entered her home. "I have been looking at the sea, mother. Oh! I do wish father would take me in the ship with him next time he goes out—that I do! I could climb up the ropes, and read to father in the cabin, when the wind stops blowing; and Jack Robins says I shall be a prime little sailor." "Ah, my little lad," said the mother, with a sigh,

"I hope you will never be a sailor." Vain wish!—her boy seemed to have been thinking of the sea from his very birth, and had braved many a danger that would have made his mother's heart ache, had she only seen him in his playful, sea-loving mood, on the edge of the restless waves; and, as he grew up, he would

"Crawl to the cliff, and play on a brink,
Where every eye but his own would shrink;
No music he hears but the billow's noise,
And shells and weeds are his only toys.
No lullaby can the mother find
To sing him to rest, like the moaning wind;
And the louder it wails, and the fiercer it sweeps,
The deeper he breathes, and the sounder he sleeps."

In vain the anxious mother, who sees danger in a thousand forms, warns him of trusting to the treacherous sea; he climbs the rock, where few feet can venture—he climbs the vessel, with none to guide or help—he shouts with glee, while others, who look on his daring prowess, tremble; he sees nothing but joy in the heaving wave, and nothing but life in the stormy ocean. No landsman's path for him, it is all too tame.

"It would be as wise to spend one's power
In trying to lure the bee from the flower,
The lark from the sky, or the worm from the grave,
As in weaning the sea-child from the wave."

Seeing this was really the case, Mary Moir did all she could to store her boy's mind with Divine truth,—for, be it known, Mary was a woman who feared God,—praying with him and for him; and at length, when he left her for a far-distant land, she had a good and well-founded hope that, if her son returned to her loving heart no more in this world, she should find him where there is no more sea. At length this fond mother settled quietly down; day by day she pleaded earnestly with Heaven for her sailor boy; and she rested, feeling he was safe in the keeping of her God.

Harry went and returned year by year, and was a comfort and pride to his pious mother, and she became convinced that a seaman's life was her son's right vocation. Fondly she hoped to lean on his manly arm as she passed down the hill of

life, and etered before him into the celestial city ; but her heavenly Father's thoughts were not like hers.

From a child, Harry Moir had ever been delicate, and now, when far from home, he felt disease working in his system. His captain was exceedingly fond of him, and had observed for some time, with deep regret, that the young man was unequal to the ship duties. One day, as Harry was leaning against the side of the vessel, feeling weak and languid, Captain Lewis addressed him. "Harry, my lad, you are not well ; are you home sick, eh ?" "No, Sir, not exactly the way you may suppose. I am not well, Sir, and I feel that my voyage will soon be over ; but I hope to land on a better shore, Sir, through One who has died for me." "Ah, indeed ! you ought to have been made a parson of, Hal, instead of a sailor. Where did you learn to read your Bible so well, eh ?" "At my good mother's knee, Sir, and I am sure I shall meet her again, and thank her for her care of me, where there shall be no more sea." "Oh, indeed ! why you are a poet too, eh ? but are you not afraid to die, Hal ?" "No, Sir ; the Bible says that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin ; and I feel He has washed *my* sins all away. You see, Sir, I am going ~~fast~~ home—in the midst of life I am near death ; but it is all right, Sir—all right." "Brave lad, brave lad ! But what shall we do with you, Hal, if you die ? We cannot take you back to your mother." "Oh ! no, Sir, I do not wish it—I should like a sailor's grave best, Sir. Bury me down in the deep, please, Sir ; then our fine old vessel and my shipmates will ride over the spot now and then, and when the sea gives up her dead, Sir, I shall meet my mother again. I wanted to speak to you, Sir, about this matter. Will you, Sir, be so kind as to tell my poor mother that I died thanking her for my early instructions, and expecting to see her in a white robe, up yonder, beyond the blue sky ? Will you also give her a parcel I will put on your table, Sir ? It is a little odd money I wanted to give her, myself, but 'tis too late now. And will you, please, Sir, tell her not to grieve that she cannot look upon the spot where my body sleeps, for that I would rather be down in the sailor's grave, with the sea roaring over me, and my shipmates passing over the

place." "Brave boy, brave lad!" the Captain was heard to say, as he turned to brush away a tear and walked the deck.

A short time after this conversation Captain Lewis was summoned to the death-scene. Harry smiled as he drew near, and said in a low, faltering voice, "You see, Captain, I am going my last voyage; the storm has been rather rough, on account of my good mother at home; but I am in the life-boat Christ Jesus. Please tell her I am safe—safe from all storms—tell her I love her—tell her I thank her for all her care and instructions in my early days. And, Captain, will you try to meet me and my mother in heaven? I am going to be with Jesus—all my troubles left behind, and earth exchanged for heaven. Do come, Captain—come to Jesus—come." While the Captain looked and listened, the happy spirit departed; and, amid many tears, Harry was laid to rest in the deep blue sea.

The death of the sailor lad, who had been trained by a pious mother, was the means of the spiritual life of Captain Lewis; and he now sails with a "Bethel Flag," and has often been heard to say, "A sailor lad's religion, which his mother taught him, helps me to sail towards the haven of rest."

MOTHERS! WHY you not pray for the sailor?

THE MARINER'S LAST HOME.

We brought him on deck, for 'twas his prayer
He might feel again the placid air,
And see before him the distant strand,
And the snow-white cliffs of his own dear land.
His brow was sunken, his eye was dim,
And wasted and pale each manly limb;
But the brow grew flushed, and his glazed eye bright,
As his own loved country met his sight.
He died; but in dying a smile passed o'er
His lips—then faded and shone no more;
And now he sleeps his quiet sleep,
In the bosom of his bride—the Deep!
From a child he loved her heaving breast,
For his heart, like hers, had a wild behest;
And his native shore, and the bounding sea,
Ah! to die in their sight was ecstasy.
The waves passed over the seaman's form,
But he will not hear the howling storm;
And round him may rush the frenzied billow,
Yet calm will he sleep on his sea-weed pillow.

WHICH IS BEST?

"WHY, Susan, I never did see—what a tidy house you have got so early this morning! Well, to be sure, if you don't beat all the women I ever saw in my born days. Why, you look like a new pin. I declare I am ashamed to think what a muddle we are all in, and I came to get the end of a stick alight to make my fire; I can't get it to burn anyhow." "Perhaps you have not cleared out the ashes, Mrs. Smith. I think you told me you never did, and I could not get a nice fire, if I did not give it air." "Oh dear no, I don't clear the grate from one end of the week to the other. Bless you, it would take such a time I should never get on." "Well, Mrs. Smith, it seems you don't get on now in the fire way. Take my advice;—clear your grate, put your bits of wood and a few small lumps of coal in between, then sift your cinders and throw them behind, with a dust of small coal on the top of them, and you will soon have a bright, clear fire for your husband."

"Mother," said a gentle voice, "may I bring baby? Is the room ready?" "Yes, dear, come along with the darling, it is all neat and tidy." "Bless me, Polly, are you and baby going out this cold morning? Why, you look like spank new children going out to a treat." "Do we, Mrs. Smith? we are the same as usual. When mother has dressed baby, I amuse her till the room is made all clean and neat, ready for father." "Well, there, Mrs. Collins, you do put me out with your easy kind of way of doing things; my master rather makes me a bit asorew about you sometimes. You see, he is inclined to your ways more than mine and I told him, last night, you would have been the match for him; so my lord was put out, and walked off for some other company." "Oh! dear, dear, I hope you will never mention my name in this way again." "Why, you see, he did it himself; he said your husband would suit me, and mine would suit you; for, says he, Mark Collins don't know how to value a tidy, neat, and saving woman." "Oh dear! what a pity that husbands should talk about their wives out-of-door like that. I am very sorry."

"Oh! you needn't be sorry, for 'twas all in praise of you and your ways."

"Mother, mother," screamed little Margery Smith, "here comes father, and no fire and no breakfast." "Bless me, and here comes your master, and all his breakfast so nice and ready, and my fire not lighted yet. Good morning, Mark—I believe you have got a comfortable breakfast ready; look, look, you are taking the mud in with you; don't you scrape your shoes on the scraper?" "Bless you, no, I never take the trouble." "Why, my master does, though he says 'tis as dirty in doors as out." "Ah, indeed, I can't say that; I know I am a careless fellow, but I never get any cross looks, that's one thing." "Ah, I see," said Mrs. Smith, turning into her comfortless home, "I see Mrs. Collins would suit my master, and hers would suit me; but marriages are made in heaven, they say." "Say so, do they?" whispered a voice over her shoulder, "maybe, then, they come down in a thunder-cloud, and the right parties are separated; but all depends on the early bringing up, I'm thinking." "Laws, George, how you frightened me! Are you come home—and no fire? Bless us, oh, I must strike up a bit of a bustle. I must try to mend, if 'tisn't too late. You see, I had no mother's training, the worse luck."

SOMETHING STRONGER THAN A MOTHER'S LOVE.

No. IV.

AN EPISODE OF LIFE.

As soon as arrangements could be made, Norra retired to the west of England, with a few only of her establishment, determining to appropriate a large portion of her handsome fortune to the cause of her Redeemer, and the weal of the poor. She was now a decided Protestant, and had been taught by the Spirit of God, in the deep sorrow of bereavement, that the joys and pleasures of this world are ever passing away; and that

"The most beloved on earth
Not long survives to-day."

Her own health, too, was failing, and the wish sometimes arose

in her mind to return to her early home, in order, as she said, "To be laid in the sepulchre of her fathers;" but all her family were so exceedingly angry with her since she had written to them of the change in her views of Divine truth and of her heart, that her stern mother had requested she would never appear amongst them, unless the medical men pronounced her case hopeless, and she returned to the land of her birth to die!

Patiently and submissively the young widow bore her accumulated trials, looking away from earth for that peace which it can neither give nor take away. In her new home, she was soon surrounded by a few choice friends, who helped her in her upward course, and directed her mind as to the best way of making herself useful. For two years she enjoyed this quiet home, and during this time she had the delight of witnessing her devoted old nurse receive the truth, and become a disciple of Jesus.

Norra's health, ever delicate, now altogether failed, and the medical men pronounced her case a lingering consumption. An ardent desire now possessed her mind to see her own country once more—ere she went up to the better land—and be laid in the tomb of her fathers. She knew, indeed, that no kind greeting would welcome her to the home of her childhood, for she had been told that her mother's heart had grown colder than ever towards her, and that her whole family had branded her as a disgrace to them, since she had embraced the Protestant faith, and had, as they said, become a "heretic." She resolved, however, to brave all this for the pleasure of dying in her fatherland. The only reason that her presence in the old hall would be tolerated, was the hope that under the priest's reasoning, and the haughty mother's influence, Norra would be restored to the bosom of "the true Church."

Sad was the parting with the kindred spirits who had gathered around Norra, and her poor neighbours, to whom she had proved a comfort and a blessing. There was one Christian friend who had been a great help to her in the study of the sacred Scriptures, and on whom she had been leaning with all the warm affection of her nature; from her, she said, it was indeed difficult to tear herself away. "We shall not meet again in this world, dear

friend," Norra said, one evening, when the two friends were sitting together; "but we have a home on high, where the loved ones are gathered, and the time is short for me to remain in this land of shadows. You will write often to me, will you not? Oh, I shall greatly need your counsel and encouraging words, while braving the storms which I am quite sure will fall on me. As long as I live, I will write often to you; but should you find your letters remain at any time unanswered, you may be quite sure that my hand is still in death. None of my family will write for me, and poor nurse is unable to do so; nor would I place her in any situation where she would probably suffer persecution by my asking her to do so, if she were able. Pray for me, dear friend, that I may stand firm amidst all I may have to encounter. I rest on that sweet promise, 'As thy day thy strength shall be.'"

Many tears fell as the friends separated, and the last words were, "In heaven we meet again." For two months after the friends parted, they enjoyed constant weekly correspondence, and amidst much scorn, persecution, and bitter railing, Norra's friend helped her on her rough path, bearing her cross. At the end of this time, Norah's letters ceased altogether, and the friend concluded that sorrow, persecution, and unkindness had accelerated the disease, and that Norra was an inhabitant of earth no longer.

SPEAK GENTLY.

A PASSING SCENE.

A SHORT time since I spent the evening with a lady, to whom I had been but recently introduced. She was a person of very engaging manners, and I had heard her spoken of as being a most exemplary wife and mother. A few other friends had been also invited, and we spent a most agreeable time together. Two of our hostess's little girls took tea with us, and I was delighted with the good behaviour and quiet manners of the children. I noticed the kind and endearing way in which their mother spoke to them, and felt more and more pleased with Mrs. V., and re-

joiced that it had fallen to my lot to become acquainted with so charming a person.

During the evening I chose a seat on the sofa, on which Mary and little Edith V. were seated. Mary was a gentle, sensitive child, about eight years of age; and Edith, their pet and darling, was perhaps some three or four years her junior. I do not know of what they had been previously speaking, but a remark the little one made at once riveted my attention. "Oh, I do wish we always had company; don't you, Mary?" I did not hear Mary's reply; but I was led to wonder why Edith wanted company *always*. I thought of some of my own early days, and how I disliked the time when strangers were visiting at the house; how I hated being shut up in the nursery, left alone to play with and amuse the baby, while our maid went to help wait in the parlour; or if, on rare occasions, my brother and myself were allowed to take tea with our parents and the company, how strange and awkward we felt, how we stammered and blushed if any one spoke to us; and so afraid were we of spilling our tea, or soiling our best dresses, that we always longed for the removal of the things, that we might make our exit to bed.

True, a great deal of that starched, old-fashioned formality is done away with now in our houses; but always having a natural aversion to strangers myself, I could not help wondering why little Edith wanted company *always*. I turned to her, and asked her why she wished it. She hung down her head, but made no reply. I repeated my question, but with no better success. I then spoke to Mary, and it was some moments before she looked up, and with tears in her eyes answered, in reply to my question concerning Edith's wish,—

"Because mamma loves us so much when we have company, and SPEAKS so kindly to us." "But your mamma is kind to you when you are alone; is she not?" I said. "Oh yes, dear mamma is always good," replied little Edith, her sweet face lighted up with smiles, as she thought of various actions that proved her mother's love; "but she does *speak* so pretty to us when any one is here." "But you love your mother very much, do you not?" I asked. "Oh, yes," said Mary, "very, very much; but

it is so nice to hear her say we are her darlings, and I do like her to call me her *dear Mary*; and that is what Edith meant when she said she wished we had company always."

O mothers, you may *love* your children very dearly, and their happiness may be your highest aim; but I believe a child cares more for its mother's encouraging smile, and kind and gentle word, than for all the most costly toys or pleasures you may bring before it.

Mrs. V. was a good mother, and her children, young as they were, knew it, and loved her; but she was irritable, and easily excited. She was fond of company, and was always in good spirits when visitors were at her house; their influence brought into play the kindly feelings of her nature, and was evidently felt by her children. I did not think badly of Mrs. V. for what her little ones had said; but I thought how careless we were of the arrows we were constantly piercing each other with.

Many a mother weans her child's love from her—not by any merited punishment she may inflict on her little one—for after the chastisement is over, it will be sure to feel it was in the wrong; but by harsh, unkind, and irritable words, when, perhaps, the young heart has been yearning with love towards her. Oh, mothers, cast not from you that priceless treasure, your children's love. I have heard many a child rated at, and called a plague, merely because it persisted in repeating a question which was undoubtedly its mother's place to answer.

Parents are frequently disappointed in the after-life of their children, and most frequently they have only themselves to blame for it; kind and cheerful words cost nothing, and they go a great way towards making home happy.

ELIZA B.

GOD'S PROVIDENCE, AND A SISTER'S PRAYER AND FAITH.

It was a calm evening towards the close of last summer; the day had been very hot, and the declining sun shed a mild and pleasant radiance around. Two friends had left their office occu-

pations and were inhaling the breezes from an open, bold sea. They resolved on having a row. 'Twas an exercise they loved and often sought. They pushed from the land. The senior was a young man whose early associations were religious, his honoured father a faithful minister of Christ; the junior, a subordinate officer with him in a public establishment. They enjoyed their recreation, and had gone two miles from shore. The sun set behind a mass of dark cloud. Suddenly they perceived this rising. The evening grew dull, the clouds ascended quickly. Long acquaintance with the weather of the sea now assured them a storm approached. They knew they were far from land, but felt confident. They turned the boat towards the shore, but soon found the wind had veered and now blew steadily against them. It increased; they laboured hard, but with little success. Heavy, threatening masses of vapour were closing in upon them, and the night approaching. With startling apprehension they became convinced that their utmost efforts were insufficient to make way towards home. They felt they were being driven out to sea. Darkness set in, the waves ran high, rain descended in gusty storms. Their best attention was required to manage in the quickest manner their little craft to keep it from being engulfed. Nothing was left but to cast themselves on the care of Him, of whom the poet sings,—

"Who rides upon the stormy clouds,
And manages the seas."

Their case was appalling, but they did trust, and strove to feel resigned to His will. That fearful night! how long it seemed! but amidst toil, anxiety and earnest prayer it at length ceased. With the first streak of early morn they looked, but they were alone on the mighty waters; not a glimpse of land could they discern; no friendly sail that could impart to them hope. Wet, weary, hungry, the day broke, the storm had passed; in quiet, calm magnificence, the orb of day arose! Oh, how they rejoiced as its warmth restored them to a more genial feeling, and in its light they hoped for some friendly help to rescue them. They were emphatically "at sea"—lost, without the slightest know-

ledge of the track ; yet they did not abandon hope. The sun had reached the meridian, no sail appeared, the evening drew on ; for one whole day and night they had been away, and their frames, from fasting and labour, had become weak. To spend another night on the wide sea would probably close their career on earth. They wept, but they were not feelings of despair. No, they looked up to Him in whose hands they were, and took courage. The weather had settled to a calm ; and now, though almost fainting from long abstinence, they prepared to spend another night far, far from home. Home ! Ah, harrowing thoughts flitted o'er their minds as they thought of home ; but they endeavoured to banish them. Shall we now leave them for a little ? 'Tis five o'clock, and the dusk begins to draw on.

There has been a strange commotion in the town whence our voyagers came. A sister of our senior friend has been in terror and anxiety since the commencement of last night's storm. Aware of her brother's knowledge of nautical affairs, and confident in their mutual strength, she long hoped, even against hope, that they would outlive the storm. She spent the night in watchfulness and prayer. The morning brought no tidings of them ; friendly hands were offered to explore the coast, but unavailingly. The day wore on, and all, save this trusting sister, despaired ; but she did not. Her spirit was calm ; she knew there was a power above, equal to any emergency, and on it she leaned. The day closed ; her friends lost all hope, and felt convinced they would be heard of no more. Through the dreary hours of another watchful, prayerful, sleepless night, this fond heart cherished a confident belief that yet her beloved brother would be restored. At length a faint glimmer of the approaching morn shot across the room ; she rose, and, drawing aside the curtain, stationed herself near the window. 'Twas four, A.M.

We return to the boat and its forlorn occupants. They had communed with each other, and, as they hoped, sought the presence of their gracious Father. Human effort was no longer availing ; they must trust and wait. Nature would survive another night, and, if help came not then, life must end. Twilight had commenced, when suddenly there appeared a speck on

the sea, and, to their unspeakable joy, it became larger and likely to pass near them. To ... exhausted to make great efforts, they prepared to do what they could; however, a kind hand was directing the course of their deliverers, and in a short time they were seen, and friendly voices greeted them from a large pilot-boat. Cheerfully they took them into their vessel, administered the little they could for their comfort, and hastily pulled away for land. It proved that they had drifted far from where they started; and when landed safely, they were ten miles from home. The kind pilot took them to an inn, and saw them well provided for, under the care of a physician. There we leave them for the present.

Let us look once more at the lonely watcher, by her solitary window, in the early morn. She reviewed her own experience during the past trying hours, and wondered whence her continued confidence arose. She looked up to God, her Father in Christ, and hoped it came from Him. Calm and tranquil were the feelings that crept over her as she still sat and pondered. The sun was just about to gild with his beautiful rays the sea in the distance, when the trampling of a horse was heard in the still-forsaken street. It came nearer; it stopped at her gate; a messenger had come! A few moments sufficed to receive from him the precious assurance that her beloved brother was found, was safe, and would ere long be restored to her. Before the day had closed, this loving union was effected; and, amidst devout and grateful thanksgivings, they adored the kind and gracious providence of God.

THE STORY OF A LIFE.—No. XXV.

“Dearest hopes and joys may perish,
Lost in one short hour,
All the love the heart can cherish
May lose its power.”

“THEN I am to give Mr. Morton the positive ‘No,’ Ellen?” and, as she spoke, Mrs. Howard looked inquiringly at her daughter. “Certainly, mother,” was the calm reply. Mrs. Howard looked

perplexed. "This is the second time I have had to perform this duty for you; of the first I was induced, nor do I wish to yield my claim of sole guardian to another, Nelly; but if I did, I know of none to whom I could trust your happiness with so much confidence." "And I, dear mother, have no wish for a new guardian. Mr. Morton is worthy of all esteem; he has won mine, but my heart bids him defiance." "In freedom or captivity?" said a low voice; it was that of Isabella, who had entered the room unobserved. She laughed merrily at Nelly's defiant language. Could it be that Isabella's question called forth that crimson blush on Nelly's cheek? "You ought in pity to bid him hope; I feel almost inclined to plead his cause, poor fellow! and here comes some one who, I know, will."

As Isabella spoke, Mr. Ewart passed the window; at a sign from Mrs. Howard the conversation dropped. Lion, the sure forerunner of his master, bounded into the room, ran directly up to Nelly, and laid his two fore-paws on her lap. "Good dog! good fellow!" and the small white hand gently smoothed Lion's shaggy coat. There were voices, Mr. Ewart's rich tones mingled with them, but Nelly moved not, spoke not. Some one crossed over to where she was sitting. "Is my dog more welcome than I?" said a well-known voice, and both her hands were removed from Lion. "Come, look up!" She knew well whose hand it was held her own captive, and that to look up was to meet the searching glance of a pair of dark eyes—eyes that always seemed to read her inmost thoughts.

Just then, Nelly would have preferred looking *down*, but it was useless. "You are not well to-day," he said, after he had looked a moment at her pale, up-turned face. "You must keep quiet; I am going with Isabella to Crayton, and when we come back you must be better, for I want you to sing me 'Guardian Angels.'" In a few moments they were gone; Mrs. Howard had left the room, and Nelly was alone, nearly hid in the ample folds of the curtains. She watched Mr. Ewart and Isabella as they walked leisurely on. An abrupt turning in the road soon hid them from her view.

Lion was stretched at full length before the fire; in a moment

Nelly was there, kneeling down by her rough but faithful old friend. "Lion!" she whispered; the large drooping ears pricked up instantly, and an arm was thrown round the dog's neck. It was no new position for either; but it was no longer the merry face of the child that rested on Lion's head. A shade of sorrow was on the fair, expanded brow, and from beneath the drooping lids rolled tears—not burning tears that flow at passion's call—but calmly and silently they flowed, and long after they had ceased, the old dog and his beautiful companion retained the same position. They must have remained a long time thus, for Nelly was only aroused by the entrance of Isabella. "I am so happy!" she exclaimed, throwing her arms around Nelly, while her dark raven tresses mingled with her companion's rich flowing curls. "You are always so, Bell!" "Yes, I have been very happy since those dark days, and that darker one of all. My clouds have all had 'a silver lining.' You remember that night, Nelly, when you found me so very sad, and you bid me call you not friend but sister, the relationship which my heart had so yearned to gain,—that was the kindling of new hopes. I always think the stars never shone so brightly as they did that night, when we stood by the open window and talked of the 'better land.' I seemed then to realise, more fully than I had ever done, the thought of a positive re-union with all those dear ones." "How greatly fraught with consolation is the thought that, with affections purified and perfected, in that brighter world we shall rejoin all our lost ones; but I have often thought, Bell, if I were called away, mamma would not be alone—she would be rich in you." "Hush! Nelly, darling, you must not speak thus—not now; I am striving to grasp a newly-found happiness, and this would all be darkened without you; we all need you, need your love, and you will strengthen with the opening flowers, Nelly." "But what is this new happiness, Bell?" "That of being loved, loved alone, not more truly than you love me, Nelly, but differently; say you are glad for me. Nelly, you are cold, you are ill. Oh! my sister, have I pained you? Just say you are not sorry we can be all to each other still." "Why should I be sorry, Bell? When I said, 'Let us be sisters,' your happiness became mine, your joys and your sorrows are mine. Does mamma know?"

"Yes; by this time, Mr. Ewart is with her." "Perhaps they had better see you alone, just at first, Bell." And pressing her lips to Isabella's blushing cheek, Nelly left the room. Whilst her friend's eye was on her she was perfectly calm, she could be alone in her mother's chamber, with none to hear the wild beatings of the heart; alone with her sorrow—her first, and the bitterest a woman can ever feel.

We will pass over that trying hour—the hour that blotted out from fancy's pages any recorded dream of future happiness—yes, but that hour brought not the dark, grim, haggard spirit, despair! No, if a shadow would for ever rest on her future path, why strive to chase the gladdening sunshine from that of others? Better far to let the shadow rest on one, and perchance a beam of light, life and joy shall stray from theirs, and dispel the shadow that rests upon her own.

CAN IT BE?

TRULY fearful will be the consequences which must result from a mother neglecting to instil right principles into the mind of her children; but far more awful will be the end if she, by her words and examples, should lead them onwards and onwards in the broad road which leads to destruction.

The town clock had struck six, and the bright orb of day, as it rose from behind the clump of trees on the high terrace-walk, was flinging its golden beams in at the window, gilding the dressing-glass as with burnished gold. The lark was warbling out its notes of praise in the distance, when my attention was arrested by a loud coarse laugh, and the broken tones of a drunkard's song proceeding from the street below. On going to the window, oh, how deeply my heart was pained and grieved on seeing two young men and their wives—one bearing a little child about two years old—returning from a distant fair, where they had been indulging in acts of intemperance through the live-long night. And as I looked upon them in their wretched state, I could not refrain from saying to myself, "Can it be that these are mothers, in this enlightened age, who are so lost to their

standing in society as to throw away all shame, and plunge at once into acts of open wickedness?"

It was noon, and the noon-day sun was pouring down its meridian rays on the slated roofs, and on the large flag-stones in front of the various dwellings of a sea-port town, causing an oppressive heat. Even the brute creation were glad to retire to some shady nook, where they could refresh their weary limbs. From a close, confined alley, proverbial as well for its filthy aspect as for its moral pollution, issued a middle-aged woman, whose wretched appearance somewhat corresponded with her still more wretched dwelling. On her countenance were depicted unmistakeable marks of anger and rage, and on her lips quivered words too awful to pen. By her side ran a little boy, whose tender years called forth peculiar sympathy. In the distance was a girl, whose tattered clothes and filthy condition spoke volumes, and plainly showed the sad want of order, cleanliness, and activity at home. Now, it required no extraordinary observation to notice that the object of the wrath which burnt so fearfully in the bosom of the woman, was this girl; and as she drew nearer and nearer, the feverish state of her temper became more apparent. What bitter imprecations came from the lips of that woman! Instead of reflecting that all the sad evils now pressing on her from the undutiful conduct of her child, might be traced back to a want of proper tuition in childish days, she seemed to think that she was fully justified in calling down vengeance on one who ought to have received her blessing. As I gazed on the scene, and thought of that final day of account, when we shall all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, the exclamation involuntarily dropped from my lips, "Can it be that there are such mothers in the world?"

It was night; the sun had long set behind the western hills of the distant island, and dark clouds were bespreading the heavens. Here and there a gas lamp in some unclosed shop cast a lurid light across the road. A large coloured lamp, with gilded letters, shone bright over the door-way of a gin palace, like some tempting bait to allure the unwary, whilst around the threshold of the same stood a motley group of females, ready to fasten home

the temptation on the inexperienced. Behind, gleamed up, through the small skylight of an elegantly fitted room, streaks of light, which clearly denoted it was the resort of those who loved the pleasures of unrighteousness more than the ways of God. In that dwelling sat Mrs. Black, drinking of that cup that biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder, and listening to that filthy communication that leads down to the gates of eternal death. By her side sat a female, gazing on the scene before her, and drinking in the deadly poison which rose from that mass of moral pollution, that abode of iniquity and vice. With such an example before her, shall it be an object of wonder if, in future years, that young female should leave the path of virtue, which is the brightest ornament of her sex, and take her stand among the depraved? Oh, no! Neither can my readers wonder that with such a thought Old Anthony should, with a sigh, lift up his hands and exclaim, "Can it be that a mother should sink so low as to drive her child to perdition?" Ye mothers of England, lend me your ear and your heart, whilst I call upon you to seek to know God yourself, and then to instruct your children in the way they should go, remembering—

"That day will surely come,
When all shall stand before God's throne,
Where each a true account must give,
And each their final doom receive."

OLD ANTHONY.

THE MOTHER'S CRIMINAL COURT.

My mother was of a family of Puritans. Over us, her little children, she held the reins of government lovingly, yet most firmly. She as truly punished us in love as kissed us in love. She went to her rod one day and found it broken, and in such a way that it must have been with hands. "One of the children," she said, "has done this." We all denied. Mother grew in earnest and said, the one that had done it had better own it, for she would find it out. We all denied again, and she turned away. By-and-by one of my sisters went up to her and told her that I

did it, and she saw me. Mother came to me, alone, and laid it to my charge. I denied it, but she produced the evidence. I began to be silent. "As soon," she said, "as I get baby to sleep, I shall come to you again." I noticed she felt deeply, and could not sing to the baby as usual, but would, once in a while, cast her piercing black eyes upon me. Soon she made all ready. The moment of trial had come. She took me by the hand, summoned the witnesses, and then, with the Bible in the other hand, led me away to the barn. When she had closed the barn-door, she sat down and placed me before her. She then opened the Bible and read, very distinctly, the words, "All liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone." She then looked up to me with anger, being grieved, and asked me again, if I was guilty. She called up the witness, who testified that I did it; the witness cried, and I cried. But the court was firm. The stick was sent for that had been broken, and when I looked at it and my sister told my mother how I did it, all in a moment I knew I had done it. But, even now my head is grey, I can say I really thought myself innocent, till I saw how the stick was broken.

Solemn day! solemn moment! The judge was convinced, the culprit was convicted. I told her I forgot, but she bade me not add sin to sin. Mother told us it was not the stick she cared for, it was the lie. I told her I was sorry, and never would do so again. "Oh," she said, "you are sorry now, because I am going to punish you." She went on and explained the crime, she rehearsed the evidence and the aggravations attending the sin, and how God looked down upon my wicked heart. She told us how one little sin would lead to a greater. "And now, my son, you are come to this." I looked at her, and tears stood in her eyes every time I looked at her. I cried as if my heart would break. She still kept her finger on the passage about liars, once in a while reading it. That passage was the law, my verdict, and my warrant. The hope I had was, that mother said she was sorry for me, and hoped that God, for Christ's sake, would forgive me.

She asked me if I thought it was right that she should punish me; I told her I thought it was. But, she said, she wanted time to talk with father about it, and she bound me over to receive my

final trial before him; then she rose from her seat and we all left the court-house. I knew mother pitied me, and so did all the children. When father came in, she rehearsed the whole matter to him and asked him what she had better do. He sat down and looked at me, and went on to tell me what a wicked thing it was to tell a lie, and how he had hoped better things of me. But he told mother, she must do with me what she thought best. If she thought it best to punish me, he would not object. Then mother called me to her, and said it was the first time she had ever known me to tell her a lie. She hoped I would ask God to forgive me, and give me grace never to do so again; and with many such words did she persuade me to hope there was mercy for me.

After this, I kept close to my mother, I rocked the cradle, brought her water, and swept the room. I loved her more than ever. But never again did she have occasion to accuse me of that sin, and never again did she or any of the family allude to that trial, until I became a minister, and she was on her death-bed, when I asked her if she remembered it. She wept. I thanked her, and she said, "Thank God; I have never done more than my duty."—*Selected for the MOTHERS' FRIEND.*

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

TEARS AND SMILES.

GOD made both tears and laughter, and both for kind purposes; for as laughter enables mirth and surprise to breathe freely, so tears enable sorrow to vent itself patiently. Tears hinder sorrow from becoming despair and madness, and laughter is one of the very privileges of reason, being confined to the human species.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Golden Lamb and the Golden Land. By MRS. JUDSON. London: Brown & Co.

A very beautiful missionary story, well told.

The World, what is it? By AUNT DOROTHY. London: Brown & Co.

An interesting question, with various views on it.

Life's First and Last Day. By ANN JANE. London: Ward & Co.

A little *twopenny* book—not one penny, as announced last month through mistake.

MOTHERS! CARE FOR THE SAILOR.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

“For thousands of years thy waves have rolled on,
And ages will pass ere thy course is done;
But the angel shall place his foot on the sea,
And proclaim that time no longer shall be.
The long-enthralled captives shall gaze on the light,
European and African, sable and white;
All, all shall come forward, while thou shalt retire,
And perish on Nature’s funereal pyre!”

If we were to wander on the shore after a dreadful shipwreck, with all its horrors, and behold the fragments of the broken vessel, and the bodies of those who had been hurried into eternity, would not our hearts bleed as we asked,—Did any mother ever care for the souls of the departed? Did any Christian woman ever whisper a word of warning to the departed mariners? or did they go down to death, saying,—“None cared for my soul?” Dear friends, ought we not to ask, for these hardy sons of the ocean-wave, that they may be ready, if death should meet them on their outward passage, or their homeward-bound voyage.

Only imagine the young man lying silent in death, whose manly form and noble brow told of vigour and thought now hushed for ever in eternal silence. There, too, lay the man of more mature years, for whom a beloved wife and numerous family will wait in vain to hear his well-known foot-fall; and the lovely youth, cut down at the very onset of the battle of life, leaving a mother to lament in anguish, and sisters to weep in bitterness, over the family favourite. Thousands of these brave fellows are daily exposed to just such disasters, and thousands are every year hurried, in an unexpected moment, into eternity.

“Oh, ocean wild, what graves are in thee,
For the loved and lovely, the bond and the free!
Uncoffined, unseen, they are lying low,
Till the time when thy waters shall cease to flow.”

Surely, surely, sailors’ wives and mothers should feel as earnest about the salvation of those they love as those who are seen try-

ing to save men in a storm, feeling that a moment lost may be a soul lost for ever. Homeward-bound! How the heart leaps at the thought! How agreeably the sound falls on the ear of the mariner, when a vessel fairly starts upon the homeward passage. How near home and friends *seem* to be, though thousands of miles intervene.

A young sailor was one day making his homeward passage, when, as he doubled the "stormy Cape," a dreadful storm arose. His pious mother had heard of his arrival "outside the Cape," and was waiting with anxiety a mother only can know, to behold her sailor-son; but now the storm had arisen, and, as she expected, when the ship was in the most dangerous place. Fearing that each blast, as it swept the raging deep, might howl the requiem of her precious boy, with faith and hope in her God she commenced praying for his safety. At this moment tidings came that the vessel was lost! The father, a man of the world, had, till this time, preserved a sullen silence, but now he wept aloud. The mother said,—“It is in the hands of the Lord, who does all things well.” And again, in a subdued and softened spirit, bowed, and commended her son and her husband, in an audible voice, broken only by the burstings of a full heart, to God.

Darkness had now spread her mantle abroad, and they retired; but not to rest, only to wait anxiously for the morning dawn, hoping, at least, that some relic of their lost one might be found. The morning came; the winds were hushed, and the ocean lay comparatively calm, as though its fury had subsided since its victim was no more. At this moment the little gate in front of their house turned on its hinges—the door opened, and their son—their lost—their loved son—stood before them! The vessel had been driven into one of the many harbours on the coast, and he was safe! The father rushed to meet him. The mother, already hanging on his neck, earnestly exclaimed,—“My child, how came you here?” “Mother,” said the youth, while the tears coursed down his sun-burnt face, “Mother, I **KNEW YOU WOULD PRAY ME HOME!**” What a spectacle! a wild, reckless young man, acknowledging the efficacy of prayer! It seems he was aware of his perilous situation, and that he laboured with this

thought—"My mother prays; Christian prayers are answered, and I MAY BE SAVED." This reflection, when almost exhausted with fatigue, and ready to give up in despair, gave him fresh courage; and, with renewed effort, he laboured till the harbour was gained.

Mothers, believe it—prayer can do wonders! It can still the raging of the storm—it can cause the rain to fall from heaven, or it can suspend it. It can "move the hand that moves the world." It can bring a shower of blessings from the storehouse of heaven on you and yours. Will you not pray for your sailor-son? And will you not pray, too, for him who is in danger of being wrecked on the ocean of life, and his prospects blasted for ever? *He may be saved.*

There is a tempest coming to mothers and sons, when God shall cause the earth to reel, and the stars to fall from the heavens, and the sea to give up her dead. Oh, how many shipwrecked souls shall we see then, of those who laughed at the gathering clouds as they danced gaily along life's probationary state! Vessel upon vessel, laden with reason, intelligence, and proud defiance, shall be seen drifted and shattered, and cast on the shore as fuel for the eternal burning. But there are some who shall ride safely over this perilous time; who shall smile at the fury of this last fiery tempest; who shall sing, amid the moaning of shipwrecked souls, "This is *our* God—we have waited for Him!" These are they who are anchored on Jesus, the Rock of eternal ages—the Friend of the weary and heavy-laden sons of earth. Let us see to it, that we and our children are anchored on this safe—this only safe refuge.

CARE FOR THE SAILOR.

They roam where danger dwells,
Where blasts impetuous sweep,
Where sleep the dead in watery cells,
Beneath the faithless deep;
Where tempests threaten loud,
To 'whelm the shipwrecked form,
Show them a sky that hath no cloud,
A port above the storm.

Beyond the Sabbath bell,
 Beyond the house of prayer,
 Where deafening surges madly swell,
 Their trackless course they dare.
 Where Satan holds his court,
 Where fierce temptations reign,
 From pole to tropic they resort,
 'Amid the lawless train.

Give them the Book divine,
 Heaven's chart, so full and free,
 That beacon 'mid the foaming brine,
 That pole-star o'er the sea.
 Oh, pray for them a prayer,
 For sailors true and free,
 That they may gain the haven where
 There shall be no more sea.

THE PERSEVERING YOUNG MAN,

"He walked in the ways of his mother."

"Good morning, Sir!" said John Earnest to Mr. Able the draper. "Is there anything in my way needed this morning? Tea, sugar, rice, candles, spice, brushes, coffee, treacle, soap, pepper, mustard?" "Nothing, thank you, Sir." The next morning Mr. Able was again standing at his door, talking to an old gentleman, as Mr. Earnest turned the corner from his own house, with a basket on each arm. "Good morning, Sir. Any little order for me this morning? I have all sorts of things for sale, Sir; good and cheap. Snuff, chocolate, cocoa, currants, figs, sago, pickles, pipeclay, glue, hops, hams, bacon, butter, cheese, vinegar, silver-sand, paper, sealing-wax, and wafers." "Nothing, thank you, Mr. Earnest; I leave all these matters to my housekeeper." "Thank you, Sir; perhaps you will kindly mention the various articles to her as sold near your own house. Starch, too, and brushes, blue, bees'-wax, sulphur, Bath-bricks, plate-powder, rotten-stone, turpentine, corks, and emery-paper." Mr. Able smiled, and replied,—"I must send her down to look over your varied goods." "Thank you, Sir;" and John Earnest walked down the street as if the world did not go round fast enough for him.

"Bless me! who is that young man?" asked Mr. Jones. "He

has just come into our neighbourhood, Sir—and every morning he tells all who come in his path of the various articles he sells.” “Ah, indeed, there is a vast amount of energy there, Sir; it is really difficult to keep one’s countenance as he passes over the names of the goods he keeps. One would think he must be practising all his spare time to remember, as he does, all the names. I shall certainly pay him a visit; I should like a little chat with him; all that energy of his should be used well.” “True, Sir, true.”

The next morning Mr. Jones paid the persevering young man a visit. “Good morning, Sir. What can I have the pleasure of doing for you, Sir?” asked John, as the old gentleman entered. “I have not decided yet; but I came to pay you a visit, as you left an impression on my mind, yesterday, as I stood at the door of Mr. Able’s shop, that you must be a very persevering young tradesman; and you appear to have a wonderful memory, too, for all your goods seem packed in your head.” “Thank you, Sir; yes, Sir; my good mother taught me to be up early and late, and to trust my memory, too—for, says she, ‘tis like a friend who loves to be trusted.’ Besides, Sir, you see it saves me from having a printed bill; and, by keeping quantity and quality in my head, it saves me from taking stock. Allow me to show you some samples, Sir, of good congou tea, famous black and superfine hyson, choice gunpowder, Sir; Ceylon coffee; sugars, too, Sir, of the first quality; fine pickles, and the best English wines; Epsom salts, castor oil, and garden seeds; soda, oranges, oatmeal, and isinglass.”

Mr. Jones listened and smiled. “Well, you are a clever young man, certainly,” said he; “but, you say, you are saved by your memory from taking stock. I should advise you to take stock, by all means; it is a dangerous practice to pass on through life without taking stock. Did not your mother, among other things, teach you this?” “Bless you, no, Sir; she was a poor woman, and worked hard for me. I got my learning how I could; she, poor soul, used to say to me, “Be up in the early morning, my boy; be active all day long, my boy; make friends wherever you can, my boy; take care of the minutes, and take care of the

pennies, my boy.'” “ Did she never say, take care of the soul, my boy ?” “ Why, bless you, Sir, she had no time for that ; she wasn't a book-reading woman, you see, but always on the trot.” “ Ah, I see ; was she long on a sick bed ?” “ Oh yes, Sir, months and months.” “ Ah, then she was obliged to make time to lie there, eh ?” “ Why yes, Sir, sure enough she was, worse luck.” “ Nay, my young friend, perhaps that was among her many mercies. There is a kind of taking stock I should very much like to see you attending to—taking stock for *eternity*. Did your mother never teach you anything about this, my good friend ?” “ Why, no, Sir ; you see she had no time ; and I have no time now ; business, you see, must be attended to, or we shall not get on.” “ Yes, this is true ; we are to be diligent as to this world, and the world to come ; but, if we should gain all the good to be found in this world, and lose the soul, it would be a bad bargain. I am afraid, if you should get a good business, and much profit, you will find, in the end, that you put your gains into a bag with a-hole in the bottom.” “ Oh, I must take care about that, Sir.” “ But,” said Mr. Jones, after a short pause, “ did not your mother, who seems to have taught you to be industrious, ever teach you that the wealth of the world is of less value than your soul ?” “ No, Sir, I cannot say as she did. You see we did the best we could ; but we hadn't any spare time to think about such matters.” “ It would be a fearful thing, young man, would it not, to find, some morning, that losses and crosses, bad debts, and so on, had made you a bankrupt ?” “ Dear, bless me, Sir, it would, indeed ; makes me hot all over to think of it. To keep off this, you see, Sir, I work hard.” “ But, then, my persevering friend, as you say you do not intend to take stock, how can you tell how you stand in the world ?” “ Why, that's true, Sir, certainly ; but you see this would hinder me so much—I could go my rounds two or three times while taking that trouble.” “ Allow me to remind you, my young friend, that to find yourself a bankrupt in eternity would be far worse than in time. If sickness or death come suddenly, and you find you had not taken stock, or, in other words, had not examined how matters stand between you and the Almighty Being to whom you

must give an account of all the deeds done in this life, and then to find you had lost your precious, immortal soul, what would the gains of earth be to you, gathered, perhaps, with much labour and toil, to be spent by somebody you did not care a rush for, while you lift up your eyes in that place of torment where the rich man prays in vain for a drop of water to cool his burning tongue? How dreadful would be your misery, while you cried,—“The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved!” “Dear me—oh, Sir—you make me tremble all over. I am sure I hope I shall never find myself there.” “I hope not, my young friend; but allow me to urge you not only to take stock in your business, but to take stock for eternity. You may not have much time to spare. I advise you to begin now, asking Jesus to send His Holy Spirit into your heart to be your counsellor.”

Now, if the mother of this industrious young man had taught him to know and love Jesus and His cause, what a vast amount of good would she have accomplished if all his energies had been directed in the right way, when a little boy. Who can say he might not have been a burning and shining light in the world? But now, if he should be a lost man, and should meet his mother in the place where hope never comes, how will she bear to hear his reproaches when he cries,—“I might have been in yonder bright and glorious home, but for the neglect of an unfaithful mother.”

WHICH IS BEST?—No. II.

“SALLY, Sally,” said George to his wife, “I’ll tell ye what, we must turn over a new leaf. I never have anything ready for me when I come home; it puts me out every day, and a man has no comfort in life. But there, it is true enough that some men do not know when they are well off, for Mark Collins is such a dirty, careless fellow, that his wife gets no credit from him for being neat and tidy. Oh, that woman and her neat clean house remind me of my poor mother. When we were young ones, we were made to be very orderly about everything, and not what I call in a fidgetty way neither. A scraper and a mat at the door

always reminded us that the home within was decent and cleanly; and then, at night, our shoes were all left at the foot of the stairs, and our clothes all put in every boy's own place, so that, if we had to get up in the winter mornings before daylight, we knew where to find everything. 'Always put your clothes where you can find them at a moment's notice in the dark,' mother used to say; 'a fire may happen to us as it did to our neighbours, when nobody could find an article of clothing.'

"Well, George," said Mrs. Smith, with a smile, "I like to hear you talk about your mother; and I wish, sometimes, I had had a better kind of home when I was young—then, maybe, I should be more in your ways than I am." "That's true, missus; but I am thinking our lass will not be much more neat than her mother, for you don't teach her tidy ways, Sally. I was telling her yesterday, if her poor grandmother was alive, she would not bear to see her rough head and ragged frock. She always seems to me to look as if somebody had pulled her through a hedge." "Well, George, you see I can't be always buying frocks." "That's true again, Sally; but, you see, Mark Collins and I get the same wages, and they are one more in family than we are; 'tis all the way things are done makes the difference, Sally. I can see, a shilling goes as far again when it is laid out right; and I do think a clean fireside and a warm bit of supper, when a man comes home at night after working all day in the cold, is about the best thing to make a husband content with his lot that I know of, specially when one has been used to this sort of thing at home in his youth." "Well, I dare say 'tis, George; but I never seem to have time to get ready." "Ah, that's it, wife—for I can see, with half an eye and t'other shut, that you make yourself lots of work. As my good mother used to say, 'every thing in its place and a place for every thing keeps a house tidy and comfortable;' and I have heard her say that father used to say, 'order is heaven's first law.' My father, you see, Sally, was quite a scholar! Now, for instance, here you have got all the potato parings over the grate, and dish-water slopped all over the house, and there isn't a chair in the room for one to sit down upon, and my Sunday coat up there on the clock, all in the dust and muddle. My poor mother

used to say cleanliness is next to godliness, and so I'm bound to believe. But the dear soul always put godliness first; and I am troubled in my mind at night pretty often that we live, as the parson says, without God in the world."

"Mother, mother," cried a little girl, flying in rags into the room, "mother, may I go to the Sunday school with Polly Collins next Sunday?" "But, child, you haven't got a frock, or shoes, or a hat fit to go in." "Well, mother, Polly says she will ask her mother to lend me one of hers." "Oh dear, dear, missus, do contrive to let the child go to Sunday school," pleaded the husband; "can't you get her some things? My poor mother used to say to me, 'George,' says she, 'if you ever have a family, be sure you send them all to the Sunday school; you will have to meet them all at the bar of God, and if you don't know how to teach them the way to heaven, let the Sabbath-school teachers do it for you. If I had cared for these things when you were young, my lad,' she would say, with the tears in her eyes, 'I should have more hope about you than I have now. I let it alone too long.'" "Shall I, mother?" interrupted the child. "I don't know; we'll see about it some day." "But, mother, Polly knows so many things, and so many pretty hymns, and she can read ever so much better than I can, and the teacher tells her all about heaven, and I don't know anything. Now, mother, which is best, eh?" "Well, well, child, I will think about the matter."

SOMETHING STRONGER THAN A MOTHER'S LOVE.

No. V.

IN the drawing-room of a spacious mansion in Ireland sits a solitary one, pale and very frail, reading from a small pocket Bible. Presently she hears through the folding doors familiar voices; again and again her name is spoken. At first, Norra—for it was even herself—moves gently from the couch to fly; but the words "*Norra shall be forced into a convent,*" arrest her movements; and, spell-bound, she hears her own mother repeat the awful words, adding, this time, "she shall be called no child of

mine, and the Church shall have her fortune." "Let it be even as you say, true daughter of the Church," replied the family priest, "and I will go at once to holy Father Clement to make the plan perfect." "Stay," rejoined the mother, "Norra is very far-seeing, and caution is of the utmost importance. She must be treated with more kindness than usual, and made to believe that we wish to give her the advantage of change of air in Italy—the end will sanctify the means." "True, my lady, there are many things to be considered; and as her disease does not now seem likely to prove fatal, it is of the utmost importance to secure her goodly possessions for holy purposes in the only true Church."

We often talk and write of a mother's love, and call it a deathless principle—and so it is; yet is there something even stronger. A mother's love is strong and deep, but not the very deepest, strongest thing known on earth—even on earth. We have read of Jewish mothers who could go to the fires of Moloch, and with their own hands dash their tender babes upon the iron spikes in the midst of the flames, and there stand and see them writhing in death, while the loud drums beat to drown their cries! Again, mothers in India have often been known to take their first-born, when at the interesting age of two or three years, to the river's brink, and encourage it to enter the stream till the current carries it out, and there stand and see it struggle as it screams and stretches its tiny hands to its mother. And all this to propitiate an imaginary angry god.

In another part of the world mothers have been seen casting their babes off to the alligators, gazing on these monsters as they quarrelled for their prey, and watching, too, the suffering infant in the jaws of the successful animal! We know all this; but here we see the blind superstition of a refined mother, calling herself a Christian, under the power of a system that hoodwinks its votaries and spreads a network over the feelings of humanity, under the influence of crafty men, dead to all the tender emotions of maternal love, yielding up her child to the cruel mercies of the wicked. Is there not more excuse for the benighted mother, whose brain is maddened by the unutterable sense of guilt, and

sees no uplifted cross to save her, than for the persecuting woman of the nineteenth century?

On the other hand, we have read of a mother standing in the crowd to see her pious son branded as a "heretic" by the cruel hand of the executioner, and, amidst her tears and anguish, crying out, "Long live Jesus!" Others, again, giving their precious helpless babes into stranger's hands, as they pass up to heaven in the martyr's chariot of fire! Yes, there is something stronger than even a mother's love!

When Norra heard her mother and the priest depart, she hastened to her room, and in agony of soul implored Divine guidance in the hour of need and danger, for she knew now that her mother and family had determined to sacrifice her and her handsome fortune to the soul-destroying influence of a corrupt system.

WHAT WE MAY LEARN FROM OUR CHILDREN.

(READ AT A MATERNAL MEETING.)

THERE has been much said and written to mothers about their work in teaching and training their children, but there is another aspect of the subject which, perhaps, has not been sufficiently considered—that our children are intended as a means for teaching and training us! This world is God's great school for us all, old and young; and the various circumstances of our lot, pleasing or painful, are the means by which we are to learn the great lessons to fit us for engaging in the duties and enjoyments of the blessed life above. More especially it seems that those of us who are mothers are put in possession of a most valuable means for preparing our souls for heaven.

What right-hearted woman, in looking on the countenance of her helpless, harmless infant, does not feel that a sacred trust has been committed to her, and a new and powerful motive given to her to seek to have her own heart and life what she would wish her child's to be? Infants, indeed, inherit our sinful nature, but they have no actual sin; they seem to bring something of heaven with them, and a home is made more holy by their presence. The

constant joy and gladness of a healthy infant, what a touching and beautiful thing it is! The cares and pleasures which in turn raise and depress our spirits are all unknown and unfelt by our infants. God has put a spring of gladness in their little hearts which is ever welling up, even in the midst of the most untoward circumstances, refreshing the dry and parched ground of our care-worn hearts, and preaching to us continually of His goodness and love.

Has any mother here ever thought of the meaning of that passage, "As new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby?" The new life of the Christian is compared to a new birth; and just as the infant will by no means be put off from its natural nourishment, so should we, if we are born again into the kingdom of Christ, earnestly desire to have our souls nourished and strengthened by the Divine word.

In the 131st Psalm we have a beautiful illustration of Christian love and resignation drawn from the condition of infancy: "Lord, my heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty; neither do I exercise myself in great matters, or in things too high for me. Surely I have behaved and quieted myself, as a child that is weaned of his mother; my soul is even as a weaned child." Perhaps there may be some mother present who has seen the beauty and force of this illustration, and as her babe sobbed itself to rest on her bosom, loving and trusting her, even when denied its dearest gratification, she may have thought, here is a lesson for me; this is what my heavenly Father wishes to bring me to—to trust and love Him, and quietly submit myself to His will, even when He takes from me that which I most fondly loved, and causes me to bear many a weary cross and burden. Here, then, are things which we may learn from our little, helpless, speechless infants; they tell us of God's goodness and love, and they show us how we ought to desire and love His word, and resign our will to His.

But is there nothing to be learned from our children as they advance out of the state of infancy? Yes; do we not remember what our Saviour did when a dispute arose among His disciples as to which of them should be greatest; how he called a little

child that was passing by, and having set him in the midst, said, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven;" and again, "Suffer the little children to come unto me;" and again, we are exhorted in one of the epistles while we are *men in understanding* to be *children in malice*. What mean these passages? Simply this,—that there is something about the nature and disposition of a child which is to be the model of our Christian character. How? Well, first a child trusts his parents implicitly; it lives without any care for the future; it harbours no malice in its heart, and it is content and pleased with little things. A child's trust in its parents is unbounded. Many young children fully believe that they know everything and can do everything; they are willing to take everything at the hand of the mother or father; they fear no danger when their parents are by; they run to them in every trouble and difficulty. By these feelings in our children the Lord has set before us a daily lesson on our duty to Himself, the great Father of our spirits. He draws a contrast between His own unerring fatherly wisdom and our frequent mistakes, and on this ground asks our confidence, "If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give His Holy Spirit to those who ask Him?"

Paul, in speaking of the trials of Christians, says, "We have had fathers of our flesh who corrected us, and we gave them reverence; shall we not much rather be in subjection to the Father of spirits, and live?" Do we find difficulties in His word and in His dealings with us? We must be willing to wait for the clearing up of these difficulties till we get to a brighter world, and believe, in the spirit of little children, that He is dealing with us wisely and tenderly, though we cannot understand all He does now, but we shall know hereafter.

[Our paper is not done, but the pen must rest, or our remarks will be too long for busy mothers.]

THE PET LAMB.

My bonnie wee birdie has closed his e'e,
 His pillow a mother's breast;
 What warbler that nestles in bush or tree
 Can sleep in a warmer nest?

Rich jewels of silver and gold may deck
The bride on her bridal day ;
This heavenly jewel that clasps my neck
Is costlier far than they.

I'll cradle thee gently, wee, weary thing,
And wrap thee with folds of fleece ;
Thy coverlet be thy angel's wing,
Thy canopy love and peace.

Give glory to Him who spared the dam,
Who filled her bosom with joy,
And laid in her lap that sleeping lamb—
Her jewel—her darling boy.

I'll nourish my lammie for Him whose love
This living treasure has given,
And train him up for the world above,
The citizenship of heaven.

My tongue can never, O God, to thee
The joy of my heart express ;
Watch o'er my sleeping lamb—my wee,
Sweet, rosy slumberer bless!

Rev. C. M., by C. C.

THE STORY OF A LIFE.—No. XXVI.

It was strange, but the circumstance of Mr. Ewart's and Miss Lindon's engagement was soon well known, and the world (we have all a little world of our own) expressed its wonder. The grave Mr. Ewart to fall in love with a girl who might have passed for his daughter, and whose whole fortune consisted in a handsome face ; true, she had been rich, but that was a matter of the past. A few ladies, who were wrestling desperately with time, to keep off the fatal *forty*, when the matter was mentioned, looked exceedingly wise and shook their heads very significantly ; and in private they lamented the fact that the young ladies of the present day were very much too forward. Dear old ladies ! they, in common with the rest, viewed the matter only in one light ; they were ignorant of the true feelings and motives that influenced Walter Ewart. It was no stain on his manhood if he took to his home and heart the orphan child of his old friend with feelings somewhat different from those of the adoring lover. The world

certainly said many strange things in its ignorance, and it did others.

The persons who were desirous of making Miss Lindon's acquaintance soon extended to a large circle, and many who had lost sight of dear Miss Lindon for so long, hoped, nay, insisted on seeing her often. Mrs. Howard was glad for a two-fold reason: glad that the orphan would have a brave and noble heart to rest on, one who would never chill or wound the warm, sensitive feelings of her nature; and she was glad that Mr. Ewart had found one who was so worthy and so fitly formed to be his companion.

The spring was advancing when the preparations for the wedding were made. Ah! those weeks of preparation! A slight graceful form flitted here and there, bright glances of sunshine followed her footsteps; she seemed to have no thought but for the important preparations; it was Ellen Howard—self was forgotten. Every lip was eloquent with the praise of her rare beauty, her eyes beamed with new lustre, and her pale cheeks glowed with a rich bright hue; there was an elasticity in her step, and her whole being seemed animated with new life.

Whilst the many bent on her their admiring gaze, one only looked with sorrow as the truth, fraught with so much bitterness, sank deep into her heart. Just as the setting sun gilds the landscape with tints of a rich and glowing beauty, then gradually sinks beneath the western horizon, leaving the earth that was a few moments since flooded with golden light, a wide expanse of gloom, so many a flower grows more fragrant with perfume and radiant with beauty when dying!

The words were spoken, and, as one in the sight of men and God, Walter Ewart and Isabella were joined. Dressed for her wedding trip stood Isabella in the home that a few hours since she had received the right to call hers. "If you would but have gone with us, Nelly," and a shade of sadness passed over the face of the bride as she spoke. "It will be quite as pleasant for me to hear you tell, as it would be for me to have seen, Bell." "But not to me," was the reply; "you will write often, very often, Nelly, and when we come back you will be my little sister still?"

The young wife threw her arms round Nelly's neck, and kissed her with passionate fondness; they remained thus till Mr. Ewart came. "You must go now, Bell," and Nelly freed herself from Isabella's embrace. "You have spoiled half our pleasure," he said, kindly; "Bell and I are unwilling to lose our little sister for so long." And thus they parted, with kindly words and hearts overflowing with love, gladdened with the brightness of the future—they would meet again—yes, again—but where?

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY MOTHER.

BEING DEAD SHE YET SPEAKETH.

A FAIR-HAIRED, noble-looking little fellow was running across the room one day, as I was looking on at a friend's house, when carelessly knocking his head against the table he burst into a fit of crying. "Naughty table," said his mother, "let us beat it." How vividly before my mind's eye arose another scene at that moment!

• A mother and her boy were at the window of a happy home, the French blinds were open that the young boy might look out; dropping his top, he stooped to pick it up; the blind partly closing as he rose, his head received an awkward thump. He, without an instant's hesitation, doubled his fist and dealt the blind a hard knock—no doubt having in his mind, as the little fellow above was taught by his mother, the law of tit-for-tat! But this boy's mother did not commend the act, but, drawing her boy to her side, said—"George, I remember one night, a long time ago, before you were born"—oh! I was always glad to hear her recollections, for it was my own mother—"an old gardener coming in fell over the scraper at the kitchen door and grazed his shin. He said not a word, but went to the outhouse, got his gun, came back and shot the scraper!" I burst out laughing. "What! shot the scraper! Why, what a stupid old man! The scraper could not feel—how silly." "Neither did the window-blind when George struck it just now." I saw and understood; and now when I see, for instance, and many such instances occur, a ship-

wright tumble against a piece of timber, and turn back and give it a savage kick. I think of the old gardener shooting the scraper.

Mother! train not your child to repay tit-for-tat; teach him the folly of supposing inanimate things can feel; and teach him from the Bible that it is like the Saviour (who is to be his example) to return *good for evil*, but *REVENGE* is not in accordance with the Gospel of Peace.

PRAYER HEARD AGAIN!

WHAT blessed results follow from a mother's pious care! Often she has her reward even in this life by witnessing the early devotedness of her beloved ones to God—the piety and zeal of those for whom she has watched with the most ceaseless anxiety. In some instances, indeed, instructions and prayers for a time have appeared useless; the good seed has seemed buried for ever beneath a frozen, barren soil; but at length, when the good mother has been laid in the silent tomb, the seed she has sown has sprung up on earth, and she has gathered the precious fruit in eternity. A Baxter, a Doddridge, a Watts, with thousands more, bear testimony to the fact that a mother's prayer is heard in heaven, and a mother's teaching blessed on earth. Let us listen to an account of one such mother.

Mrs. A. was a pious aged woman, who had an only son for whom she was earnest in prayer, at the same time using all the means in her power to train him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. As he grew up to manhood she saw with deep sorrow that he was inclined to be gay and dissipated. She still followed him with her prayers and entreaties, faithfully warning him from time to time of his awful situation as a sinner before God, telling him what his end would be if he died in that state. One day he addressed his mother, saying, "Mother, let me have my best clothes, I am going to a ball to-night." The good mother, who was grieved at heart, expostulated with him, and urged him not to go by every argument in her power, but her worldly-minded son replied, "Mother, let me have my clothes; I will go, and it is useless to say anything more to me about it."

She brought his clothes and placed them before him. After he was dressed, as he was going out, his mother stopped him, saying, "My child, do not go." "I will," he replied. The mother, with a heart almost broken, said, in a faltering voice, "Then, my son, while you are dancing with your gay companions in the ball-room, I shall be pleading with the Lord to convert your soul."

The son went, the ball commenced, but instead of the usual gaiety, an unaccountable gloom pervaded the whole assembly. One said, "We never had such a dull meeting in our lives;" another, "I wish I had not come—there is no life here, we cannot get along;" a third, "I cannot think what is the matter to-night." The young man instantly burst into tears, and said, "I know what is the matter well enough; my poor mother is now praying for her ungodly son." He took his hat, saying, "I will never be found in such a place again." He left the company.

Not long after, he became a true disciple of the Lord Jesus; and, after walking with his good mother a short time in the way to heaven, a severe illness came on, and he went up to taste the blessedness of the redeemed in heaven. The aged mother committed his fading body to the dust, in sure and certain hope of meeting him on the shores of a glorious immortality, when the storms of life and the river of death are passed. "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find." Mothers, pray on in faith for your beloved ones—"Ye shall reap, if ye faint not."

LITTLE THINGS.

SCORN not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed
Waiting its natal hour.

A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results unfolded dwell
Within it silently.

SPEAK GENTLY.—No. II.

ONE other instance came under my notice some time ago. Ellen Farquarson was an affectionate and well-meaning girl, but she was naturally proud, self-willed, and obstinately perverse. She had received an invitation to a gay and fashionable party, and was elated at the idea of the pleasure she would enjoy. What was her surprise on hearing her mother say, in no gentle voice, that she should not allow her to go. Ellen's pride arose at what she thought the harsh command of her mother, and she answered that "she was old enough to choose her own pleasures, and that she should certainly go." One unkind word was soon succeeded by another, and both mother and daughter forgot, for a time, their relationship to each other. Ellen went; and, at that very party met, for the first time, one who soon after caused the great sorrow of her life, and cast over her young years a premature gloom which nothing could ever shake off. It needed but the gentle, kind request of her mother, to have induced her to decline the invitation, for she loved her mother—and the loving request would have accomplished what the angry threat did not; and thus how much misery they would both have been spared. Try, mother, what kindness will do with your wayward boy; you may find it difficult at first, but you will come off conqueror in the end. He may not now heed his mother's advice, but he will listen to her when she speaks kindly, and in love; and you will lay up for yourself treasures for the future.

"Speak gently; for 'tis better far
To rule by love than fear."

E. B.

 THE TRUE REST.

WHAT dost thou, O wandering dove,
From thy home in the rock's riven breast?
Tis fair; but the falcon is wheeling above—
Ah! fly to thy sheltering nest:
To thy nest, wandering dove, to thy nest!

Frail bark, on that bright summer sea,
 That the breezes now curl but in sport,
 Spread swiftly thy sail now—how pleasant it be—
 Ne'er linger till safe in the port.
 To the port, little bark, to the port !
 Tired roe, that the hunter dost flee,
 While his arrow e'en now 's on the wing,
 In that dark green recess there's a fountain for thee,
 Go, rest by that cool, secret spring.
 To the spring, tired roe, to the spring !
 My spirit, still hovering, unblest,
 'Mid shadows so fleeting and dim,
 Ah ! know'st thou thy rock, and thy haven of rest,
 And thy pure spring of joy ? Then to Him !
 Then to Him, fluttering spirit, to Him !"

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

THE TWO KINDS OF NATURES.

THERE are in this world two kinds of natures—those that have wings, and those that have feet—the winged and the walking spirits. The walking are the logicians ; the winged are the instinctive and the poetic. Natures that must always walk find many a bog, many a thicket, many a tangled brake, which God's happy little winged birds flit over by one noiseless flight. Nay, when a man has toiled till his feet weigh too heavily with the mind of earth to enable him to walk another step, these little birds will often cleave the air in a right line towards the bosom of God, and show the way where he could never have found it.—*Mrs. Stowe.*

THE BABY.

At first, babes feed on the mother's bosom, but always on her heart.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Broken Promises. By P. J. PERRY. London : Wertheim and Co.

A useful tale, simply told.

Unconscious Influence. By Dr. BUSHNELL. London : Thickbroom.

Respectable Sin. By Dr. BUSHNELL. London : Thickbroom.

Two very interesting and useful books, full of thoughts worth pondering.

Woman's Work ; or, How to Help the Sick ? London : Griffith and Co.

A charming little useful work, with various instructions and recipes.

The Evening Hour. London : Wertheim and Co.

A cheap little serial, instructive and amusing.

THE STORY OF A LIFE.—No. XXVII.

. She dies—

* * * * *

With brilliance in her deep-set eyes,
And on her face a healthful bloom;
No harsh transition, but a soft decay,
Like dream-born tones of night that die away."

MONTGOMERY.

WHEN does Nature seem to tell us, with her all-powerful though silent voice, it is a time to die? Not at early morn, when the flowers impearled with dew gently unfold their delicate leaves, when the feathered songsters pour their matins in clear notes as they soar heavenward. These sights all speak of life—new life—surely not then? At noon, when the sun has risen to its height, and wherever the eye rests, it beholds a scene the reverse of repose—all is activity. Not then, surely not then? Is it when the glare and tumult of the day is past, the one gradually changing into the mellow light of evening, and hushing nature to repose? Methinks it is then! There may be quiet hours in the day, but they lack the serenity of the evening hours.

"You are weary, Nelly?" said Mrs. Howard. "Not yet—I am waiting for the bells;" and as the invalid spoke the surrounding stillness was broken by the first notes of the Sabbath evening bells. Neither Mrs. Howard nor Nelly spoke for some time; there was food for thought in the wide-spread landscape stretching out as far as the eye could reach, clothed with rich verdure, the birds chanting their evening song as they sought their nests in the leafy branches of the trees, mingling their harmony with the glad greeting peal. "They call vainly for us, mother; I always seemed to hear voices in the bells, but now I hear other voices, voices that speak more softly, and I feel they are calling me to a purer worship—a new life, one of eternal peace," and the speaker's voice sank into a whisper.

The last notes of the bells were dying away, and kneeling by the couch, her hands clasping those wasted ones, sat Mrs. Howard; she wept, wept as only mothers can weep. The hour was near—very near—the last! "These tears, my mother, for me you can-

not weep. I am going to Him whom you first taught me to love ; and you, my mother, oh ! we have been fellow-pilgrims in this land of our sojourning, with one hope, together built upon Him who is our guide and strength ; and whilst through Him I can take up the words of the Psalmist, and say, ' Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me ; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.' He will speak peace to you. You used to read me the story of the widow of Nain—we both loved it, and now think of her ; so will He restore me to you—not here, but in that better land." " I am better now, Nelly," said Mrs. Howard, pressing her lips to those of the exhausted speaker. " Let us pray, mother, pray for me and you."

The mother knelt, and in almost whispered tones she prayed, and as the burden of that prayer was wafted to the highest heaven, a rarer beauty spread over the face of the dying girl than had ever rested there before, her eyes in their upward glance beamed with a brilliancy not meet to look on earthly things. The prayer was ended, and the sorrowing mother received comfort. " I am with you always, even unto the end." This promise then, as always, fulfilled, kindled new hope. Though the fondest earthly tie be riven, He who sticketh closer than a brother abideth for ever.

" Come nearer, mother," said Nelly ; " put your arms round me, there, just as I used to lie," and the fair face rested on her mother's bosom. " Now let us wait." All was perfectly still within and around that quiet chamber, for they were far away from their city home, and as the evening shadows gathered around, the moon gradually rose above the eastern ridge of hills, shedding over the landscape, and lending to the darkened chamber a faint shadowy light. Onward the pale orb pursues her course, and new broad streaks of light fill the room ; they rest on the golden hair, and reveal the peaceful smile that wreaths the pale lips, and they rest too on the form, supporting the slight burden, the pale, anxious face, so eagerly bent to catch the fleeting breath.

" Mother !" and the head was slightly raised ; " they are come, and I am going home !" A sweetness mingled in those whispered

words, and a look of holy joy radiated the expression of that countenance, as one hand was raised pointing upward. No shade of darkness came to veil the brightening look that scanned things not of earth; no struggle came when the quick-drawn breath told that the spirit's freedom was at hand: quicker it comes—another! ah! yes—the last; and the head falls heavily on the childless mother's breast.

“Safe in the arms of Jesus rests her soul,
Nor does the early grave with gloom the mind control.”

WHICH IS BEST?—No. III.

“WIFE, I have something to say to you,” said George Smith, one evening, as he stood rubbing his shoes on a broom at the door; “there is a nice kind of man who brings books round to our shop, and he wants a quiet room for a few weeks, as he has a good deal to do in these parts just now, and I have been thinking our little front room might bring in something for you and the girl to buy a bit of print with—what do you say?” “Well, I am sure I have no objection, only ’tis all in a terrible litter with all sorts of things.” “Well, Sally, then, do put it all to rights for the good man—it will be company for us too.” “Well, I will, to-morrow.” “No, no, Sally; don’t put off things so, there is plenty of daylight for hours yet; you can easily do it, and I told him you would.” “Did you?—well, I’ll try.” “Aye, that’s it, wife; that little word *try* has a long tail to it.”

Mrs. Smith, who was a pleasant-tempered woman, but who had been badly trained in her youth, or rather, as Lamb says, had been “dragged up” without training at all, now made up her mind to set things right in the little spare room; as she opened the door, however, her heart well nigh failed her, for it was difficult to know where to begin. “Well—well—what a muddle I have got to clear away, to be sure; how things do heap together when they are let alone for a while!—Margery, do come and help me.” “Yes, mother, I like to help you—what can I do?” “Well, child, pick up the potatoes all lying about first, then put all the

old pieces for mending in a bundle, while I clear away some of our Sunday clothes, and father's old shoes. Oh dear! here are the onions and apples uncle sent us all spoiling together." "Oh, mother, what a pity! Father likes onions, and I like apples, but now they're no good to anybody." "Ah, well, dear, we must turn over a new leaf, as father says; come, let us put matters straight by hook or by crook for the lodger."

In the middle of her bustle and dust her husband came home, and telling her he had leave of absence for an hour, he began to help her in the spare room. "Why, missus," said George, "I can scrub as well as anybody; lend me a pail of water—I'll soon clear the road. My good mother used to teach me to help her when I was a bit of a boy, and I have not forgotten how I used to do things in her tidy way." "Ah, George, I miss all that kind of early teaching; I am ashamed how little I know." "Yes, yes, I know, Susan, but never too late to learn, old girl. I was talking to my mate, Mark Collins, this morning, about learning to do things at home, when he gave me an account of his mother and her ways; I shall never wonder again how he doesn't value his tidy home as he ought. Why, bless you, he says they none of 'em ever knew where to find anything, and as to a clean house, they were always cleaning, and always dirty; so I told him—'Now,' says I, 'Mark, I see how it is you are so untidy in your neat house—we surely take after our mothers, lad. 'Well,' says he, 'so I think, for our little Polly is growing up as like her mother as two peas.' There, missus, now see how neat and clean the room looks—which is best, eh? tell me that." "Oh, no mistake about it, George; I can see the comfort of having a pretty room like this. Yes, yes; tidiness and cleanliness are best, sure enough."

WHAT WE MAY LEARN FROM OUR CHILDREN.

No. II.

(READ AT A MATERNAL MEETING.)

ARE we sometimes tempted to think that we should be happier if we had more of the great and fine things of this world? Let us learn from our little children that real life does not consist in

the abundance we have ; let us be quite sure, if we seek first the kingdom of heaven, all things needful will be added to us, and we shall have a double blessing with what we have. Are we tempted with anxious care for the future ? Let us look at our children, and trust God as they are trusting us. Are we in personal trouble and difficulty ? Let us fly to Him as our children do to us, and let us rejoice in the assurance that He can and will do for us what we cannot possibly do for them. A remark or two on what we may learn from the *faults* of our children.

We may, in the first place, learn humility, for do we not often see our faults re-appear in them ?—faults, too, which we have thought have so far been subdued as that we had expected to hear no more of them, may spring up in our children and cause us much trouble and anxiety. Again, we may learn patience ; for just as our own faults have not been subdued in a day, or in a year, or in many years, so we must have patience with our children. Give them line upon line, precept on precept ; keep a strict watch over our own temper and conduct, and *certainly believe* that in due season we shall reap, if we faint not. Again, we are to wait constantly for God's blessing, for with all we can do, either in the way of precept or example, we cannot change the heart—we cannot cause a true love of goodness and hatred of sin to find an abiding home in any heart. God the Spirit must work with us, else we shall work in vain.

A few words in closing. Seeing that the child-spirit in our children is as great a blessing to us as to themselves, how anxious should we be to preserve it ! There are few sadder sights in the world than a child forced by unwise training or untoward circumstances into manhood or womanhood before its time. Instead of guilelessness and frankness we see cunning and worldly wisdom ; instead of modesty, self-conceit ; and a restless hankering after exciting pleasures, instead of that calm flow of enjoyment in the every-day matters of its little life, which is the God-given inheritance of every child. How careful ought we to be to check all forwardness and self-conceit ; to promote openness and truthfulness, and the calm quiet enjoyments of home ; and *most rigidly* to enforce, on Divine authority, respect and deference, and submis-

sion to age and experience, in general, and in a special manner to *parental* age and experience. Above all, let it be seen by our children, in the "godly simplicity and sincerity of our own lives," that we are not requiring of them a higher standard with respect to *us*, their earthly parents, than we are aiming at in relation to our common "Father in heaven."

SOMETHING STRONGER THAN A MOTHER'S LOVE.

No. VI.

EARLY on the morning after the drawing-room scene, as Norra was seated in her dressing-room, writing, her mother entered, and, with a bland smile, she asked of her health. "Not very well, mamma." "I do not wonder, love; you want a change of air and scene. Your old friends in England, too, seem to have forgotten you,—have they not?" "Not really, mamma. I cannot account for the delay of my letters, but all will be made plain some day, no doubt." "We have been thinking, dear," continued the jesuitical mother, "that the air of this place does not quite suit you, particularly as the dreary winter gave note of approach in its moaning this morning. Now, if you think a little trip for a few months to the South of France, or any other place, would help to establish your health, Rolands shall commence preparations immediately."

Poor Norra felt her cheek blanch as her mother talked, and so great was her agitation that, for a moment, she felt as if the world were receding from her view. Lifting her heart to heaven for help, she was enabled, after a few moments, to reply, "I should like, mamma, before I leave my country again, to go to Tourine, which, as a child, you remember, always invigorated me." "Very well, dear. When shall it be? Name your own time." "To-morrow, mamma, if you please." "To-morrow, then, dear, we go," replied the prompt lady, and she sailed gracefully out of the room.

The next day found the family at Tourine, and all, save one beating heart, seemed, for a time, at rest. "What is this wee

thing of a parcel, leddy, dear?" asked nurse Murphy; "Althorpe has forgotten to open it and put the things in place." "No, no, dear nurse," hastily exclaimed Norra; "do not touch it; please put it, as it is, in the large wardrobe." "Dear, well, thin, what can that be, honey dear, I wonder!" Norra looked anxiously at the little parcel, as the good old nurse placed it among the treasures of the past in the antique wardrobe of a century ago. As the dusk of evening fell on the country home, the family hailed it with varied feelings, while plans of the future occupied most of its inmates.

As the shadows were deepening, Norra hastened to the old wardrobe, and, securing the little parcel amidst the ample folds of her large shawl, she glided through a private side-door into the garden, and quickly stepping into a road leading to one more public, she could with difficulty prevent herself from running, while her heart was beating in unison with her anxious thoughts. Onward she hastened, with trembling steps, scarcely knowing more of the small town she desired to reach than that it was nearly two miles for her weary feet to wander—not knowing, either, but some spy might soon be upon her path.

At length she reached the town, about seven in the evening, intending to hasten to the beach and bribe some fisherman to put her on the other side of the river, so that she might have some little chance of fleeing to England. As she was passing down a street, a Protestant place of worship attracted her attention. The service had commenced, and she walked gently into a dark corner of the building, and took her seat among the poor of the flock. She resolved that, as soon as the good minister had retired from the pulpit into the vestry, she would follow and lay her case before him, asking his protection. She did so, and was taken by him to a gentleman's house, well known in the religious world, and there poor Norra remained for many weeks, safely guarded and tenderly entertained by the hand and heart of Christian friendship.

Norra's family became furious, and, after diligent search, they traced her to her secure abode, and, threatening vengeance, demanded her to be given up to them. Vain effort! they had

lost her for ever. During the time of her sojourn with her pious friends, her brother married, and before the altar he swore a solemn oath that he would never speak to Norra again, unless she lay on a dying bed ; but, ere one short year had passed, he was thrown from his horse and killed on the spot, without a moment to ask forgiveness of Norra, or of Norra's God.

Some six months after this, Norra entered the home of her English friend, in travelling costume, leaning on the arm of a Protestant minister, to whom she had been united. The friends met as if the grave had for some time divided them, for all their letters had been intercepted by Norra's mother and the Priest. Norra was now on her wedding tour ; her health was very much improved, but never quite restored. She still lives to be useful, and to read our true story, and to say there is "Something stronger than a mother's love."

A YEAR IN HEAVEN.

"Put the lights out, Clary, dear, make the fire blaze brightly, and then sit here by my side, and we will have a nice time together ;" said Annie Beaumont to her young cousin Clara Leonora, who was spending the evening with her.

Clary did as Annie suggested, and then taking her cousin's hand she said fondly, "I wish you didn't look so gloomy, Annie, darling ; do you know, you look as if you *couldn't* smile. What makes you so, dear ? tell me what troubles you, and, if I can, I will share the grief." "'Tis past, dearest," said Annie, sadly ; "but I will tell you why I *look* and *feel* unhappy. Suppose you had a very dear friend, one that was dearer than all the world besides, and then suppose that one, who had a greater right to that dear friend, sent for him, and you knew that he would be far happier than with you, *could* you give up all the pleasure of his society, without a murmur ? Could you, Clary ?" asked Annie, in a tremulous tone ; "and then, when the day came round on which that dear friend had left you, don't you think, dear, that even the knowledge that he was happy would almost add to your sorrow ?" "Yes,

“dear Annie,” said Clary; “but I can’t see what you mean.” “Well, then, dear, I will tell you. ’Tis one year since my best and dearest friend, my mother, died; one year has she spent in heaven! Oh, Clary, why can’t we *feel* what we *know*, ‘that all things work together for good?’ Why can’t we trust all to ‘our Father?’ I know,” continued Annie, sobbing, “I know that mamma is happy, and I ought to think of her happiness with thanksgiving instead of grief; but I always was self-willed and complaining, and I suppose I always shall be so.”

“Annie, dear Annie,” said Clara, “I know it was a heavy trouble for you to lose your mother, but know, dear, that it was a God of love that did it; the ‘bow of promise,’ although dim, and perhaps invisible to you, is *there still*. Annie, your mother’s happiness ought to increase yours. You ‘sorrow not as those who have no hope;’ you know your mother is gone ‘home,’ and you can go to her, dear. Oh, ‘God is love,’ my cousin; He knew it was best for you to be left alone, and yet not alone, for has He not written, ‘I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.’ Your mother’s God may be yours, her heavenly home may be yours, too, dear; she has not a single joy that you may not share. The pilgrimage may be rugged, dear Annie, but heaven lies beyond. Trials may be thick and dark around you, but ‘the light of His countenance’ will be there; and when death comes, the valley may be long and dark, but He will be with you, even then. Annie, *trust* Him, fear Him, love Him, and believe me, ‘that like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.’ Oh, my dear cousin, are all the promises of our promise-keeping God to be disregarded?” “I will trust Him, dear Clary, and from now, I will be ‘up and doing.’ I will cease all my useless repining for the blessings *gone*, and value those *left*; and let my life here be as long as it may, I am sure that eternity will not be too long to thank my Father for His goodness to me, for which I have hitherto been so ungrateful. Leave me now, Clary, darling; bless you for what you have said, it has sent a sweet feeling of peace into my aching, doubting heart. God bless you, dearest.”

How differently Annie Beaumont felt that night! She saw how wicked her useless sorrow for her mother had been, and she tried

from that moment to thank God for having given her such a mother; and if her loss only made her grateful to God for His unceasing watchfulness over her, even the loss was a blessing, and another proof of God's love. How she succeeded, every one that has been similarly situated can tell. The following day a note from Clary was handed to Annie; it contained only the few simple but encouraging words, "Be not weary in well-doing;" and the beautiful hymn commencing with "Jesus, I my cross have taken." The rest and peace which followed Annie's efforts were sufficient reward for her. Reader, are you, like Annie Beaumont, spending your pilgrim days in ungrateful repining? If so, be like Annie, be up and doing, and you will find a resting-place for your weary souls; or if you are a Clara Leonora, the earnest, heartfelt "God bless you," of those whose lives you have gladdened, whose footsteps you have guided into the "narrow path," will be a greater reward than man can bestow, but the "Well done, good and faithful servant," will be sweeter still!

LETTIE LEE.

CARE FOR THE OUTCAST.

IS SHE DEAD?

"WHAT! Is she dead? What a horrid end! I shudder." "Ah! well you may, but I must hasten home." These expressions caught the ear of a lady seated on a chair in a west-end park. Two young girls met; one plainly, the other gaudily dressed. The latter uttered the inquiry, the former the response. When the young girl (evidently a servant) hastily left—the other stood in deep thought; she heaved a long-drawn sigh and moved on. The lady felt interested and watched her. As she slowly proceeded it was necessary to use her handkerchief, shortly she sank on a seat and wept bitterly. The lady drew near, and seating herself by her side, kindly inquired the cause of her distress. At first there was great reluctance to speak; but looking up, and tracing in the countenance of her inquirer pure benevolent sympathy, she took courage, and related her simple but truly

affecting tale, concluding with "Dear lady, if you can do anything to save me, for pity's sake tell me." The appeal succeeded; rising, she said, "Follow me;" and in a few moments she was placed among a Christian Society prepared to be interested in her welfare. This was the first step towards a better course of life.

Reader! do not curl the lip and say—perhaps the last. Too often it is so, but should that deter you from an effort to effect even that? Surely not. Listen yet awhile. This young creature was softened, kind words and kinder acts had long been strange to her—she now realized both, and was grateful. Still thoughtful, tractable, she remained several weeks, showed little outward signs of sorrow, though evidently suffering severe internal struggles. The Christian lady who first saw her, with others, watched for the upspringing of good—they believed God had her in His teaching. The husbandman waited, using the appointed means:—the blade, the ear, the full ripe corn—it comes to justify his hope. Christian, wait, trust, hope. A devoted pastor visited the Institution and was very anxious for this poor girl. Her patient listening assured him she was not indifferent, but yet no testimony escaped her. The only hopeful sign was (and this was much) intense loathing of the past. Affliction came on her—a low fever tried her strength—and still she remained placid, but strictly silent. It pleased God to lighten its pressure, and now, with apparently returning health, she began to speak of what God had done for her soul. "Through darkness, gloom, temptations," said she, "O Lord, thou hast led me, and now let me live to glorify thee." The bitterness of her repentance had passed, she looked to Jesus and found Him.

Reader! do not say this easy process is deceptive, it can only delude and deceive. It was not an easy process; the soul of this erring one had been racked in secret agony—she had sorrowed—sorrow known only to Him who searcheth the heart, and now the natural result was—peace and joy in believing. But she did not recover fast, the excitement consequent on her new discovery of a Saviour perhaps hindered. In a few days there were symptoms of relapse; no sooner did she feel this than she hastily summoned her pastor, and earnestly besought him to gather around her the

inmates of the house. 'Twas done, and there, on that dying bed, this earnest convert to truth, with plaintive voice and tearful eyes, preached to them the Gospel. With strength far beyond what could be imagined, she taught, exhorted, entreated them to flee to Jesus, to cleave to Him, and never, no never, to doubt His willingness to save. We cannot detail her sayings, they sank down into many a heart; exhausted by the effort, she beckoned to her pastor for prayer and then they left her. In a few hours, midst expressions of gratitude and triumph we would not like to pen, her ransomed spirit passed, doubtless to mingle with "the spirits of the just made perfect."

This is a plain, unvarnished, but a true tale; methinks here are lessons of instruction for many. To the unconverted sinner—into whatever bye-path your enemy has led you—to what fearful extent soever his temptations have conducted you—though big threatening mountains obstruct your path—though inward remorse and the withering contempt of fellow-creatures may frighten you—years may have passed and powerful habits have riveted themselves, profaneness, drunkenness, worldliness, sensuality, scepticism, superstition, till you passionately say "there is no hope!" Do not say so—it is "the liar from the beginning" prompts the utterance. He, the Devil, would gladly confirm you in this conviction, till he lands you safe in perdition; but heed him not—rather, oh, rather listen to Jesus—respond to His invitation, "numbers before have tried" "and found the promise true,"—we present you with a new illustration—you are welcome.

"Ye perishing and guilty come,
In Jesus' arms there yet is room."

"Why will ye die?" Why perish? You know sin is sorrow, even in time—in eternity its results are dreadful. Oh! listen, receive the Saviour, and like the rescued one of whom we have spoken, you shall find peace at last. This appeal may be observed by some in whom the "the still small voice" mutters only, and this feebly—beware how you stifle this first awakening—cherish it—listen to it—seek its strengthening—'tis the day of small things not despised by God, 'tis the curling of the smoke, an

indication that fire is in the flax—Oh, nourish it, there shall yet be a flame. Had this poor girl rushed from her convictions to the scenes of sin, the softening would have been in vain; but God kindly helped her, and she was saved. So will He help you, if you faithfully seek it at His hands.

Christians of every name, of every class, look out to do good! Fearlessly seize opportunities—do not say, “Am I my brother’s keeper?” but know you are; every poor wanderer, male and female, has a claim—aye, a claim God will not ignore—on each and every one. Do not say “There is so much hypocrisy, I hesitate.” There is much hypocrisy, it need not be denied, perhaps in nineteen out of twenty; but if the subject of this narrative had been the twentieth, then ought she to have been passed by, on account of the false nineteen. One ransomed—one converted—a soul saved—a multitude of sins covered! Is not this reward enough? If you deem it insufficient, what can be your conception either of heaven or of hell? “But we are persuaded better things of you.” Come, then, brother, sister in Christ, “to the help of the Lord against the mighty.” “The night cometh when no man can work.” “Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.”

“Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.”

A WORD FOR THE OUTCAST.

OH! do not break that bruised reed,
Whose head so lowly bends,
Her very inmost heart hath need
Of comfort now, and friends.

Say not “she’s worthless!” Who can tell
The misery of that hour,
When, “let alone” by God, she fell
Into temptation’s power?

Perhaps, had oil been kindly poured
Into the festering wound,
Her eye, now bent on earth, had soared
To brighter worlds around.

Drive not the "fallen" from your door,
Though you the crime condemn;
Say, "Sister, go and sin no more!"
Whom do you follow then?

For, sure I am, one kindly word
Spoken in deep distress,
Will win a blessing from our God,
And make dark sorrows less.

Whilst words of anger or reproof
Can neither soothe nor save;
And, driven from each friendly roof,
Her only rest 's the grave!

TEACH THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

THERE are some parents whose children are still young and tender; but in the youthful hearts there lies the germ of evil, and the fruit, alas, will soon appear. Mothers tremblingly inquire "What can we do for the precious young souls in peril?" We will tell you three things, of the first importance, that you *must* do.

Make your children acquainted with their Father who is in heaven. If they were about to set forth on a journey to a distant town, and you heard that by the same train was going one able and willing to help their inexperience, and carefully to watch over them, would you not hasten to secure that being for their friend? And in life's journey, upon which those children have just entered, they will need advice and help. One Being is able to bestow both. You know this. Strive, then, to effect an introduction between your little ones and their great heavenly Friend, or you will have to answer for fearful neglect.

We ask not whether you have taught your children that God made all things, and that Jesus came to die for sinful men. Surely every mother who professes to believe the Bible has done this. You have shown them Jesus, the Son of God; but have you shown them the "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild," who died for *them*? When they have felt the tenderness of an earthly friend, have you brought that friend into comparison with Jesus?

Have you ever told them a story to illustrate that text, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends?" Jesus died for His enemies! When they have rejoiced in the sunbeam, or admired the little tender flower, have you told them that gentle Jesus made these lovely things for *them*; and that, though He is Sovereign of all the worlds on high, He marks the little sparrow falling? Have you talked to them of Him amid the storm's raging, and made them to hear in each thunder-blast, "It is I; be not afraid?" If with much prayer and consistent example you have thus accustomed the little ones to think of God in Christ Jesus as their friend, fear not. The good seed, sown early, will in God's time spring. Living, they will live unto Him; and dying, to Him they will die; and the Christian mother shall see, rejoicing, the reward of her labours,—if not here, in heaven.

Make your children obedient, and do not shrink from correcting them. You cannot expect your teaching to be blessed, if you act in disobedience to the command that bids parents rule well their own households. This correction is hard work, mother—much harder than teaching. It costs a severe struggle to chastise the child, when its storm of passion is over, and the sweet little eyes raised to yours say so appealingly, "Don't punish me, mother." We knew a stern, conscientious mother. Her child had been guilty of a fault, and a whipping was threatened. Bed-time came, and the woman, forgetful of her threat, was just leaving her girl's room, when the little one said, "You have forgotten to whip me, mother," "Well, I can't think how she could punish her child after that," said one who heard the story; "I am sure I couldn't." Couldn't! then I pity *you*, and still more *your child*. Couldn't have firmness to keep your word! Oh, what weakness!

Do not mistake: we would not advocate whipping, except in extreme cases. Be slow to threaten, quick to perform. In dealing with children, never retract what you have once said, unless it would be actually sin to persevere.

HOW DO YOU KNOW, MOTHER?

A LITTLE boy said the other day to his mother very earnestly, "Mother, are you quite sure C—— has gone to heaven?" The mother felt surprised at the question, and did not immediately reply. He then said, "Do you *know* C—— is happy? Are you *quite sure*?" laying great emphasis on the words "*know*" and "*quite*." His mother lifted up her eyes to heaven, and breathed a prayer for words suitable to answer; after which she replied firmly, "Yes, love, I know C—— is happy; I am quite sure." "How do you know?" "Because Jesus says to those who love Him, 'Where I am there ye shall be also;' and your sister loved Jesus, and now she is gone to the place Jesus has prepared for her." "But how," said the boy, "do you *know* Jesus said these *very* words?" "Because I know the Bible is true, and when you grow older I will explain to you some of the evidences of the Bible being the *very* word of God." She then said, "When you read in any other book about great or good men, you do not ask whether it is true or not, and why should you doubt the Bible being true?" He then said, "Did Abraham really live in this world?" His mother replied, "Yes, love. What makes you talk in this way?" He said, "It seems so queer to think about." "Ah," said the mother, "there are a great many strange things in the world, and we cannot understand everything, but when we cannot understand them we yet believe they exist; so you cannot understand *all* you read about in the Bible, still you are bound to believe what you read. So I cannot understand all about your dear sister going to heaven, yet I believe that when C—— died her spirit went to be with Jesus. 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.'"

The boy appeared satisfied, and said nothing more, but remained thoughtful awhile, and his mother prayed that he too might believe on Jesus. Reader of the "*MOTHERS' FRIEND*," do you know Jesus? If so, you too have everlasting life, and shall go to that mansion prepared for you. How needful it is to *know* on whom we have believed, and to be acquainted with the word of God, upon which

that belief or knowledge rests of happiness hereafter. Oh! that mothers of all classes, of all ages, would read the Bible more, and make it their guide to heaven, instead of the views of others, which, however excellent and like the Bible they may be, are yet, after all, not the words of the living God as therein contained. "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they that testify of me," said Jesus. In this day of the Spirit's power may every mother have a share of enlightening and reviving hitherto unfelt and unknown. He will guide into all truth, when we yield ourselves to His power and guidance.

R.

THE POWER OF MOTHERS.

O! THERE are moments when woman is far mightier than her lord! The steel-clad knight may dash through bars, and burst the castle gates; but for access to the secrets of the stony heart, or to bend the iron will, "commend me to the queen of beauty's power." See how the rude and icy avalanche defies the wintry blast, but melts and yields before the solar rays. Such is the power and responsibility of a Christian mother. But let me not deceive you; this Christian influence has no kind of connexion with talking religion, or keeping up religious appearances as an example to your children. It depends on *being* religious. I have known more than one thoughtless couple, without a particle of devotion in either of them, introduce family prayer and formal observances as an *example* and as a *duty*, because their children were leaving the nursery. Poor, pitiable, ignorant souls! though better this than nothing. Little hope, indeed, is there of piety being instilled by such a mother as this. How little do you know of the infant mind! Speech is but *one* vehicle of knowledge. There is also the language of the eye, and the hieroglyphics of every feature, which your babe can decipher. Did you never see the dark scowl of an evil-minded nurse causing a cloud o'er the infant's brow? Even so is there a mysterious law of sympathy that brings the feelings of the child into harmony and unison with the mother's heart. By the time we leave the nursery the good

seed is sown, and commonly the process is this—the mother plants the seed in infancy ; care and affection water it in after-years, and God gives the increase.—*Selected by C—— C——.*

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

It is her right to bind with warmest ties
 The lordly spirit of aspiring man,
 Making his home an earthly paradise,
 Rich in all joys allotted to life's span,
 Twining around each fibre of his heart,
 With all the gentle influence of love's might,
 Seeking no joy wherein he has no part—
 This is, undoubtedly, a woman's right.

It is her right to teach the infant mind,
 Training it ever upward in its course,
 To root out evil passions that would bind
 The upward current of his reason's force ;
 To lead the erring spirit gently back,
 When it has sunk in gloom of deepest night,
 To point the shining path of virtue's track,
 And urge him forward—This is woman's right.

It is her right to soothe the couch of pain,
 There her pure mission upon earth to prove,
 To calm with gentle ease the frenzied brain,
 To keep her vigil there of holiest love,
 To watch untiring by the lonely bed,
 Through the bright day and in the solemn night,
 Till health ensues, or the loved form is laid
 To rest for ever—This is woman's right.

She is a flower that blossoms best unseen,
 Sheltered within the precincts of her home,
 There should no dark'ning storm-cloud intervene,
 There the loud strife of worldlings never come.
 Let her not scorn to act a *woman's* part,
 Nor strive to cope with manhood in its might,
 But lay this maxim closely to her heart—
 That which God ordains is surely right.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

TRUE COURAGE.

It was a clear frosty night in winter, when a group of boys were assembled upon a pond, in the neighbourhood of the village

of L——, for the purpose of skating. For some time the most perfect harmony existed, when a trivial circumstance occurred, which gave rise to a violent dispute between two of the number, whose names were William and John. The former was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. From his earliest infancy she had endeavoured to impress upon his mind the importance of the golden rule. Being naturally of a passionate temper, his anger was easily aroused, and he often said and did things for which he was afterwards truly sorry. On the contrary, John had been brought up to consider it a sign of manliness and courage to fight, and also to deem a boy a coward who, from principles of right within, refused to strike a blow.

As is usual on such occasions of quarrelling, the boys immediately gathered round, and it was proposed that the disputants should settle the question by fighting. At this proposal William's anger vanished. What would his mother say if she knew how her son was engaged; and as he called to mind the many times she had told him, "that to do right, and refuse to render evil for evil, requires more true courage than to return blow for blow," he summoned up all his resolution, and to the surprise of the rest extended his hand to John, and asked his forgiveness for speaking so hastily, at the same time stating his reasons for refusing to engage in further quarrels with him. But John scornfully turned away, and joined with the others in deriding him, though a few could not help secretly admiring his conduct. In the meantime William slowly unstrapped his skates, and walked homewards.

On entering their lowly home, his mother at once perceived all was not right, and she gently led him to tell her all, and in a short time wholly succeeded in calming his excited feelings; and as he laid his head on his pillow that evening, it was with a feeling of happiness far beyond that of John. Time and space will not permit of my relating how, by his gentleness and good nature, and his unselfish, noble acts of kindness, William finally convinced his mates that his was true courage; how he won their love and respect, and proved to them the distinction between physical and moral courage. In conclusion, boys, we would refer you to a

saying of the wisest man that ever lived—"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city." To be truly great and happy, seek to strengthen your moral courage. Heed not the jeers and laugh of the unprincipled; soar above them all, and place your mark high, and with a steady hand take a sure aim, and

"If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again."

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

A SAFE RULE.

NEVER go to any place, never undertake anything, in which you cannot ask God to go with you and to give His blessing.

PRAY ON—PRAY EVER.

Let no woman of faith and prayer ever despair respecting her most untoward child.

A THOUGHT BY CECIL.

Where parental influence does not convert it hampers—it hangs on the wheels of evil.

THE SABBATH.

A Sabbath well spent
Brings a week of content,
And health for the toils of the morrow;
But a Sabbath profaned,
Whate'er may be gained,
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Meliora; a Quarterly Review of Social Science. London: Partridge & Co.

An excellent number, cleverly written, on various deeply interesting subjects.

Pleasant Fruits. London: Wertheim and Co.

A nice little book, with thoughts worth remembering.

The Two Cousins. By H. S. G. London: Wertheim and Co.

An agreeable little book for a present to girls.

Harry's Mistakes. By M. A. PARROTT. London: Wertheim and Co.

A charming tale for boys.

Mrs. Snap. London: Wertheim and Co.

A little book full of thoughts for mothers.

Knavesmire. By AN OLD SPORTSMAN. London: Wertheim and Co.

Secrets of the race-course, in a nice little tract—cheap to give away.

SING!—OH, SING TO THE LITTLE CHILDREN!

Yes, yes, do sing to the little ones; they like it well. They will remember it ever—aye, when you, Christian mother, are joining in the new song of Moses and the Lamb. Your little infant boy, to whom you now sing a sweet, soft, and tender lullaby, will remember the sound of your voice amidst the noise of the world's strife, and it shall be to him like the harp of the shepherd-boy in the palace of the tempest-tossed, frenzied king of Israel. Yes, and the *words* you sing, too, he will remember, it may be, in some distant land, far away from home, and kindred, and country; and the remembrance of home, and mother, and the lullaby song, may awaken sacred thoughts in the bosom of the reckless, world-driven man, and he will weep, and resolve, and pray to his mother's God. *Yes, sing!—sing away to the little children.*

"One day," wrote a young man from a distant clime, "I was passing the rude home of one of the native mothers, when I heard her singing to her little dark baby a cradle-song she had learned from the missionary's wife. My ear and my heart listened; for, oh, it was the same tune, and she sang the same words, that I heard my own dear mother sing when I was a happy child on her knee.

‘Soft and easy is thy cradle;
Hard and rough thy Saviour lay,
When His birth-place was a stable,
And His softest bed was hay!’

"I stood transfixed to the spot. I was taken back to the home of my happy infancy, and my sainted mother. Tears came from my hard heart. I knew I was living far from my mother's God. I had always avoided the missionaries, and everybody else who reminded me of my early teaching and broken resolutions; but the sound of that mother's song I could not resist, and from that moment my course has been changed. I have now a hope that I shall sing with my mother in heaven."

Say, mother, will you not sing? Oh yes, sing to the little children; sing something you will like them to remember when you are dead. Some young women, who have the care of dear

little children, will read this page. Sing to your young charge, dear young friends. Sing something about the love of Jesus, and how He cared for and blessed the dear little ones, when He lived in our world; and how He likes now to hear the prayers and the songs of those helpless dear ones. If they are fretful, sing to them; if they are tired, sing to them; if they are restless, and what you may call "tiresome," sing to them. Sing "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild;" or "I think when I read;" or "Hush, my dear;" the child will be comforted and soothed, and you will be made to feel more happy yourself.

A loving, tender mother was writing to us one day on this subject, and she gave us some lines that she found some of her very young children understood; she had never seen them in print, nor have we; but as she sings them to her darlings, she would like other mothers to have them. So here they are. Sing them to the dear little children.

Dear Jesus, thou hast kindly kept
The baby through the night;
She, by thy care, has soundly slept
Until the morning light.

How very good and kind thou art
To such a little thing;
She wants a loving, thankful heart,
Thy praises, Lord, to sing.

By nature, baby's vain and proud,
And passionate and wild;
Lord, wash her in thy precious blood,
And take her for thy child.

Sing, sing away, of the love of Jesus on earth, till you are called to sing of His glory in heaven.

WHICH IS BEST?—No. IV.

In the evening, George Smith brought home his lodger, a neat-looking young man, with a very pleasant, mild countenance. Amos Brown was remarkably tidy in all his habits, having been trained by a pious, excellent mother. Now and then, he was

observed to lay a little book on Mrs. Smith's table, which she readily read, and would return to him quickly, asking for "more of the same sort." In a few weeks, Mrs. Smith's house was almost as neat as Mrs. Collins's, and her husband looked on in amazement at the marvellous change, and liked it well. His home seemed, as he said, "to have more sunshine in it," and he thought "his wife was really growing handsome."

One day, on finding a clean hearth, a tidy room, a warm supper, and his wife sitting down, looking very comfortable—he stepped into his lodger's room, and startled the book-loving Amos by asking, in rather a sharp tone, "What have you done to my wife?" "Done? my good man, nothing in the world!" "Ah, but you have, though, for the house is turned upside down, and pretty near inside out too; but I must say it has been the wrong side up long enough." "Well, Mr. Smith," replied the quiet Amos, "if that is what you mean, I am sure you may be glad. But I will not take any credit to myself; for I think you must thank a little book, that I left now and then upon the table, for all the good effected." "Ah, man alive, then get me the book, and let me read it every day." "You can have a fresh one every month, if you like; it will only cost you a penny." "Be sure you get it for me; and I wish every poor man in England just heard about it, for it has turned my untidy house into a little palace."

"Well," said Amos, "it is a strange little book, suiting many folks; for in the last town I was in, I found a house, that used to be in dreadful confusion, so changed and tidy, that I was obliged to ask if all the same inmates lived there. 'O yes, master,' the woman replied, smiling, 'and no wonder you ask, but it has only cost me a penny a month.' And then she put into my hand a number of this little magazine, adding, 'There's the teacher, Sir.' "Well, I am sure," said the warm-hearted George, "I hope the lady who writes it will live for ever." Amos smiled, saying, "Let us, my friend, make sure we shall enjoy the everlasting life of heaven. It is well to have a comfortable home here; but it is of vast importance to know we shall have a mansion to live in for ever. And let me tell you something else that really hap-

pened when I was in Kent, relating to this little book. I was lodging in a house where a very pious young needle-woman was also lodging, who was engaged to marry a young man who was ill-suited to be her guide through life. Her excellent parents tried to dissuade her from the match, feeling it would be a dreadful mistake for her to be united to one so unlike herself in all things; but all seemed in vain. Thinks I to myself, I have a number of this little book just suitable. Feeble means are used for great good sometimes. So I handed it to her, saying, 'I hope you won't be offended by my asking you to read this little book.' 'Oh dear no,' said she, in her good-tempered way, 'I am fond of reading, and thank ye too.'

"A few hours afterwards," continued Amos, "when I came in from my rounds, she put the book into my hand, saying, 'There, your little book has saved me from making a grand mistake in life. I have had a hard struggle; but I can see which is best now, and am resolved never to marry Harry Jones, for we are not suitable for each other. Neither he nor I could be happy; and I felt, all the time, I was going against my Bible and my conscience; but 'tis all over now, thanks to you and your little book.'"

"Well, to be sure, that was a good hit," said George Smith, "for I think, of all things, unsuitable married folks are the worst. I have felt this; but, as luck would have it, my Sally bids fair to be an altered woman, and she finds which is best—a tidy house, or a house up in arms." "Don't say 'as luck would have it,' Mr. Smith, for the good providence of God ought to be acknowledged. Our heavenly Father condescends to our mean affairs, and is kind, even to the unthankful." "Well, upon my word, Mr. Amos, you talk like a parson. I heard say you was caught reading to some of our workmen, while they were eating their dinner. Is that true?" "Yes, that's part of my business." "Well, read on, my friend, and lend these nice little books too. If my poor mother had been here, she would say 'Success to ye.' One thing I know, which is best—a tidy, clean house, or the one I used to have; and, bless you, Mr. Amos, my wife seems looking young again. I take it, you see, that her heart is more at ease like, and this shines into her face. It seems to me folks living in a muddle

can't fail to be upset and unhappy." "Did you ever think, Mr. Smith, about the house not made with hands, waiting and ready for those who love and serve the Saviour?" "Why, you see, Sir, I am not much of a scholar, as my good mother was poor; but she taught me a good deal that I must try to rub up now I have a home where I can sit down to read; and, may be, you wouldn't mind helping me, for the sake of one of your way of thinking—I mean my dead and gone good mother."

MOTHERS, BE ENCOURAGED! PRAYER WILL BE ANSWERED.

In this early summer has been witnessed a striking illustration of "prayer answered," long after the petitioner had departed to her heavenly home. Some years ago there dwelt, in one of the southern counties of England, a widow with an only son. The father had lived intemperately, and was removed under painful circumstances.

She was left to struggle alone to bring up her boy. She feared God and loved the Saviour. She watched over his youth and placed him out in life as an apprentice. He was a steady lad and promised to be a respectable and honourable man. The mother's prayers were for him unceasing, and they were laid up in store whither they went. She died, confident in hope, but unsatisfied as to the personal piety of her loved one. He was left an orphan, but God raised up for him affectionate relatives and faithful friends.

Time rolled by, he passed through changes, but the hand of "The Lord" was with him, and he prospered. Divine light beamed on his mind—Divine grace touched his heart—Christ was formed in him, the hope of glory. He became a "Scripture Reader,"—a "City Missionary,"—a Student for the Ministry,—entered the Church of England, and, not many weeks since, his loving relatives had the extreme gratification in his native town to hear him proclaim, fully and faithfully, the Gospel of Christ. Well may one say, in a letter to a friend, "Oh, how much I

thought of his mother, as I sat delightedly listening to him."—
I end as I begun,—Mothers, mothers, cease not to pray.

J. O. V.

SCENE IN A GLEN.

A FATHER'S DEATH-BED.

"THE tongues of dying men speak truth," says one of our poets, and we may add, they not only **SPEAK** truth, but they **IMPRESS** truth. Sometimes the very words which had often been spoken by a pious parent when in health without leaving any impression, if reiterated when the damps of death rest on the brow, have the very effect that parent's heart desired. We often tell you of a *mother's* responsibility and a *mother's* influence,—of the holy effect of a pious mother's prayers too, but we will tell you now of the return of a prodigal at the dying bed of an aged father.

A Scotch minister accompanied his old Pastor to the dying chamber of one of his flock. "It was on a fierce and howling winter's day," he tells us, "that I was crossing a dreary moor on my way to the manse—a solitary pedestrian. The snow, which had been incessantly falling for a week past, was drifted into beautiful but dangerous wreaths, far and wide over the melancholy expanse, and the scene kept visibly shifting, as the strong wind that blew from every point of the compass struck the dazzling masses, heaving them up and down in endless transformation. There was something inspiriting in the labour with which I forced my way through the storm—as the momentary cessations of the sharp drift allowed my eyes to look onwards; and around I saw here and there, up the little opening valleys, cottages just visible beneath the black stems of the snow-covered clumps of trees, or beside some spot of green pasture, kept open for the sheep; these intimations of rural life helped me gladly onward. I thought of the varied labours of those who were near me—of mending farm-gear by the fire side—of the wheel turned by the foot of old age—of the thrifty mother making—

'Auld claes look amaist as well's the new,'—

the cheerful maiden, and the earnest listeners to some old traditionary tale,—but, above all, I thought of those hours of religious

worship that still remain in the domestic life of the peasantry of Scotland. And now I could discern before me the manse of my aged friend and benefactor, and I felt a sense of the sublimity of the character of that grey-headed shepherd, who had for fifty years abode in the wilderness, keeping together his own little flock. As I was ascending a knoll, I saw before me on horseback an old man, with his long white hairs beaten against his face, who nevertheless advanced with a calm countenance against the hurricane. It was no other than my friend;—my surprise at meeting him was but momentary, for I knew he cared not for the winter's wrath. As he stopped to take my hand, and give his blessing to his long-expected visitor, the whole face of the sky was softened; and looking around me, and on the hoary head of fourscore, I felt how beautiful was winter.

“‘I am going,’ said he, ‘to visit a man at the point of death—one whom you cannot have forgotten—whose head will be missed in the kirk, and who will assuredly be remembered by God in this awful hour. I am going to Hazel Glen.’ For many years I had seen this good man sit beneath the pulpit, and had ever looked on his countenance with deep respect. With the privilege which friendship gives us to behold the loving and beloved in their last hours, I turned to accompany my friend to the house of death; and now for the first time I observed, walking close to the feet of his horse, a little boy of about ten years of age, who kept frequently looking up into the pastor's face, with his blue eyes bathed in tears. A changeful expression of grief, hope and despair made those cheeks almost pale, which were generally blooming in health and beauty; and I recognized, in the small features and smooth forehead of childhood, a resemblance to the aged man lying on his bed of death. ‘They had to send his grandson for me through the snow, mere child as he is,’ said the minister; ‘but love makes the young heart bold, and there is One who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.’ The poor boy now sobbed as if his heart would break. ‘I do not fear,’ said the child, ‘but that my grandfather will yet recover, as soon as the minister has said one single prayer by his bed-side. I had little hope as I was running by myself to the manse, but I am full of hope now we are

together; and oh! if God suffers my grandfather to recover, I will lie awake all the long winter nights, blessing Him for His mercy. I will rise up in the darkness and pray to Him in the cold on my naked knees!' and here his voice was choked, while he kept his eyes fixed, as if for consolation and encouragement, on the solemn and pitying countenance of the kind-hearted and excellent old man.

"We soon left the main road, our little guide keeping ever a short distance before us, and with a sagacity like that of instinct showing us our course, of which no trace was visible, save occasionally his own little foot-prints, as he had been hurrying to the manse. After crossing morass and frozen rivulet, and drifted hollow, we descended into Hazel Glen. As we approached the cottage through the snow-drift, which the distress within had prevented the household from removing, we saw peeping out from the door, the brothers and sisters of our little guide, who quickly disappeared; and then his mother showed herself in their stead, expressing by her raised eyes, and arms folded across her breast, how glad she was to see, at last, the Pastor beloved in joy and trusted in sorrow.

"Soon as the venerable old man dismounted, our active little guide led the horse away, and we entered the cottage. Not a sound was heard but the ticking of the clock. The matron, who had welcomed us at the door, led us with a face stained with weeping into her father's sick room, which, even at that time of sore distress, was orderly, as if health blessed the house. In the window was an ever-blowing rose-tree, and there was something tasteful in the simple furniture; it seemed as if grief could not deprive the hand of the matron of its careful elegance. Sickness, hopeless sickness, lay there surrounded with the same cheerful and beautiful objects which health had loved; and she who had arranged and adorned the apartment in her happiness, still kept it from disorder and decay in her sorrow.

"With a gentle hand she drew the curtain of the bed, and there, supported by pillows white as the snow without, reposed the dying father. It was evident his days on earth were numbered. He greeted the minister with a faint smile and a slight inclination of

the head, for his daughter had raised him on the pillows, so that he was almost sitting up. It was easy to see he knew himself to be dying, and that his soul was prepared for the great change; there was blended in his countenance beautiful resignation, and a reverence for the minister of his faith, that I saw he could not have died in peace without that comforter to pray by his death-bed.

"A few words sufficed to tell who was the stranger, and the dying man, blessing me by name, held out to me his cold shrivelled hand in token of recognition. I took my seat at a short distance from the bed—the Pastor sat down near his head, and by the bed, leaning on it, stood his daughter-in-law; a figure that would have graced a higher dwelling, and whose native beauty was now more touching in its grief—but religion upheld her whom sorrow was bowing down. Not now for the first time were the lessons taught by her father to be put in practice, for I saw she was in deep mourning, and she behaved like the daughter of a man whose life had been not only irreproachable but lofty, with fear and hope struggling violently in her heart.

"While we thus remained in silence, the beautiful boy, who at the risk of his life had brought the minister, softly and cautiously opened the door, and with the hoar-frost yet unmelted on his glistening ringlets walked to the pillow, evidently no stranger there—he no longer sobbed or wept, for hope had risen strongly within his heart from the presence of the holy man, in whose prayers he trusted as in the intercession of some heavenly nature. There he stood still as an image in his grandfather's eyes, that in their dimness fell upon him with delight. Yet, happy as was the trusting child, he looked as if one word would stir up the flood of tears that had subsided in his heart. As he had crossed the dreary moors he had feared lest death should strike in his absence the old man with whose grey hairs he had played, but now he saw him alive he hoped that death was not able to tear him from the limbs and fetters of embracing love.

"'If the storm does not abate,' said the sick man after a pause, 'it will be hard for my friends to carry me over the cliffs to the kirk-yard.' This sudden approach to the grave struck as with

a bar of ice the heart of the loving boy, and with a long deep sigh he fell down with his face pale as death upon the bed, while the old man's palsied hand had just strength to lay itself upon his head. 'Blessed be thou, my little Jamie, even for His own name's sake who died for us upon the tree!' said the dying man. The mother without terror, but with an averted face, lifted up her warm-hearted boy, now in a dead fainting fit, and carried him into an adjoining room where he soon recovered, but that child and that old man were not to be separated; in vain was he asked to go to his brothers and sisters—pale, breathless, and shivering, he took his place as before, with eyes fixed on his grandfather's face, but neither weeping nor uttering a word. Terror had frozen up the blood of his heart, but his were now the only dry eyes in the room, and the Pastor himself wept, though the grief of four-score is seldom seen in tears.

"'God has been gracious to me a sinner,' said the dying man; 'during the thirty years that I have been an elder in your kirk, never have I missed sitting there one Sabbath. When the mother of my children was taken from me, it was Tuesday she died, and on Saturday she was buried—we stood together when my Alice was let down into the narrow house made for all living. On the Sabbath I joined in the public worship of God—she commanded me to do so, the night before she went away. I could not join in the psalm that Sabbath, for *her* voice was not in the throng—her grave was covered up and grass and flowers grew there; but *thou*, whom (through the blood of Christ) I hope to see this night in Paradise, knowest that from that hour to this day never have I forgotten thee.'

"The old man ceased speaking, and his grandchild, now able to endure the scene (for strong passion is its own support), glided softly to a little table, and bringing a cup in which a cordial had been mixed, held it in his small soft hand to his grandfather's lips. He drank, and then said, 'Come closer to me, Jamie, and kiss me for thine own and for thy father's sake;' and as the child fondly put his rosy lips to his grandfather's, so white and withered, the tears fell over all the old man's face and then trickled down on the golden hair of the child. At last, sobbing deeply, 'Jamie,'

“faltered the dying saint, ‘thy own father has forgotten *thee* in thy infancy, and *me* in my old age ; but, Jamie, forget not thou thy father nor thy mother, for that thou knowest and feelest is the commandment of God.’ The broken-hearted boy could give no reply.”

A GIFT OFFERED AND ACCEPTED.

Mrs. P. said to her little girl S., “I was at a Missionary Meeting last night, and heard several good, true stories.” She sat down, and Mrs. P. began to relate some of the stories she had heard, about what was given by several individuals who had no money to give and so offered of their other treasures—one a young colt, another himself, another the produce of a specified piece of ground, and another a pig. After she had finished this recital she said, in a manner calculated to excite the curiosity of her child, “Ma gave something too ; what do you think it was, my daughter ?” Her answer was, “Why, your heart !” Mrs. P. said, “Yes, I gave my heart ; but I gave that a long time since. I also gave something else, and what do you think it could have been ?” desiring to raise the child’s curiosity to the highest point.

Little S. began to mention every thing she could imagine, and then gave up in discouragement, saying, “I cannot tell ; please, ma, do tell me.” Mrs. P. paused, and in an impressive manner said, “Why, I gave *you* and your little sister.” Her colour changed, and in consternation she exclaimed, “Why, ma !” The mother continued, “Yes, my daughter, I gave *you* and your little sister to the Lord ; and now perhaps He will let me keep you a little while to bring you up for *Him*. And now I do not mean you to learn anything but just what I think the Lord would love to have you learn. When I dress you, I mean to think whether the Lord would love to have my daughter wear such things ; and in *every thing* I do for you, I must do it in view of bringing you up for God. You must ever remember that you belong to Him, and never do anything but what you think He would love to have you do.”

the poor thing—oh, Sir, you don't know how dear she is to *me*!" and, burying her aged face in her hands, she sobbed aloud.

The gentleman's kind heart interpreted the old lady's emotion, without the pain of an explanation. In the weeping woman before him he saw the *mother* of the lost one. Yes, she was "Mary's" mother. Poverty could not chill her love, and the world's scorn had only filled her with a godlike pity. After a brief pause she brushed away her tears, and went on. "Yes, Sir, Mary was a good child to me *once*; she respected religion and religious people; but lately, Sir, she has almost broken my heart. Last spring I took her home, and the three dear children; but she would not listen to me, and left without telling me where she was going. I heard that there was a poor woman living in a basement, with three children, and my heart told me that was my poor lost Mary; and there I found her. But, oh, Sir! oh, Sir!" and she sobbed as if her heart were breaking, "*such* a place! *My* Mary, that I used to cradle in these arms to sleep—that lisped her little evening prayer at *my* knee—*my* Mary, drunk in that terrible place!"

She was getting so agitated that the gentleman, wishing to turn the current of her thoughts, asked her if she herself was a member of any church. She answered, "Yes." She said she was a widow, and had had one child besides Mary—a son. And her face lighted up as she said, "Oh, Sir, he was such a *fine* lad! He did all he could to make me happy; but he thought that if he went to California he could make money; and when he left me, he said, 'Cheer up, dear mother, I'll come back, and give my money all to *you*, and you shall never work any more.' I can see him now, Sir, as he stood there with his eyes kindling. Poor lad! poor lad! He came back, but it was only to die. His last words were, 'God will care for you, mother—I know He will—when I'm gone to heaven.' O, if I could have seen my poor *girl* die, as he died, before she became so bad! Oh, Sir, *won't* you take her *here*? *Won't* you try to make her good? *Can't* you make her good, Sir? I *can't* give Mary up! Nobody cares for Mary, now, but me. Won't you try, Sir?" The gentleman promised to do all he could, and sent a person out with the old lady to visit "Mary,"

and obtain particulars. He soon returned, and corroborated all the old lady's statements. The gentleman then took a friend, and started to see what could be done.

THE COMFORTER.

THEY were severed, and bitter was the trial that fell upon the faithful, trusting wife—she still loved him, though the love-light ceased to sparkle in his eye, and unkind words fell from the lips whence love alone should flow. The briny deep bore on its heaving bosom the frail bark containing what was dearest to her on earth, but all her treasures were not taken; her precious Minnie was still left, and when mourning her husband's voluntary absence, she was cheered by her little one's merry laugh. Mother and child retire to rest, but ere the little Minnie closes her eyes in slumber, the mother's tearful face arrests her loving eye, and clasping her round her neck in trembling accents of tenderness she says, "Mother dear, kneel down. I shall tell God to take care of dear papa."

In broken voices, mother and child sent up their petitions to the throne. Days and nights passed on, each morn and eve blessings were invoked for the loved absent one. A stormy night arose, the mother, by her weeping, awoke her slumbering child, who, hearing the cause of sorrow, cast a reproving look at her mother, saying, with a voice of seraphic earnestness and confiding faith, "Mother, papa is quite safe, for God is taking care of him; don't you remember we asked Him to do so?—the waves are only rocking him to sleep." Angel comforter! teaching by thy simple lipings, bringing again peace and consolation to thy mother's fainting heart. Blessings on thee, dear Minnie, thou art working for God and bringing glory to Him. Thy mother is now repaid for her prayers and teachings tenfold. Still labour on and sow in faith, Christian mother; in the season of sorrow, ye may reap sheaves of comfort—your little ones will give back with interest the lessons you have taught.

MARGARET.

THE TWO LITTLE GRAVES,

ANOTHER MOTHER WEEPING, ANOTHER BRIGHT PAIR SINGING.

DEAR little Emily! how strangely she disappeared from the side of her beloved sister. You scarcely ever saw one without the other; if they trundled their hoops, or went on an errand, Emily and Matilda were together. They went from home together, too, because Emily was poorly, and it was hoped change of air would do her good; but *one* never returned. Emily got much worse, and all that good nursing and kind attention could do, did not prevent disease from prostrating the slender frame. Medical advice was taken, fears were entertained, and father and mother were sent for to see the sick child. It was hard work to bear up now—Annie dying at home! Emily dying from home! Oh, what parents are sometimes called 'to endure! "How can I give up my little jewel?" said the sobbing mother, "my little pet—my Emily?"

Ah! but there was One who heard the words, saw the tears, and felt something of the anguish of that mother. He is full of sympathy, and He put round that mother the arm of protection and support, and enabled her to submit to Him who does not willingly afflict. Jesus was the mother's friend, and on Him she leaned and was comforted. Emily is still conscious, knows her parents, and smiles a welcome; she suffers much, yet does not complain. Dear child, she will soon be where suffering is unknown, among the countless multitude before the throne.

She now sleeps in Jesus, but is affectionately remembered by her bereaved parents and sisters, as a precious treasure lent by the Lord of all, to be taken again when needed. Emily was never known to lie or equivocate; in her character was blended great simplicity and sincerity with one of the most affectionate dispositions, and though only ten years of age when called away from earth, she had given strong evidence of her love to Jesus; and now Annie and Emily have met where partings are never known, and as they were pleasant in life, and in death not long divided, so now in life-everlasting they shall enjoy together the bliss of

heaven. A few more years at most, and those who are left behind in sorrow shall see again their beloved children, and unite with them in singing, "My Jesus hath done all things well." May we, dear friends, have the same consolations and promises to rely upon, should death enter our circles and suddenly, or by more lingering disease, take away the beloved children from our sight. Let us bring them to Jesus that we may feel no dismay, but hopefully await all His will, assured that "all His will is love;" and may the parents of dear Emily be able to say, in the words of the poet,

"Alone unto our Father's will
Our thoughts are reconciled,
That He whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home our child.

"Hold her, O Father, in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human heart and thee."

"For are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?"

R.

THE DEAD MOTHER.

Look there! In that corpse you see the cold, dead body of one of the best and godliest mothers it was ever our privilege to know. She had a son. He was the stay of her widowhood,—so kind, so affectionate, so loving. Some are taken away from the "evil to come;" laid in the lap of mother earth, safe beneath the grave's green sod, they hear not and heed not the storm that rages above. Such was not her happy lot. She lived to see that son a disgrace; and all the promise of his youth blighted and gone.

He was drawn into habits of intemperance. On her knees she pleaded with him; on her knees she prayed for him. How mysterious are the ways of Providence! She did not live to see him changed; with such thorns in her pillow, and such daggers, planted

by such a hand in her heart, she could not live. She sank under her griefs, and died of a broken heart. We told him so, and with bitter, burning tears he owned it; charging himself with his mother's death—confessing himself a mother's murderer—crushed with sorrows, and all alone, he went to see the body. Alone, beside that cold, dead, unrepenting mother, he knelt down and wept out his terrible remorse.

After awhile he arose. Unhappily—most unhappily—a spirit-bottle had been left there! His eye fell on the old tempter. You have seen the iron approach the magnet; call it a spell, call it fascination, call it anything bad, demoniacal, but as the iron is drawn to the magnet, or as a fluttering bird, fascinated by the burning eye and glittering skin of the serpent, walks into his envenomed and expanded jaws, so was he drawn to the bottle. Wondering at his delay, they entered the room; and now the bed holds two bodies—a dead mother, and her “*dead drunk*” son. What a sight! what a humbling, horrible spectacle! and what a change from those happy times when night drew her peaceful curtains around the same son and mother; he, a sweet babe, sleeping, angel-like, within her loving arms. “How is the gold become dim, the most fine gold changed!” But God heard and answered the prayers of this Christian mother, on behalf of her son, when she slept in the Lord Jesus.—*Dr. Guthrie's Sermon.*

C. C.

PRAY EVER.

“THE people here are much worse than they used to be, thirty years ago,” said a grave old man. In a secluded corner of our island stands a quiet village. The green corn waves there; the trees cast graceful shadows there; the gay birds sing there. Nature looks up to its God, praising; but man pays homage to another sovereign, even to him whom the word calleth, “The prince of the power of the air.” Three words describe the condition of those village outcasts:—Irreligion—Immorality—Insolence. Even there rings out the sound of the glorious Gospel;

but they heed it not. Onward they advance in sin, till the hand of justice arrests them; or, till the Reaper, whose name is Death, puts forth his scythe, and they are not. Far-off nations of the earth are being turned from darkness unto light, in this age of religious progress; but that village population within our own borders are losing the feeble light they once possessed.

Who must be accountable for this sad change—for those young souls growing up in sin and hardihood? Had the parents been faithful, may we not believe that a generation of godly children would have succeeded them? Perhaps some who read this may have cause to weep; not for a village, but for a family, walking in the ways of the wicked one, bringing disgrace on a godly name. To such we have but one word to give—PRAY; not for your own sake, and your children's merely, though this is of infinite consequence, but for the sake of society. Make the little ones obedient. Remember, the world will either be the better or the worse for their having lived in it; and how dreadful to think that you may be training up young spirits to prove the world's curse. Beware, lest at the judgment any rise up to charge their ruin upon the children you have trained.

Not only sow the seed, but water it, or no fruit will follow. Pray for your children; pray with them. Pray when they do well, that they may be kept in the right; pray when they do ill, that they may be turned from the wrong. Pray when they are near you, that your example may prove a blessing; pray when they are absent, that no breath of the world may taint them. Pray always with all prayer. Pray without ceasing. PRAY.

Far above this land of the sinning and sorrowing I saw many clothed in white, holding the branch of victory. In their midst stood one angel form whom they called mother. Kneeling she presented her joy and crown of rejoicing before the throne of God. From the shining city rose up the shouts of myriad exulting angels, for a whole family of ransomed sinners brought home. Were those your children, mother?

E. T.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

FAITH.

THY God has said, 'tis good for thee
 To walk by faith and not by sight;
 Take it on trust a little while,
 Soon shalt thou read the mystery right,
 In the bright sunshine of His smile.

HEAVEN.

Heaven's gates are not so highly arched as princes' palaces;
 they that enter there must go upon their knees. Mother! are
 you willing to stoop so low?

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Willy Reynolds and his Father. By the Rev. B. L. WITTS. London :
 Wertheim & Co.

Another story of Lucknow, of touching interest.

Historic and Mental Imagery. By the Rev. J. W. REYNOLDS. London :
 Wertheim and Co.

A charming book for the young and the old.

School-room Poetry. London : Simpkin & Co.

We know not a more interesting collection of poems.

The Young Teacher. By the Author of "Old Peter Pious." London :
 Wertheim and Co.

An entertaining and useful book for teachers and children.

Edith and Ruth. London : Wertheim and Co.

A sweet little book for our young friends.

The Soldier's Hidden Life. By the Rev. J. VINNY. London : Book
 Society.

A suitable little present for our young men.

Pardon and Peace, and Large Type Tracts. London : Book Society.

Excellent tracts for the aged.

A Few Words on Woman's Work. By M. A. B. London : Tweedie & Co.
 Hints by the way.

Married Women at Home ; Prize Essay. By H. STALLWOOD. Brighton :
 Treacher.

Thoughts of home and home duties by a working man.

Old Nancy and the Judge. By the Rev. W. E. BORDMAN.—*The Miner
 of Potosi.* By the same Author.—*The Lord's Business.* By TIMOTHY
 TITCOMB.—*United Prayer Meeting Hymn Book.* London : Tresidder,
 Paternoster-row.

These four little cheap books are excellent.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

"To remember fourscore years is to look back upon a day."

We often try to impress upon the minds of mothers the very great importance of making good impressions in *very* early life on the hearts of the dear children committed to their charge, and one argument we have used has been the fact that the earliest impressions are the most lasting. Just go back for a moment, and tell us what you can best recollect of all the circumstances of life. Will you not say, "Certainly, the events which passed in life's early dawn are engraven, as with a pen of iron, the most deeply on our hearts?" And we find, in conversing with mothers who are far advanced in life, that, although they have forgotten many of the varied things (which at the moment were important) in middle or more advanced age, yet the scenes and events, with the old home faces and places of life's first years, are as distinctly remembered as the circumstances of yesterday. Indeed, we have known some very old ladies, that could not remember even a name for an hour, who would sit whole hours repeating poems and hymns committed to memory when tiny, lisping children.

Let this thought have a place in your memory, mother, when you are teaching that little boy of yours—you are writing on that little tablet what will not only last a month, or a year, but what you will read again in the light of eternity.

How sweet the recollection of a mother's faithful kiss,
And a father's benediction, in a hollow world like this!
How memory loves to linger on our childhood's happy days,
Our scramble through the wild woods, with its many winding ways?
We listen to the distant laugh—its echo seems to say,
"Arise, away, nor linger here—

Earth is passing away!"

E'en things inanimate—the house, the rooms, the old hearth-stone—
All seem to say, "forget us not," now ye wander on alone.
The merry tale we hear again, and see the sister's looks,
And trace the studious brother who is poring o'er his books:
Yet, while we look and listen, still echo seems to say,
"All joys like these are vanishing—
Earth is passing away!"

Again we sing the hymn, and swell the old familiar strain,—
 But never shall those voices blend in unison again;
 We kneel, as we were wont to do, beside the parent's knee,
 And listen to the prayer we heard when we were young and free;
 We hear the quick and bounding step—but echo still will say,

“Those feet have run their weary race—
 Earth is passing away!”

Again we join the circle weeping round the dying bed,
 And ask for strength from heaven as we raise the sufferer's head;
 We remember all the anguish when the loved one was no more—
 Though time may heal the sorrow, it never can restore;
 We hear the last farewell, while echo seems to say,
 “Mount up, to dwell with us—

Earth is passing away!”

But oh, there is another home, a blessed meeting-place,
 Where, radiant with celestial bliss, appears the loved one's face;
 We see a crown of glory far above the victor's grave,
 And the banners of the conquerors o'er the golden city wave;
 We hear their martial music, and echo seems to say,

“March on, to gain the warrior's rest, for
 Earth passeth away!”

WHICH IS BEST?—No. V.

“MRS. COLLINS,” said Sally Smith, one morning, “I just ran in to ask you to do me a kindness. Will you tell me how you do that nice kind of thing George told me you gave him for breakfast on the morning he went off with your husband to the Hall? You see, I make but a poor hand at cooking; and somehow, now I feel the comfort of a tidy home, I should like to be able to make our bit of wage go as far as you do, for you always seem to have things so nice. Ah, I see the truth of the matter now, Mrs. Collins, that all depends how anybody is brought along in their young days; and as to my home in my young days, why every thing was at sixes and sevens! But this good young man, who is lodging at our house, he teaches me all sorts of new ways; bless you, he does just about help me to make and keep things tidy, and I am quite sure now which is best. But, dear me, oh, why we lived pretty nearly like pigs when I was a little maid at home; but there—my poor mother's gone, so let her memory rest—only I wish she had taught me to do things right, that's all.”

"I am sure, Mrs. Smith, I shall be very glad to help you in any way I can," replied Mrs. Collins, "and proud, too, to help any of my neighbours; and I wanted to speak to you about sending your bright little girl to the Sunday school. But, if you like, I'll tell you first how I do the head your master liked so well. You see, a little trouble makes a thing nice, and costs no more neither—that's the best of it; and this way of doing a sheep's head my good mother taught me. Oh dear me, how much I owe to my early training! I am sure, we mothers ought to try and bring up our children in the right way for this world and the next, when we know, from our own experience, how we remember all the things we heard and saw when we were little ones; but there, I must go on, for I have many things to attend to. Well, you see, I get the head, if I can, as soon as it is killed, and keep it away from the flies this warm weather, for we are rather particular folks. When I have well washed it, I put it on the fire, with just water enough to cover it, and let it stew gently till the meat will come off the bones easily; then season the meat with a little pepper and salt, and, if you like, a little spice; mix it well together with a little of the liquor the head was boiled in; press it into a basin or dish, and, when cold, it will turn out quite a pretty sight, and uncommonly good, to my husband's taste. Then, you see, I put back the bones, with an onion or so, and a little rice, and any bit of vegetable that comes in the way, and this soup the children and I like very much."

"Well, thank ye a hundred times, I will try to manage it; but I was thinking, when you told me about you and the children eating the soup, and your good man the meat, in that nice way, how different you are to Molly Ryland. Why, bless you, she has a good tea at three o'clock, and her poor man had cold potatoes when he came home; this I saw myself." "Oh dear, I could not have the heart to do such a thing as that; I think our husbands, who work so hard and come home so tired, bringing with them all the money they can earn, deserve to be treated better than that." "Aye, so do I. Well, maybe you will run in when I am cooking my new dish, just to put me in the right way, and then my master shall say which is best."

SCENE IN A GLEN.—No. II.

A FATHER'S DEATH-BED.

THE dear boy had gradually crept closer and closer to the old, loving man, and now was lying, worn out with sorrow, drenched and dissolved in tears, in his grandfather's bosom. His mother had sunk down on her knees, and hid her face with her hands. "Oh! if my husband knew but of this, he would never, never leave his dying father," said she. Ah! the dying man was praying for a disobedient and wicked son on his death-bed.

At this affecting time the good old minister took the family Bible on his knees and said, "Let us sing to the praise and glory of God part of the fifteenth psalm." He then, with a tremulous and broken voice, read the following verses:—

"Within thy tabernacle, Lord,
Who shall abide with thee?
And in thy high and holy hill,
Who shall a dweller be?

"The man who walketh uprightly,
And worketh righteousness,
And as he thinketh in his heart,
So doth he truth express."

The small congregation sang the noble hymn—the dying man himself, now and then, as he was able, joined in the holy music, and when it feebly died away on his quivering lips, he continued still to follow the tune with his withered hand, his eyes devoutly and humbly lifted up to heaven; nor was the sweet voice of his loving grandchild unheard; as if the strong fit of love had dissolved in the music, he sang with a silvery voice, as if from a heart of perfect happiness. As the child's sweet voice came from the bosom of the old man where the singer lay, blending with his own so tremulous, it presented a touching picture of the beginning and the end of life—the cradle and the grave.

Ere the psalm was finished, the door opened, and a tall, fine-looking man entered, but with a lowering and dark countenance

—seemingly in sorrow, in misery, and remorse. Agitated, confounded, and awe-struck by the melancholy and dirge-like music, he sat down on a chair, with a ghastly face towards his father's death-bed.

When the song ceased, the dying man said with a solemn voice, "My son, thou art come in time to receive thy father's blessing; may the remembrance of what will happen in this room, before the morning again shines over the Hazel Glen, win thee from the error of thy ways;—thou art here to witness the mercy of thy God, through the Saviour whom thou hast forgotten."

The minister looked with an upbraiding countenance on the young man, and then said to him, "William, for three years past your shadow has not darkened the door of the house of God;—they who fear not the thunder, may tremble at the still small voice. Now is the time for repentance, that your father's spirit may carry up to heaven tidings of a contrite soul saved from the company of sinners."

The young man, with much effort, advanced to the bedside, and at last found voice to say, "Father, I am not without the affections of nature, and I turned home as soon as I heard the minister had been seen riding towards our house. I hope that you will yet recover, and if ever I have made you unhappy, I ask your forgiveness; for though I may not think as you do in matters of religion, I have a human heart. Father, I have been unkind, but I am not cruel;—I ask your forgiveness."

"Come nearer to me, William," faltered the dying man; "kneel down by the bedside, and let my hand find the head of my beloved son, for blindness is coming fast upon me. Thou wert my first-born, and thou art my only living son; all thy brothers and sisters are lying in the kirk-yard, beside her whose sweet face thine own, William, did once so much resemble. Long wert thou the pride and joy of my soul—aye, too much the *pride*—for there was not in all the parish such a man, such a son as my own William; if thy heart has since been changed, God may inspire it again with right thoughts. Could I die for thy sake—could I purchase thy salvation with the outpouring of thy father's blood—but this the Son of God has done for *thee* who hast denied *Him*!

I have sorely wept for thee—aye, William, when there was none near me—even as David wept for Absalom have I wept for thee, my son, my son!” A long, deep groan was the only reply; but the whole body of the kneeling man was convulsed, and it was easy to see his sufferings, his contrition, his remorse, and his despair.

The pastor said, with a sterner voice and a more austere countenance than were natural to him, “Know you whose hand is now lying on your rebellious head? But what signifies the word ‘father’ to him who has denied God, the Father of us all?” “Oh! press him not so hardly,” said the weeping wife, coming forward from a dark corner of the room, where she had tried to conceal herself in grief, fear, and shame. “Spare, oh! spare my husband; he has ever been kind to me.” She then knelt down beside him with her long, soft, white arms mournfully and affectionately laid across his neck. “Go thou, likewise, my sweet little Jamie,” said the dying man; “go even out of my bosom, and kneel down beside thy father and thy mother, so that I may bless you all at once, and with one yearning prayer.”

The child did as that solemn voice commanded, and knelt down somewhat timidly by his father’s side; nor did that unhappy man decline encircling with his arm the child too much neglected, but still dear to him as his own life, in spite of the deadening and debasing influence of infidelity.

“Put the Word of God into the hands of my son,” said the dying parent, “and let him read aloud to his dying father the 25th, 26th and 27th verses of the eleventh chapter of the Gospel according to St. John.”

The pastor went up to him, and with a voice of pity, condolence, and pardon, said, “There was a time, William, when none could read the Scriptures better than thou couldst—can it be that the son of my friend has forgotten the lessons of his youth?”

He had not forgotten them; there was no need for the repentant sinner to lift his eyes from the bedside; the sacred stream of the Gospel had worn a channel in his heart, and the waters were again flowing. With a choked voice he said, “Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth

in me shall never die. Believest thou this? She saith unto him, Yea, Lord: I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world."

"That is not an unbeliever's voice," said the dying man triumphantly; "nor, William, hast thou an unbeliever's heart. Say that thou believest in what thou hast now read, and thy father will die happy." "I do believe; and as thou forgivest me, so may I be forgiven by my Father who is in heaven." The dying father seemed like a man suddenly inspired with a new life; his faded eyes kindled—his pale cheeks glowed—his palsied hands seemed to wax strong—and his voice was clear as that of manhood in its prime. "Into thy hands, O God, I commit my spirit!" and so saying he gently sank back on his pillow, and a faint sigh was heard. There was then a deep, long silence, and the father, the mother, and the child rose from their knees. The eyes of all were turned towards the white, placid face of the figure now stretched in everlasting rest;—the last work was done, and the fruit of early training was reaped on the last night of life!

SABBATH-SCHOOL RECOMMENDATION.

ABOUT thirty years ago there lived in a neat little cottage a man and his wife, and only one child—a little boy. These people were poor, but honest and pious; the Bible lay constantly in their sight, and its laws were imprinted on their hearts. Besides it they had no book but a spelling-book, and as they were both determined to do all they could to give Willie an education, they commenced betimes to teach him to read. "He shall be able to study the Word of God," said honest John White. So he taught Willie his letters, and after that he improved so rapidly that in less time than it takes certain young students of my acquaintance to attain to the rank of three-syllable spellers, he was able to read anywhere in the spelling-book and anywhere in the Bible—except among the hard names, which requires something of an effort even on the part of the learned man, who would speak them correctly.

Soon after Willie had learned to read, a Sabbath school was

established within a mile of his father's cottage, and thither every Sabbath, with light heart and smiling face, went Willie. The richest people are not always the most happy, nor are poor people of necessity miserable. The country knows few poorer families than Willie's; yet they were a *very* happy family. But clouds and darkness must come to all, and the strong hand of death touched the heart of Willie's dear father, and his face was changed and they laid him away in the grave. There was deep and true sorrow in that humble cottage; but no murmur was allowed to arise in the hearts of the bereaved ones, for they knew and felt that "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth."

But who was to provide the "daily bread" for the widow and the fatherless? Willie was almost twelve years old, and a fine stout boy of his age. "Mother," said he, "I am going to the city to get something to do, and I will support you, my dear mother." The eyes of the widow filled with tears, and her heart swelled with honest pride and true gratitude because of her noble boy. She clasped him close to her bosom, and called him. "A worthy child of a worthy father. Go, my child," said she, "and the God of the fatherless protect you."

Next look we upon Willie in the noisy town. Down among the shipping he is wandering, for he has taken a sudden notion that the sea is the place for him. A large and rough but kind-hearted-looking man comes rapidly towards Willie. The boy thinks he looks like a sea-captain, and so, calling up all his courage, he accosts him with "Please, Sir, *don't* you want a cabin-boy?" "I *do* want a cabin-boy, my lad,—but what's that to you? A little chap like you aint fit for the berth." "Oh! Sir, I am *real strong*. I can do a great deal of work, if I ain't so very old." "But what are you here for? You don't look like a city boy. Run away from home—eh?" "Oh! no, indeed, Sir; my father died, and my mother is very poor, and I want to do something for her. She let me come." "Well, sonny, where are your letters of recommendation? Can't take any boy without those?"

Here was a damper. Willie had never thought of its being necessary to have letters from his minister or teachers, or from some proper person, to prove to strangers that he was an honest,

good boy. Now, what should he do? He stood in deep thought, the captain meanwhile curiously watching the workings of his expressive face. At length he put his hand into his bosom and drew out his little Bible, and without one word put it into the captain's hand. The captain opened the blank leaf and read: "Willie Graham White. Presented as a reward for regular and punctual attendance at Sabbath school, and for his blameless conduct there and elsewhere. From his Sunday-school teacher."

Captain McLeod was not a pious man, but he could not consider the case before him with a heart unmoved. The little, fatherless child standing humbly before him, referring him to the testimony of his Sunday-school teacher, as it was given in his little Bible, touched a tender spot in the breast of the noble seaman, and clapping Willie heartily on the shoulder, "You are the boy for me," he said, "and if you are as good a lad as I think you are, your pockets shan't be empty when you go back to your good mother." And so the blessed Sunday school was the means of Willie's good fortune. Think of it, children.

The kind Captain McLeod was a true and steadfast friend to his little cabin-boy, and, after many months of absence and danger, Willie had the pleasure of returning to his dear mother with the means of procuring her many comforts, and never while she lived did he fail to provide generously for her wants. He is now a wealthy man, and no one would imagine that he was once a poor sailer-boy; but he often looks back with a grateful heart to the fireside of his parents, and to the teachings of the Sabbath school, for to the influences which flowed from these he justly ascribes all his success and happiness in life. To their influence, also, he owes it that he has the sweet hope of eternal happiness hereafter.

TRY TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.

Do not let a fretful, fault-finding disposition destroy your domestic happiness; for as sure as you do indulge a morose and cross temper, you destroy your own comfort and the comfort of all around you; the influence of your example will be felt for

generations. Let there come one cross, discontented spirit into a family, and it will turn a happy home into distress and confusion ; for even sickness is not so distressing, where there is cheerfulness and patience, as the constant contention of a fretful and impatient spirit.

The little ones of the household are generally influenced by the example of the fretful and cross. When they are spoken to in a cross and fretful manner, they soon pass it along, and a little brother or sister is soon treated in the same manner. And if their influence ended in their childhood it would not be so bad, but it does not—not except with their death. It is the duty of each one of the family to make home happy, but it is the special office of a woman to make home the happiest place on earth. In all the relations of life, as a wife, mother, daughter, sister, let cheerfulness reign.

The spirit of kindness is glorious in the aged. When we look on the cheerful and resigned countenance of a good, kind grandmother, we cannot but love and venerate her ; and although she may not be able to do much with her hands to benefit the household, yet, by imitating Lois of old, she may do much for the family. While she relieves the mother of some of her pressing duties, she interests the little ones, gains their love and affection, and renders herself a blessing to all.

In the mother, nothing can be more beautiful than a meek and quiet spirit. There is no adorning compared to it. The mother who possesses such a disposition can do more for the lasting well-being of her family, although she may be feeble, than the cross, impatient spirit, even if she possesses the power of Hercules. The one throws around her a halo of love and joy and makes her home happy, while the other scatters mildew and death.

In the daughter, a gentle, cheerful, quiet spirit is a crown of beauty. It is a pearl that renders the possessor more lovely than the richest jewels or the most costly raiment could make her. She has a kind word for all. The little ones look up to her for example and encouragement ; they put confidence in her, knowing that she is always gentle and obliging ; and the encouraging smile of the gentle sister will stimulate the brother to good and

noble actions. Let every member of the family, male and female, strive to make home happy, and they may render home a "sweet home," even a heaven upon earth!

PERSEVERE.

I WILL tell you about a servant I once knew very well. I will call her Jane. From fourteen to sixteen she was employed as under-nurse in taking care of some little children; but as she wished to be a cook, her mother found a place for her as kitchen-maid, where she was under a servant celebrated for her good cooking and bad temper.

The only time Jane had for going out was Sunday afternoon, when she always went home to see her mother. For the first four weeks she brought home nothing but complaints of her place; it was so hard; the tyrannical cook was intolerable to live with; the kitchen was so hot, &c. With many tears and lamentations, she besought her mother to take her away from the place. The mother, after making careful inquiry, found that the cook was really a very trying woman to live with, but that she was a good teacher, and that the toil of which Jane complained would, in the end, be the means of her getting a more thorough insight into her work. She ascertained, too, that though Jane was occupied all day, she was never kept up at night—therefore, she was not likely to suffer in health; and as to the hot kitchen, that was the more trying to Jane from her having been previously accustomed to be out-of-doors half the day with the children; but as cooking is usually accomplished in a hot kitchen, the sooner she learned to bear that the better.

The Sunday after all these inquiries had been made, Jane came home, and, as usual, began to make her complaints. Her mother stopped her by saying, "I have been inquiring this week about your place, and I find there are some things about it very uncomfortable and trying; but it is just the place where you can learn to be a good cook, and whatever you may think of it, Jane, I mean you to stop there two years." "O mother," said Jane, "how can

you be so cruel?" and she burst into tears. "Jane," said her mother, "when the boys went out to work, you remember how Jem used to complain about being teased in the carpenter's shop, and how bad Harry's hands used to get with the bricks; they used to come home very tired in the evening, but I used to say to them, as you know, 'Well, boys, it's no good to give in; we can't have anything in this world without trying for it. All this suffering and hard work will make men of you, and make you worth something. I don't want my boys to be gingerbread people, that can't do anything and can't bear anything; you must just face about, and meet your troubles, and it'll be the making of you, by-and-by;'—and so, Jane, now I say the same to you. I had to pay something for the boys' learning their trades, and keep 'em too—but you are both paid and kept while you are learning yours; and so you must make up your mind to leave off grumbling, put your own shoulder to the wheel, and I say to you, as I did to them, 'It'll be the making of you, by-and-by.'"

Jane knew her mother always meant what she said—after she had made up her mind it was no use arguing with her; so she went back to her place, feeling that whatever she might have to endure, all she could do was to make the best of it. At the end of the two years she left, but she was a good cook, not hurt by her hard work, although I know well, for I have heard her speak of it many times, her work was very hard for the body, and trying to the mind. She was immediately afterwards engaged by a family who lived near her old mistress, and had twelve pounds a year. After being there six years, through some changes in the household, she left; but she enjoyed the reputation of being the best cook in the neighbourhood, and was at once offered a situation in a large establishment, at wages of sixteen pounds a year. Here she remained ten years, and then married, having saved two hundred pounds; for, besides good wages, she had occasionally received presents from various branches of the families in which she lived; who valued her exceedingly, and speak of her to this day with respect and affection.

She was married from her mistress's house, where a wedding breakfast was provided. When she went off with her husband,

the whole family assembled to bid her farewell, and express their good wishes. The last time I saw her, she was in a most comfortably furnished cottage, nursing her baby; and, amongst other things, she said to me, "The best thing that ever happened to me in my life was my mother's saying to me, 'Whatever you may think of it, Jane, I mean you to stay there two years.'"

SELECTED BY C. C.

CHILD LIFE.

How often do we hear a mother say complainingly of her child: "She has such exuberant spirits! she is so full of life!" Hush! lay your finger on your lips. Thank God for it. He who appointed our lot knows for what purpose it was given. Have you never observed that the pathway of such a one is sure to be marked by no ordinary trials? It is a wise bestowment from Him who seeth the end from the beginning. Deal tenderly with her; check not her innocent gaiety. Make her childhood and youth happy. Cloud not her sunny brow by drawing, unnecessarily, dark pictures of life; fill not her confiding heart with distrust towards its fellows. Let her read, if she will, love in human faces.

Earth is not all a charnel house of decayed hopes and blasted anticipations. "God is love." Life is beautiful. Midnight, starry, silent midnight, with its glorious beauty; the silent moon, riding in majesty or veiled in fleecy clouds; the cheerful sun walking in brightness; the rainbow-tinted sunset clouds; the sweet grey dawn, with its stirring life; the forest-clad hills, crowned with the bow of promise; the towering rock, the shining river, the flower-wreathed meadow, the deep blue sea, the grand old woods with their whispered music; and, in and among them all, still hearts that are noble, good, and true, beat with sympathy for a brother's wrongs, and are open-hearted to the call of charity.

Tell not the young heart, so keenly susceptible, that every cup is drugged with poison; that 'neath every flower a serpent coils. Who among us could fearlessly again enter upon life, and cheerfully enjoy it, with such a chart of shoals and quicksands before our vision? God in His mercy has hidden the future from our

view. "Give us this day our daily bread," is the petition He has taught us. Shall the blessings of to-day be received with a churlish spirit, because we know not what to-morrow may bring us? That morrow we may never see; nor should we impatiently demand to know whether for us it comes freighted with joy or sorrow.

I have read a fable of three little trout, which, discontented and unhappy, desired each to have a wish that should be granted. The first wished for wings, that he might fly; the next wished for a great deal of knowledge, and to understand all about hooks and nets, that he might keep out of danger; the third—as poor, ignorant, and not knowing what was best—wished that God would take care of him, and give him just what he saw best. So God gave wings to the first, and delighted with the exercise of his new power, he flew far, far away to a desert, where he died of thirst. To the second He gave knowledge, and so he was all the time in terror; he was afraid to go into deep water lest the great fishes should swallow him, and he was afraid to go into shallow water lest it should dry up and leave him; he dared not eat anything lest a hook might be concealed in it, and so he pined away and died. But God loved the third little trout (who trusted in Him) and took care of him, and kept him from dangers, so that he was always happy.

My story carries with it its own moral. Let the buoyant-hearted, hopeful, little mariner you love launch his little bark on life's ocean, praying always to the great Pilot for a happy voyage and safe port.

THE DEGRADED YOUNG MOTHER.—No. II.

IN an obscure street is a rickety old building, filled to overflowing with the very refuse of humanity. The basement is lighted with two small windows half under ground, and in this wretched hole lived Mary and her children. As the gentlemen descended the steps into the room they heard some one say, "Here he comes, grandmother; he's come, he's come." The

door was opened : on a pile of rags, in a corner, lay Mary, "my Mary," as the old lady tearfully called her. What a wreck of beautiful womanhood ! Her large blue eyes glared with maniac wildness under the influence of intoxication. Long waves of auburn hair fell, in tangled masses, over a form wasted, yet beautiful in its graceful outlines. Poor, lost Mary ! "*Such a place,*" as her mother had weeping said. Not a chair or bedstead, or article of furniture in it of any description. On the mantel-piece stood a beer-bottle, with a half-burnt candle in its neck. A few broken, dirty dishes stood upon the shelf, and a quantity of filthy rags lay scattered round the floor.

The grandmother was holding by the hand a sweet child of eight years, with large bright eyes, and auburn hair (like poor Mary's) falling about her neck. An older girl, of twelve, with a sweet Madonna face, that seemed to light up even that wretched place, stood near, bearing in her arms a babe of sixteen months, which was not so large as one of eight months should have been. Its little hands looked like bird's claws, and its little bones seemed almost piercing the skin. The old lady went up to her daughter, saying, "Mary, dear, this is the gentleman who is willing to take you to his house, if you will try to be good." "Get out of the room, you old hypocrite !" snarled the intoxicated woman, "or I'll show you," and she clutched a hatchet beside her. "You are the worst old woman I ever knew, except the one you brought in here the other day, and she is a fiend outright. Talk to *me* about being *good* ; ha, ha !" and she laughed an idiotic laugh. "Mother," said the eldest child, laying her little hand sweetly upon her arm, "*dear* mother, don't ; please don't hurt grandmother. She is good and kind to us ; she only wants to get you out of this bad place to where you will be treated kindly." "Yes, dear mother," chimed in the younger sister, bending her little curly head over her. "Mother, you said once you *would* go ; don't keep us here any longer, mother. We are cold and hungry ; please get up and take us away ; we are afraid to stay here, mother, dear." "Yes, Mary," said the old lady, handing her down a faded and ragged gown ; "here is your dress, put it on, won't you ?"

Mary raised herself on the pile of rags on which she was lying, and pushing the eldest child across the room, screamed out, "Get away, you impudent little thing; you are just like your old grandmother. I tell you *all*," said she, raising herself on one elbow, and tossing back her auburn hair from her broad white forehead, "I tell you all I will *never* go from here—*never*! I *love* this place. So many fine people come here, and we have such good times. There is a gentleman who takes care of me; he brought me some candles last night, and he says that I shan't want for anything, if I will only get rid of these troublesome children—my *husband's* children," and she hid her face in her hands and laughed convulsively. "You may have them," she continued, "just as soon as you like, baby and all; but I will never go from this place—I *love* it—a great many fine people come here to see me."

The poor old lady wrung her hands and wept, while the children clung around their grandmother, with half-averted faces, trembling and silent. The gentleman said to her, "Mary, you may either go with me, or I'll send for an officer and have you carried to the station-house. Which will you do?" Mary cursed and raved, but finally put on the dress the old lady handed her, and consented to go with them.

A carriage was soon procured, and Mary helped inside, with the baby and the two little girls. "Oh, mother," exclaimed the younger of the girls, "how pleasant it is to ride in this nice carriage, and to get away from that dirty place; we shall be so happy now, mother, and Edith and the baby, too, mother. See, he is laughing; he likes to ride. You will love sister Edith, and baby, and me, *now*, won't you, dear mother? and you won't frighten us any more with the hatchet, or hurt dear grandmother, will you?"

Arriving at the Refuge, the delight of the little creatures was unbounded. They caught hold of their mother's faded dress, saying, "Didn't we *tell* you, mother, that you would have a pleasant home here? Only see that nice garden! You didn't have a garden before, mother!" Would you know that mother's after history? Another "Mary" bath "bathed the Saviour's feet" with her tears, and wiped them with the hair of her head.

Her name is no longer written *Mary Magdalena*. In the virtuous home of her aged mother she sits clothed in her right mind, "and her children rise up and call her blessed."—*Humay Fern*.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S LOVE FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

It is said of Elizabeth that she greatly loved, and was greatly beloved by, little children;—no individual who attracts children, as with a secret magnetic power, possesses a hard and cruel heart, for children have an instinctive, moral, physiognomical discernment which leads them at once to discriminate between a ruthless, selfish person, and a person of a tender and benignant disposition. Towards the latter they are instinctively drawn, and from the former they as instinctively shrink. It therefore speaks well for Elizabeth that, even amid the woes of her captivity, she charmed the little ones into love, and they became to her messengers of kindness.

We read that three or four of them used daily to bring her little bunches of flowers, and we are told of one little toddling thing, only three or four years of age, who, having found a bunch of little keys, brought them to her, and said, "Now she had brought her the keys, so she need not always stay there, but might unlock the gates, and go out." What a sweet touch of infantine sympathy!

There was another child, according to Fox, a boy of four years old, who every morning brought her a nosegay, until, in consequence of malicious suspicions or wanton cruelty, the little fellow was examined before the Privy Council, severely threatened, and forbidden access to the Princess. Yet, faithful to the instincts of love, he next day sought again to present his customary offering; but, finding the door fastened, he could only peep through the keyhole, and cry out to her, as she walked in the garden, "Mistress, I can bring you no more flowers now." Touching trait of infantile fidelity, and no less touching proof of the tender spirit which blended with the sterner qualities of the English Queen.—*Rev. H. Stowell*.

THE MOTHER AND HER SON.

MRS. MARVYN was so constantly thinking of her son that it was difficult to begin on any topic that did not, in some manner or other, knit itself into the one ever present in her thoughts. None of the peculiar developments of the female nature have a more exquisite vitality than the sentiment of a frail, delicate, repressed, timid woman for a strong, manly, generous son. There is her ideal expressed, there is the out-speaking and out-acting of all she trembles to think, yet burns to say or do; here is the hero that shall speak for her, the heart into which she has poured hers, and that shall give to her tremulous and hidden aspirations a strong and victorious expression. "I have gotten a man from the Lord," she says to herself; and each outburst of his manliness, his vigour, his self-confidence, his superb vitality, fills her with a strange wondering pleasure, and she has a secret tenderness and pride even in his wilfulness and waywardness. "What a creature he is!" she says, when he flouts at sober argument, and pitches all received opinions hither and thither, in the wild capriciousness of youthful paradox. She looks grave and reproving; but he reads the concealed triumph in her eye—he knows that in her heart she is full of admiration all the time. First love of womanhood is something wonderful and mysterious,—but in this second love it rises again, idealized and refined; she loves the father and herself, united and made one, in this young heir of life and hope.

Such was Mrs. Marvyn's still, intense, passionate love for her son. Not a tone of his manly voice, not a flash of his dark eyes, not one of the deep shadowy dimples that came and went as he laughed, not a ring of his glossy black hair that was not studied, got by heart, and dwelt on, in the inner shrine of her heart. He was the romance of her life. His strong, daring nature carried her with it, beyond those narrow, daily bounds where her soul was weary of treading; and just as his voyages had given to the trite prose of her *ménage* a poetry of strange foreign perfumes, of quaint objects of interest speaking of many a far-off shore, so his mind and life were a constant channel of outreach, through which her soul held converse with the active and stirring world.—
Mrs. Stowe.

SANDMARKS.

ALONE I walked on the ocean's strand,
 A pearly shell was in my hand,
 I stooped, and wrote upon the sand
 My name, the year, the day;
 As onward from the spot I passed,
 One lingering look behind I cast—
 A wave came rolling high and fast,
 And washed my lines away.

And so methought 'twill quickly be
 With every mark on earth from me!
 A wave of dark oblivion's sea
 Will sweep across the place
 Where I have trod the sandy shore
 Of time, and be to me no more;—
 Of me, my day, the name, the lore,
 To leave no track or trace.

And yet with Him who counts the sands,
 And holds the waters in His hands,
 I know a lasting record stands
 Inscribed against my name,
 Of all this mortal soul has wrought,
 Of all this thinking soul has thought,
 And from these fleeting moments caught,
 For glory or for shame.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

MR. CECIL AND THE POMEGRANATE.

MR. CECIL was pacing to and fro in the Botanic Garden at Oxford, when he observed a fine specimen of the pomegranate almost cut through the stem. On asking the gardener the reason, he got an answer which explained the thoughts of his own bleeding heart. "Sir, this tree used to shoot so strong that it bore nothing but leaves. I was, therefore, obliged to cut it in this manner, and when it was almost cut through, then it began to bear plenty of fruit." Ye suffering members of Christ be thankful, for every sorrow weakens a lust or strengthens a grace. Though it should cut to the heart, be thankful for every idol and sin thrown away. Be thankful for whatever makes your conscience more tender,

your thoughts more spiritual, and your character more consistent. Be thankful that it was the pruning knife, and not the weeding hook, which you felt; for if you suffer in Christ, you suffer with Him, and if with Him you suffer, with Him you shall also reign.

WHICH DO YOU CARE FOR?

Two things are by a mother committed to her servant's care—the child and the child's clothes. What would a parent say, if, on her return, she were to be addressed thus—"Madam, here are all the child's clothes, neat and clean, but the child is lost." O, with what feelings will parents, in that great day, give in their account to God, who have neglected their children's eternal interests? Must they not confess,—“Lord, I neglected nothing that related to the content and welfare of my child's body, but his soul, alas! is lost—cast away for ever. I took little thought and care about his getting to heaven?”

SAVE THE MOMENTS.

Yesterday is past—to-morrow may never arrive to you.

THOUGHTS.

What you fear to *do* before men, you should fear to *think* before God.

MOTHER.

“FATHER, who art in heaven,” how often rise
 These words in invocation to the skies!
 Yet there are kindred words, almost as dear—
Mother and Home—how swiftly from the ear
 They pass into the heart, awaking there
 Remembrance sweet of simple hymn or prayer,
 Taught long, long years ago,—words that have risen
 And saved the child from the grim Tempter's snare,
 With their sweet breathings of the bliss of heaven!
 Ah! my own mother's smile, and gentle word,
 Often when absent, I have seen and heard,
 As in a dream; to which such spells are given,
 That I can never recognize as brother,
 Him who could lightly breathe the sacred name of mother!

HOWLAND BROWN.

WHICH IS BEST?—No. VI.

"Now, mother," said little Margery, "do let me go to the Sunday school with Sally Collins. I'm sure I want to go to heaven, and I don't know the way; and Sally says her teacher knows the way, and she will teach me, I dare say. Oh, here comes Mrs. Collins; she said she would ask you about it." "Aye, that I will, too," rejoined Mrs. Collins, who had heard the child's last remark; "do, Mrs. Smith, let little Margery go to the Sunday school; you would be surprised how much she would learn there. And, to tell you the truth, the little children teach me when they come home; for, although I had a good mother who always took care to keep me at the Sunday school when a child, I find I have forgotten a good deal the teacher took the trouble to teach me; but the children bring it all back to my mind again. Oh! 'tis a blessed thing to have the Sunday school for our children; and then, you see, some of us are so ignorant we cannot teach our little ones much of Scripture, if we had a mind."

"Aye, Mrs. Collins, you may say that," replied Mrs. Smith; "and I am one of the ignorant mothers, worse luck. You see, I was never taught any thing when I was young, but wickedness—I learnt enough of that, and untidy ways into the bargain. Why, bless you, our Margery made my face get up so red last Sunday, after she had been with your Sally, by asking me if I was walking in the broad road or the narrow one? I am sure I never thought of such a thing before—never since I was born." "Oh dear, Mrs. Smith, did you not, indeed; why, all our happiness in the world to come depends on which road we are walking in now." "Does it? Well, I am sure I didn't know it. I am learning my ignorance every day about this world and the world to come." "I am glad you feel this, Mrs. Smith, for you see, if we fancy we are wise enough, we shall not be likely to ask for more wisdom; and our heavenly Father tells us, in the Bible, that if we ask Him, He will give us all the wisdom we want for time and eternity; and, you see, Mrs. Smith, the end of the broad road is everlasting death—death without dying! And the end of

the narrow road is life—happy, beautiful, sunshiny life, for ever and ever. I am sure you are a woman of good sense enough to judge which is best.” “Ah, that I do see; and I will make up my mind that my Margery shall go to the Sunday school; and may be, as you say, I shall learn something myself from what she tells me, without her knowing I am learning.”

“Why, Mrs. Smith, we should never be ashamed to learn even lessons from our babies,” said Mrs. Collins; “I am sure I do. When I see how they love and trust us, I am ashamed to think how unlike I am towards our heavenly Father, who gives us every thing we have. Why, I was reading in a little book the other day of a good old man, who could not read a bit when he was thirty years old; and he went with his little children to the Sabbath school every week, and took his seat by them for many years till he could read as well as a parson. And I knew an old woman that a lady taught to read the Testament in three weeks—not like some folks teach little children, letter by letter, but to read it right off. In the first chapter of the Gospel by St. John she had to read one verse five or six times over; then, you see, she remembered the words; and, to be sure, how she did cry when she was reading; she was so glad! Why, she was forced to take off her spectacles to wipe them many a time in the middle of the lesson.” “Indeed! well, you surprise me, and you remind me of a speech I once heard—that pride and ignorance always go together. I have got both in me, I am thinking, but I will try to get wiser, and I will go and ask the Sabbath-school teacher to take my Margery next Sunday, for now I see which is best, comfort or uproar at home, or happiness or misery after this life is gone. Yes, yes, indeed, Mrs. Smith, I do see now which is best.”

A MOTHER'S FAITH AND LOVE.

D'AUBIGNE tells us that after three days of extreme suffering a young Protestant was seen standing at the place of execution, to be branded as an heretic. The executioner prepared the fire, heated the iron, and was approaching him, when a loud shriek was

uttered—but it came not from the martyr. His mother, a witness of the dreadful sight, wrung with anguish, endured a violent struggle between the enthusiasm of faith and maternal feelings; but her faith overcame, and she exclaimed, in a voice that made the adversaries tremble, “Glory be to Jesus Christ and His witnesses.” Thus did this French woman of the sixteenth century have respect to the word of the Son of God, “Whosoever loveth his son more than me, is not worthy of me.”

Such daring courage, and at such a moment, may have seemed to demand instant punishment; but that Christian mother had struck powerless the hearts of priests and soldiers. Their fury was restrained by a mightier arm than theirs. The crowd, falling back and making way for her, allowed the mother to regain, with faltering step, her humble dwelling. Monks, and even the town-sergeants themselves, gazed on her without moving; not one of her enemies dared put forth his hand against her.

THE MARTYR AND HIS MOTHER.

What means all this gathering of people and priest,
At the sound of cathedral bell?
And wherefore those soldiers all burnished and bright,
Who the tragical story shall tell?
In a dark and damp dungeon, in fetters fast bound,
Lies a youth who had dared to believe!
And, willing to die in the cause of his Lord,
Is now ready the stripes to receive.
And see! they bring forth the young martyr to view,
’Midst the fury and yell of the crowd;
But firmly he stands, and unbleached is his cheek,
While anathemas thunder aloud!
His back to the smiters he silently bends—
His pathway is marked by his blood;
But that gore shall appear as the seed of the church,
Which shall spread over valley and flood.
Three days in succession the youth is led forth,
But firm as a rock he remains;
With peace in his soul, and deep love in his eye,
While the blood is pressed forth from his veins.
But the scene is not ended;—they make him walk on
To the place where the faithful must bow;
The death-working savage prepares the hot iron,
To brand the young saint on the brow.

A shriek of wild grief makes the murderers start,—
 A woman comes forth from the crowd ;—
 'Tis the "*heretic's*" mother, unnerved by the sight,
 Giving vent to her sorrows aloud.
 "Live, Jesus !" she cried, as love struggled within ;
 "Live, Jesus—live, Christ—live His cause !"
 The monks and the soldiers stand dumb and amazed,
 And the mob clear her way with applause.

With lingering pace she her cottage regained,
 Through the ranks of the soldiers she passed,
 Who motionless stood, as they gazed on her form,
 Heart-stricken, but firm to the last !
 Supported by Him who is "*mighty to save,*"
 They fought the good fight of the Lord ;
 Now resplendent in glory their diadems shine—
His voice has pronounced their reward !

THE MATERNAL MEETING.

THERE are feelings in a mother's bosom which are only known to mothers. The tie which binds you to your children is one compared with which all other ties are feeble. You feel this, mothers ! What would you endure to save your nursing from pain and misery, even in this life ? Only think of the anguish the poor negro mother must have felt when her dear children were taken to the market and sold from her side, weeping and clinging to her for protection, while the hard-hearted beings calling themselves *men*, forced them from her, and sold her to another master ! I heard of one mother among them who went *mad*, and of another who *jumped into the river* ; and can we wonder that they do so, in the bitterness of their anguish ? We do not. But how is it that we generally see mothers so careful about their children for this life, while that which is to last for ever is forgotten, or no provision made for it ? Surely the God of this world, the enemy of souls, must have blinded their eyes. Is there such a being to be found as a prayerless mother ? Can she close her eyes in sleep, and ask for no guardian angel to watch over the immortal trust put into her keeping ? Cares she not whether they perish eternally ? Has she no inclination to join the band of

mothers in seeking aid from Heaven, for the discharge of her arduous duties and mighty responsibilities? Does she not need help as well as they? Prayerless mother! let us entreat you to begin to pray this very night—it may be the last with you—and what then? What then! why, you may pray, indeed, to-morrow, but it may be with Dives, for a drop of water to cool a burning tongue.

Some of you have sons and daughters gone out into the world. Do they not need a mother's prayers? Can you tell what snares are around them to draw their feet into forbidden paths? Will you not ask for a guardian angel to attend them, that they may be kept from the broad road which leads to destruction? There are your neighbours, too, careless alike of their own souls, and the souls of their children. Do you feel no pity for them? Will you not ask them to accompany you to the mother's place of prayer? And there are some whose children are gone forth into the world, with *many prayers* daily going up for them; but who are still among the "prodigals" far from their mother's God. At these meetings she will be encouraged to go on still praying in faith, while from time to time she hears of wanderers returning, in answer to the prayers of pious mothers. There may be an anxious, praying mother here this evening; for your encouragement listen to the experience of one who was called, indeed, to sow in tears, but is reaping now in joy.

In a small village resided a pious officer, retired from the British Navy. It was his happiness to have a pious wife, who, with himself, felt very anxious to train the six children God had given them, according to His word. The eldest, however, a boy of fourteen years, seemed determined to profit neither by maternal love, nor pious instruction; he mingled with a class of wicked idlers who infested the village, and would have been as bad as the worst, but for his father's strict discipline. But soon the father died, and the poor widow had to struggle with the wayward boy alone. No! not alone; she sought the help of her heavenly Father. Her efforts seemed vain, her boy resolved to leave her and go to sea. A ship was obtained for him; the bustle of preparation was begun and over. Unknown to the

youth, the good mother placed a Bible in his chest, with a secret hope and fervent prayer that its light might lead him to Jesus when he was far off on the deep blue sea. The day of separation was a trial to all but to him who was the occasion of the sadness of that family. Many were the tears the widowed mother shed, as pressing him to her bosom she bade him farewell, and commended his wayward heart to God.

Many years had passed, and the wanderer had not returned. The ship had perished at sea, and the widow mourned her son as dead; and what was far worse, she trembled for the safety of his never-dying soul. Could she have been assured of his happiness in a better world, her pained heart would have been at rest, but she wept him as doubly lost.

It was a stormy night in mid-winter when the widow and her children were clustered around the evening fire; a slight tap was heard at the door—it was opened; a sailor stood there, wayworn and weatherbeaten. He begged a shelter from the storm. It was not in that mother's heart to refuse a sailor on such a night, and she offered him her fireside and her food. When he had refreshed himself, she asked him of his history. The tale was soon told. He had been shipwrecked, and was going home, poor and penniless, to his mother; he had been shipwrecked before, in a violent storm; his ship ran ashore, and went to pieces. The crew were either drowned or dashed to death against the rocks. Himself, and one other, were the only persons who reached the shore. They were thrown high upon the beach by a powerful wave. His companion was senseless at first, but at length revived, alas! but to die.

"He was a sweet youth," said the sailor. "Once he had been the terror of the ship, for his excessive devotion to vice; but suddenly he had changed; he became a serious, praying man, as remarkable for piety now as he was for vice before. When he had revived a little on the beach," continued the sailor, "he pulled a Bible from his bosom and pressed it to his lips. It was this blessed book, he told me, that led him to change his way of life. Looking over his chest one day, he found a Bible. His first intention was to throw it away, but chancing

to see his mother's writing, he paused to examine it. It was his name. It made him think of his mother, of her instruction, and of his *teacher in the Sabbath school*; and then he saw his sins, and felt that he was a sinner. Overwhelmed, he sank upon his knees beside his chest, and wept, and prayed, and resolved to change his way of life. And he *did* change it, for he became a decided Christian. After telling me about this change," continued the sailor, "he gave me his Bible, and bade me keep it for his sake; and then falling back upon the sand he expired with a half-offered prayer upon his lips."

As the sailor concluded, the widow, who had listened with deep interest and feeling, inquired, "Have you got that Bible, my friend?" "Yes, madam," said he, and he took from his bosom what appeared to be a bunch of old canvas. He at length produced a small pocket Bible, and gave it into her hands. Trembling and hastily she seized it; she turned to the blank page, when, lo! her child's name, in her own hand-writing, was there. A death-like paleness overspread her usually pale cheek, as she made the discovery, and exclaimed, "'Tis his! 'tis his! my son! my son!" Nature could bear no more, and she fainted. Her prayers were heard and answered; for her son was dead—but behold! he is alive for evermore. It is true she saw him on earth no more; but she could look by faith into the land afar off, and see his glorified spirit near the King in His beauty. Like the prodigal son, he had wandered far from God, and far from peace; but the eye of his mother's God was over him in all his wanderings, and her prayers were answered in leading her sailor-boy to the chart of salvation; and among the ransomed throng—redeemed from land, from sea, and flood—he appears, clothed with the garments of immortality, ready to bid that praying mother welcome as she enters the portals of the celestial city.

Mothers! have you no prodigals to pray for? Will you not join the maternal band to pray for them? God is a God hearing prayer—God is a God of *means*, and He will listen, and answer, and bless, if we ask in faith. Give Him no rest till the showers of Divine blessing descend upon your efforts to bring your dear children to God. Then, when you have passed earth's tearful

valley, you shall meet again in that home of love from which none shall ever wander; where "there shall be no more sorrow," and "no more sea;" but where love shall be perfect, and happiness complete.

HINTS BY THE WAY.

"DEAR mother," said a delicate little girl, "I have broken your china vase." "Well, you are a naughty, careless, troublesome little thing—always in some mischief; go up stairs and stay in the closet till I send for you." And *this* was a Christian mother's answer to the tearful culprit, who had struggled with and *conquered* the temptation to tell a falsehood to screen her fault! With a disappointed, disheartened look, the child obeyed, and at *that moment* was crushed in her little heart the sweet flower of *truth*, perhaps never again in after years to be revived to life. O! what were the loss of a thousand "vases" in comparison!

'Tis true an angel might shrink from the responsibilities of a *mother*. It *does* not need an angel's powers. The watch must never for an instant be let down; the scales of justice must always be nicely balanced; the hasty word that the over-tasked spirit sends to the lip must die there, ere it is uttered. The timid and sensitive child must have a word of encouragement in season, the forward and presuming checked with gentle firmness; there must be no deception, no evasion, no trickery, for the keen eye of childhood to mark! And all this when the exhausted frame sinks with ceaseless vigils, perhaps, and the thousand petty interruptions and unlooked-for annoyances of every hour almost set at defiance any attempt at *system*. Still must that mother wear an unruffled brow, lest the smiling cherub on her knee catch the angry frown. Still must she "rule her own spirit," lest the boy, so *apparently* engrossed with his toys, repeat the next moment the impatient word his ear has caught. For all these duties faithfully and conscientiously performed, a mother's reward is in secret and in silence.

THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT; OR, PRAYER ANSWERED.

THREE years ago, on a cold, stormy November morning, there stood in the station at C——, a lady and her son and daughter. She was the very beau-ideal of a Christian English matron. She was tall, and had been certainly, in her younger days, beautiful; but time had robbed her of many of her youthful charms; yet there was left the same calm, high forehead, the same mild blue eye, and the smoothly-parted silvery hair was a beauty in itself. Her mourning-dress and border of white beneath her bonnet told that she and her children were numbered among the widows and fatherless. Her daughter was just what her mother might have been at her age, fresh and fair, for the suns of twenty summers had scarcely yet passed over her young head. The son and brother was about twenty-three years of age; he was tall, very commanding in stature, and remarkably handsome, with that easy, well-bred air which ever characterises the English gentleman. Early in life, Lieutenant St. P—— had chosen his father's profession, that of a soldier, and since his entrance into the army his regiment had been quartered in the town where his mother and sister lived; but a week ago orders came for their removal to B——, a gay and fashionable town, some two or three hundred miles from C——.

The station was crowded with anxious friends of the soldiers, as early as six o'clock in the morning, to see them off. The St. P——s stood together near one of the windows of the warm, commodious waiting-room by themselves. Mrs. St. P—— and her daughter were both in tears, and if a briny drop or two found their way down the cheeks of Harry, it did not shame his manhood, and was no disgrace to the soldier; it was their first parting, and all their hearts were full. The mother's head was pillowed on the broad breast of her son, and one of his arms supported the slight form of his dearly beloved sister.

"You will not forget, Harry," said his mother; "you will not forget, my boy, what I have told you. Wine has never

passed your lips yet, my son ; never let it do so ; and remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy ; attend your chapel as regularly as you have done at home. I shall pray for you very, very often, Harry, and, most of all, I shall pray that you may be kept from falling into temptation."

"I will remember, mother," faltered Harry, as he pressed that beloved mother more fondly in his arms ; "I will remember."

"You are called, St. P——," said a brother-officer, looking in at the open door ; and just then the bell rang, and with one more hurried adieu to each, Harry hastened away. Mrs. St. P—— and Ellie followed him out on to the platform, but lost him in the crowd that surrounded the train. After a little delay, they found the carriage in which the officers were seated ; they made way as Mrs. St. P—— approached for her to have one moment more with her boy. As Harry bent down to give his sister a farewell kiss, she murmured, "I hope you will not mind, Harry, but I put *my* Bible in your trunk and have taken *yours*—you do not object to the exchange, Harry dear, do you ?"

"No, no, my precious Ellie ; I shall value your Bible most, it will remind me of you." His mother received his last embrace ; and just as the train was moving away from the platform, he caught her last words—"Keep him, O Father, from falling into temptation." Mrs. St. P—— and Ellie returned home to their pretty cottage-residence in the outskirts of the town ; but their hearts were sad, and their usual occupations were for the time neglected, for they felt that the life and light of their home was gone—they missed the gay, light-hearted laugh and free-bounding step of Harry, and they wondered when *their* home would be *his* home again.

On dashed the train with its freight of precious souls—on and on, past villages and towns they went, each feeling that every minute bore them farther and farther from C——, its many pleasant memories and the dear ones left behind.

The carriage in which Harry St. P—— was seated was filled with gay, careless young officers ; brave, noble-hearted fellows they were, and might have been ornaments to society, but that they lacked the "one thing needful." There was not much talking,

for each one was occupied with his own thoughts ; our young lieutenant was sitting in a corner alone, and his mind was filled with home recollections, and his soul was heavy with the parting from those two he loved dearest on earth.

“ Keep him, O Father, from falling into temptation,” was still ringing in his ears ; and there, in that railway carriage, Harry St. P—— lifted up his heart to God, and prayed that he might be “ delivered from all evil,” and kept from falling into temptation. Late in the afternoon the train came panting into B—— terminus. They had reached their destination ; and they went forth strangers into a strange town, to form new acquaintances, new associates, new ties, and new homes. We shall see how he liked them.

WHAT SEED ARE YOU SOWING ?

NEVER did the sun shine brighter on the slopes of Beacon Hill, nor the birds warble more sweetly in the vale below, than when Farmer Blunt made his way across Fairfield meadow to the preserves beyond. Just as he crossed the stile by the old hovel, Richard Pierce, the wheelwright, was ascending the hollow near the gravel-pit. They met near the holly bush, which for many a Christmas had given forth its red berries to adorn the cottages in the village. Pierce, though a plain man, was possessed of that which maketh wise unto salvation, and having felt the power of grace in his own heart, he was anxious that others should enjoy the same blessings, and realize the same mercy. No wonder he embraced this opportunity of throwing out a remark, in a cheerful manner, for the good of his neighbour.

“ Well, Farmer,” said he, at the same time leaning against the post in the hedge, “ now the ground is prepared, I suppose you will soon be casting in the seed, that it may spring up and bear fruit. I need not remind you that care must be taken as to the nature and quality of the seed you sow to reap a proper harvest ; of this you are a better judge than myself. But if it requires care as to what kind of seed we are sowing in the field, how much more care should be exercised as to what we are sowing in our household ! If sloth, anger, drunkenness, Sabbath-breaking,

lying, swearing, and such-like, are the kinds of seed we are scattering around our hearths, we must not wonder if unhappiness, misery, and ruin be the reward of our labours. 'For he that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption.' But if, on the contrary, our daily conduct is marked by all those beautiful traits of character which shine conspicuous in the Christian walk, so that our families see religion peering out in all our actions, we may fairly look for an abundant harvest. 'He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.' To be plain, Farmer, is it not right that we should come home in our remarks? Are you and I, then, sowing the seeds of sin, or the seeds of righteousness? Are we making our homes the dwellings of ungodly ways, or are they adorned with the meek and lowly spirit of the Gospel? If the former, don't let us allow a month, a day, nay, an hour, to pass without seeking Divine mercy for ourselves; and then let us cease not to command our children after us. 'For the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom,' and happy is that family who is in such a case, yea, 'happy is that family whose God is the Lord.' "

With these remarks Pierce bid his neighbour farewell, and was soon hid behind the clump of firs near the cross-roads. Parents! as old Anthony knows how much of your home comforts depend upon the condition of your family circles, and desiring that you may enjoy happiness in the best sense of the word, let him ask the question in his homely way, and do you put it closely and faithfully to your heart, "What seed are you sowing?" If you are induced to seek thereby heavenly blessings, then his remarks will indeed be no ill-timed words, but on the contrary they will prove as marrow to the bones.

OLD ANTHONY.

HOPE.

HOPE is a *star*, which to spirit bowed
Is only hid in a transient cloud;
It twinkles as brightly there unseen,
As when life's leaflets were fresh and green;
And it lines the cloud with a silver hue,
Which gilds the world we are passing through.

Hope is a *flower*, whose seed was given
 To mortal man by a Friend from heaven;
 And He who its tints and fragrance gives,
 Imparts the Spirit by which it lives.
 Oh! blest the man, who has will and powers
 To bind his brow with those precious flowers!

Hope is a *tear* from an angel's eye,
 As it bends o'er our grief from its home on high;
 And the glistening gem is endowed the same,
 By the pure bright Spirit from whence it came.
 How sweet to fancy, when mortal sleeps,
 An angel bends o'er in grief and weeps.

Hope is a *dew-drop*, in life's first morn
 Bright and gay as the heart untorn;
 Holy, sacred, and sweet at even,
 Tinged with the parting smile of heaven;
 Raising the heart bowed down with care,
 To all that is holy and happy there.

CHILDREN'S TROUBLES.

NOTHING is more common than to hear grown-up people speak of the sorrows of children as quite unworthy of notice or sympathy. I think this idea a very mistaken one, and in its practical tendency positively cruel often. We ought to remember, that however trifling and insignificant to us, these crosses and losses are great realities in the existence of our little ones, and as truly afflictive to them, in their childish reasonings, as the more serious events of advancing life are to us. Their grief and disappointment, however puerile the cause, is as keen and real as ours may be, and certainly deserves a little patient sympathy. I remember, when quite a child, the loss of a common-place toy affected me more, and caused keener regret, than I have since felt for more serious ones; and I think I shall never forget being treated with thoughtless indifference in some infantile distress.

I would by no means, however, advocate a foolish indulgence and exaggeration of every childish trouble; only that a little sympathy, a little patience, a little tenderness, be manifested for the troubles of our little ones. I cannot but think that the usual practice of ridiculing the fears and troubles of children positive-

cruel, and injurious to them in after-life. I have seen little creatures shivering with fright, from a cause too trifling in the parents' eyes to deserve the slightest notice; it does not follow that because certain things are absurd and impossible to us, that children see them to be so too; pains should be taken to reason with them (according to their capacity), instead of the common practice of dismissing their little sorrows as too trivial to notice. My own childish experience is the chief prompter of these simple hints to mothers, which, though apparently trifling, are really of importance, if we wish to render our little ones happy.

A LOVER OF CHILDREN.

[We quite agree with our dear friend on the troubles of little children. We think the loss of a pet bird, a pet cat, or a pet rabbit, a serious affair to our dear little children; and we cannot imagine a tender mother looking on tears of regret without deep sympathy, and many a useful lesson she may teach *them then*, which will be remembered for ever.—ED.]

LITTLE ROBERT.

I OCCASIONALLY spend a part of the Sabbath at the "Home of the Friendless." Among the exercises of the morning is that of singing, which is led, when no older person is present, by a little lame girl. A favourite hymn with them is one called the "Child's Desire."

"I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men;
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then!

"I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me!
And that I might have seen His kind look when he said,
'Let the little ones come unto me!'"

While singing this second verse, they suit the action to the words, by placing their little hands upon their heads, folding their arms, and using other gestures, which adds to the interest

of the spectators. During the past summer, I spent several Sabbaths in a pleasant village; and, as is my custom, attended the Sabbath schools, to join with the children in their notes of praise. On one occasion, while singing the above hymn, I told them of the "Home for Friendless Children" in New York; and how they used their hands and arms as they sang it together.

On one of the seats sat a bright boy, whose expressive countenance struck me at first. As soon as I mentioned the "Home," his eyes sparkled, then gathered moisture, and, although struggling to hide his emotions, he burst into tears. At the close of the exercises he came, and timidly taking my hand said, "Please, Sir, will you excuse me, but that was *my home*, and it made me cry when you talked about it. When you go back, please, now, won't you give my love to 'em all?" "Where do you live, now, Robert?" "Oh! I live here now; I've got parents now. Mr. and Mrs. H—— let me call them father and mother, and I'm so happy! That was my home a little while, but now I've got a *long home*." It was even so; he *had* a home for life; or, as he said, a "long home." I learned that the kind-hearted Mr. H—— had lost an only son, and had taken little Robert to fill the "aching void," and he loved him as he did the lost one.

THE PRAYER OF FAITH; OR, THE MOTHER'S LAST LETTER.

To the child of my prayers, tears, and vows, this Paper is dedicated, to be read when I am no more:—

MY DEAR SON,—I am this day fifty years old, and this week I have reason to think you have been separated to the work of the ministry, consecrated an ambassador for the King of Glory to guilty men! I would bless God that I have lived to see this event; far greater is my joy, than to have seen you crowned an earthly monarch. And now, my son, as I am, not only by bodily infirmities but by age, called to look into the grave, I desire to set my house in order, that I may be ready to depart at the call of Heaven. For the honour of a faithful, prayer-hearing God, and for your encouragement in prayer, I now record some things respecting *you*.

You have often heard of my severe illness at your birth, perhaps by that my mind was better prepared to receive you as the peculiar gift of God. I think I have more evidence of acting faith in devoting *you* to God, than in the case of any of my other children. Your own memory will be the best witness for me, as to the pains I took in your education, to impress your mind early with a sense of Divine things. I am not conscious of having done more for you than for my other children; but when, in your early years, you discovered a propensity to vice, oh! how great was my distress for you, my son! I knew that you often witnessed my tears; but to the anguish of my *heart* you were a stranger. And when, in the face of all entreaties, instructions, warnings, reproofs, and corrections, you still pursued your reckless course, what refuge could I find but the throne of grace?

You will remember the day of fasting and prayer set apart by your father and myself on your behalf. My heart was that day pressed down with sorrow. I thought it would be comparatively easy to follow you to the grave, to what I then suffered; but my heavenly Father was pleased to show me, before the day was over, that my help and hope were *only in Him*, and to Him did my heart turn, as to its only refuge—insomuch, that when the day was ended, I felt as though my work was just begun. It is impossible for me to describe to you, (unless you know experimentally what it is to wrestle with God,) the ardour of my soul before the throne of grace on your account. At first I seemed to be content to plead for *restraining grace* for you, but I did not long rest there. The promises of a covenant God, respecting the righteous and their seed, were very sweet to my soul. I knew that God would be inquired of by the house of Israel to do this for them; it was His constituted way of bestowing the blessing; therefore, I had *confidence* to plead with Him. My work seemed plain before me; and I had no desire to relax in it until God should appear for *you*.

I told no one my feelings, not even your father; the work was between God and my own soul; and I *firmly believed* that He would, in His own time, answer my prayer. That you may the better judge of my feelings, I will relate one circumstance. In the course of a few months after these impressions on my mind, I was taken ill—so ill, that I thought God was about to remove me. *You* were then the nearest to my heart of any object in the world—my work as to you was not done—to whom should I commit it if I were removed? I determined to wait for more decided appearances in my disease, and if I found myself about to die, to commit this work to your father, enjoining it on him, as my dying request, *never to cease* wrestling with God for you, till you should be gathered

nto His fold; but God, in mercy to you and my other children, I hope, restored me, and with renewed vigour I returned to my closet and to my work.

When the first serious impressions were made on your mind that I was acquainted with, I felt a new and fresh engagedness in my work; sometimes the midnight hour has witnessed my prayers and tears for you. You will not now wonder, my son, that I was anxious to know your particular state of mind, while you were absent from me at college. Sometimes, indeed, I was ready to limit the Almighty, and say, "Oh, let the salvation of God come *this night* to my child!" but God taught me more commonly to be at His feet, and humbly implore the blessing in His own time and way. In His own time He has, I trust, brought you forth to the light, and you behold the righteousness of Jesus, your advocate on high!

When I am sleeping in the dust, look over this sheet, my son, and give glory to God, who has wrought such wonders for you. Look upward, and be animated to double your diligence in the work of the Lord. Remember, that short is the distance between us; and, as we are both infinitely indebted to free, rich and sovereign grace, will it not be unspeakable pleasure to celebrate that grace, for ever and for ever? And when you leave this mortal stage, may *your* children be left on earth a seed to serve the Lord God of their father, that through us His praise may be handed down to the latest generations!

Your affectionate Mother,

* * * * *

The good mother who wrote this letter had eleven children; five only survived her. Eight of the whole number, there is reason to believe, are truly converted to God, and two are ministers of the Gospel. The son to whom it was addressed has for a long time filled a highly important station in the Church of Christ, being one of her most laborious and successful ministers. His tears still flow as he opens and reads this sacred paper, written by his sainted mother. What a privilege to have had such a mother! How persevering is the spirit of real supplication! It *waits* on the Lord, and pleads, and pleads, until an answer comes from the throne of Jehovah. And how faithful is the prayer-hearing God! Read it over again, mother, and follow her example in pleading for your prodigal son.

THOUGHTS BY A WIDOWED MOTHER,

On Training a Dear Child who was early folded in the Shepherd's Arms.

COULD the account I am able to give of the childhood of my Robina improve other children, how thankful should I be. The opening mind of my little darling, even in her first years, discovered abundant field for cultivation. Her mind, lively and energetic, longed to get on. Between her third and fourth years she was almost self-taught to read. During that year I well remember how she used to sit for hours together with her infantile library around her, spelling out the words till, making out a sentence such as "My child, fear the Lord, and love Him," she would come, her eye beaming with delight, and say, "See, mamma, what a beautiful passage I have found this morning." Having obtained her kiss of approbation, she would run away again to her infant studies.

When about four years old, she could with ease read the Bible distinctly; she would not pass any thing without asking and being informed of its meaning. One day, in reading that "all had sinned," that "our nature was corrupted," that "the heart was deceitful," she, in great distress, asked me what then would become of her. I told her to pray much, and that God would give her a new heart. She asked how I knew that He would. I opened the Bible, and let her read the Lord's own words, by the prophet Ezekiel. (Ezek. xxxvi. 26.) In an ecstasy of joy she clasped her little hands together, exclaiming, "Now I know that God will do it, when He hath promised who cannot lie."

When further instructed that for this and other blessings He would yet be inquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them, she was delighted to betake herself to prayer (an exercise in which she very early took pleasure) as the means of obtaining them. In gently correcting her one morning for a little impatience and perversity, I opened the Bible and made her read, in Proverbs, my authority for so doing—"Foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child, but the rod of correction shall drive it far

from him ;" and informed her that it was done in obedience to God, and in love to her. She instantly clasped me round the neck, and, in an ecstasy of gratitude and affection, thanked me for correcting her when God bid me.

I WILL BE GOOD TO-DAY.

" I WILL be good, dear mother,"
 I heard a sweet child say ;
 " I will be good—now watch me—
 I will be good all day."

She lifted up her bright young eyes
 With a soft and pleasing smile,
 Then a mother's kiss was on her lips,
 So free and pure from guile.

And when night came, that little one,
 In kneeling down to pray,
 Said, in a soft and whispering tone,
 " Have I been good to-day?"

Oh, many, many bitter tears
 'Twould save us did we say,
 Like that dear child, with earnest heart,
 " I will be good to-day."

A MOTHER'S MUSINGS OVER A FIRST-BORN SON.

I HOLD within my fond and encircling arms—what? A "helpless immortal, insect infinite"—a babe whose soul can never die!—a soul which will expand in the sunshine of a blissful immortality, or for ever shriek amid the tortures of the "unquenchable flame." What will he become? Perhaps a Moses, who shall legislate for Israel ; or a Voltaire, imbued with the principles of infidelity ; or a Brainerd, who shall teach the heathen "Christ and Him crucified." Who is sufficient for these things? How much depends upon my influence whether he shall be the source of happiness or woe to millions yet unborn. My look, my words, my actions, my prayers, my tears, my training—all breathe with influence. May all be, therefore, sanctified to train this child for God!

HOW TIME FLIES!

WHEN you look back on certain years spent in a locality from which you are now removed, remember that so will your whole life appear to you when you come to die. How short seem those years in the comprehensive glance of memory! What thousands of petty anxieties that harassed your days are now as utterly forgotten as the shapes of last winter's clouds! How often did you disquiet yourselves in vain! And those faults, and those mistakes, and those omissions—now all irreparable! So will it be at the end of life. How important, then, are frequent observations, to determine, like the mariner, the course of the vessel. How necessary to live each day our best, if we would not look back with vain regret on months and years of comparatively feeble or useless life.

Selected by C. C.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

A JEWISH PROVERB.

HE who teaches not his son to do some kind of work, is as if he taught him robbery.

FORGET NOT THE UNHAPPY.

Forget not the unhappy, amid the bright and gay;
The world can give you nothing it will not take away;
Make much, then, of the moments ye never can renew,
And forget not the unhappy—for oh, their friends are few!

Their friends are few, and faintly they whisper comfort now,
And offer scant assistance, with cold and cautious brow;
Each minute they are gazing upon their watch to go,—
Oh, forget not the unhappy—for kindness cometh slow!

Forget not the unhappy, though sorrow may annoy;
There's something then for memory *hereafter* to enjoy;
Oh, still from fortune's garland some flowers *for others* strew,
And forget not the unhappy—for ah, their friends are few!

C. S.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Sting of Death. By S. S. London: The Book Society.

A nice little sketch of a family, likely to interest mothers.

“PRETTY LUCY;” OR, WHAT DO YOU GET BY SUNDAY TRADING?

AN old gentleman with silver locks was talking to a friend, whose aunt he had married, when the interesting facts we are about to relate were mentioned to her by this same ancient traveller.

One of a large family of handsome daughters, who had obtained the name of “Pretty Lucy,” lived on for forty years admired but not married. The reason she gave was, that although many had offered themselves, she had not found one quite suitable, and she thus remained bearing her youthful name, rather than wed one who did not see eye to eye with her in reading her Bible. At length, this same old gentleman crossed Lucy’s path, then in the prime of life and a widower with nine children. He pressed his suit very ardently, and the fair woman lent a listening ear, and, we guess, her heart listened too!

At length, a secret was revealed to her; and at one of his visits she said to him, “Dan, I cannot marry you.” The lover was taken by surprise, and asked an explanation? “Why, you see,” said the spinster, “I have been told you allow baking on Sundays in your business—is it not true?” “Yes, certainly, Lucy, it is. I have nine children; and, besides, you see, I should lose my customers—and many other things oblige me to do this.” “Ah, indeed!” said Lucy; “and you intend to go on in the same Sunday trading, do you?” “Oh dear, yes; I *must*. You see so much depends upon it, I cannot help myself—only think of my nine children!” “And you resolve to sanction breaking the Sabbath?” “Yes, I must bake, indeed.” “Then,” said Lucy, with great firmness, “you will never marry me!”

This was a terrible decision, for it was evident Lucy meant what she said. “Well, what could be done?” continued the old gentleman with silver hair; “I was determined to have ‘Pretty Lucy,’ so good-bye to Sunday baking.” When this work was ended, Lucy became his wife. “In six months after I was married, I was a far richer man,” said he, “than I had ever been in my life.” And now, when we write, he is living very

happily with "Pretty Lucy," now an old lady, but still handsome; and they are living, too, on their well-earned gains, *without* Sunday trading.

Now, mother, have you a shop, and do you open it for traffic on the Sabbath? If so, be sure what you gain on that holy day you will lose in the week; or you will put your money into a bag with a hole in the bottom—take care it does not drag you to the bottomless pit. Only think what an awful example you are placing before your dear children, daring to disobey the Almighty God? Then, how many dear little children you become the tempter to, by offering for sale sweetmeats and fruits on the Lord's day. Do you think the God of heaven will pass this by in silence? He never will—we warn you. He will speak to you in a voice of thunder by-and-by, and His awful curse shall pronounce the reward of the Sabbath trader. Take care, "He is not a man that He should lie." No; you will find this to your cost when too late.

There was a young man, some few years ago, who was hung, and he told the chaplain that the first thing which made him dare to sin was the fact that he knew his father put in a new bit of board to mend the floor of the room on the *Sabbath day*. Mother! let us whisper to you a moment. Do you wish your children should grow up Sabbath-keepers or Sabbath-breakers? "Oh!" you say, "Sabbath-keepers to be sure." Well, never you make any purchase or allow any one over whom you have any influence to do so on God's day; and more, if you know a tradesman in your city who will *not* traffic on Sunday, you go in the week and spend a penny with him, and tell him you admire his determination in the right direction, and that you will support him as far as you can, because he obeys God rather than man. Read this paper over once more, and give it your serious thoughts—do.

THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT.—No. II.

THE NIGHT OF PRAYER.

ON the last day of the year, Mrs. St. P—— and her daughter sat together by the fire in their small but comfortable drawing-

room ; the former held an open letter in her hand, and appeared to be in a state of deep meditation. Ellie's embroidery had fallen from her lap to the ground, and she, like her mother, seemed lost in thought. The letter is from Harry, who writes in high spirits and in praise of his new quarters and comrades. "I only wish," he went on to say, "you, my own dear mother, and little Ellie were here, then I should be perfectly happy. Friday is our colonel's birthday, and he gives a grand banquet to all the officers of the dépôt. I am rather sorry it happens on the last night of the old year, for I shall be thinking so much of you and Ellie; you will be so differently employed, I know; but it cannot be helped." And then he went on to describe some of his companions to his mother.

"Edward R——," said he, "is my most intimate friend. I am sure you would like him; he is so frank, and generous even to a fault. I shall bring him with me, if you have no objection, when I come home to see you." And so the letter went on; to a casual reader there was not much in it to cause distress to any one; but the anxious mother's heart found plenty—the coming banquet filled her with apprehension; how would Harry stand against the temptation? True, he had been tried before; but in his mother's home and surrounded with kind friends he had not been so open to attack; it had been one of her greatest cares to keep the wine-cup from her son. She had seen much of the fearful evils of intemperance; for she was the daughter of a celebrated judge, who had not only ruined and killed himself by drink, but had brought his innocent wife and children from affluence to comparative poverty. Her husband, while he lived, had seconded her efforts, but now there was only herself against a mighty army of tempters.

"Ellie, dearest," she said, "we can only pray that he may be kept from falling; it is our only resource; and God will hear a mother's prayer when her child is in danger. Oh, the quicksands and whirlpools that beset a young officer in a gay and fashionable town—few know. God in heaven, keep my boy!"

And they did pray, those two devoted ones, that the son and brother might be kept. Far into the night, when every or

also in the house was wrapped in silent slumber, those noble women kept their solemn vigil, and poured out their souls in fervent prayer. Towards morning, Ellie's fragile form bowed in deep weariness and exhaustion; her mother gently raised her in her arms and laid her on the bed. One by one the stars, those placid, lonely watchers, faded from the sky, and the pale blue moon died away; but still the anxious praying mother continued her supplications. By-and-by, a settled calm came o'er her troubled spirit, and she ceased her prayers and went to the window and drew aside the curtain. Morn had just arisen in the east, rosy and lovely, the first morning of a new year; the heaviness from her soul had gone; for a voice seemed to whisper in her ear, "Your son is saved,"—*saved, saved*, seemed to be borne on the fresh cold morning air; and the little robin, chirping on the window-sill, still seemed to sing the burden of the song in her heart—*Saved, saved*. Her soul joined, too, in the anthem of gladness. The first sound Ellie heard on that new year's morning was her mother's voice, singing—

"Salvation, oh the joyful sound,
 'Tis music in our ears,
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears."

Out upon the fresh morning air floated their united voices; and the burden was— "*Saved, saved!*"

"WILL MOTHER BE THERE?"

SOME time ago, (says a teacher,) I was called from my charge by a long sickness, and when I returned to my duties again, my weakness attracted the attention of the children, especially of one little boy of four years of age, who had lost his mother a short time before. "I am sorry," said the little fellow, "to see you look so ill; but I can tell you how to get well soon. PRAY TO GOD, and I will pray to Him for you." "How do you know, my dear, I shall get better then?" "Why," said he,

"you have often told us that praying is asking God for what we wish. You said, God would hear us if we really wanted what we asked Him for, and meant what we said; now, I found this out to be true when I was in London, at my grandmother's. She was very ill, and I told her all about it. She said, 'My dear, I know how good God is; I often pray to Him; and if it is good for me, I know He can make me well again.' Well, I and aunt, and grandmother, used to pray to God, and, do you know, she is quite well now. Well, teacher, I wondered how it was my mother did not get better; and when I thought, I remembered she never prayed to God, or taught me to pray—oh! if she had, perhaps I might have had a mother now! I will always ask God for what I want, and when I grow up like you, I will tell every one to do so too. I hope you will pray, and I know you will soon get well, and come and tell us more good things about God and heaven. Do you think, when I die, if I love God, I shall go to that happy place, and see you and grandmother there? O yes, I know I shall, for all who love Him will be there. You both love God, I know, and I will try to do so; but, OH, WILL MY MOTHER BE THERE? Grandmother told me that when my mother was a little girl, she had no friend to teach her how Jesus loves little children. All her friends thought more of her dress and dancing, and making her look pretty, but not one told her to pray. O, how I wish she would live again; I would ask her to come with me to school."

Alas! that dear child's mother was beyond the reach of teaching or prayer. How will that mother and boy meet, when we all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ? We shall know.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

MARIAN TERVELLIEN stood in her dressing-room; her maid had just put the "finishing touches" to her attire. The bright pearls were glistening in her sunny hair and on her arms; there was a flush on her cheek, and a bright sparkle in her blue eyes:

Marian was going to a ball, given in honour of the marriage of a young friend, and her heart fluttered as she thought of the pleasant evening before her. Three years before, Marian's mother had died, leaving herself and one sister, Rosalie.

The sisters were as unlike as possible; Marian was one to admire, but few loved her excepting her poor lame Rosalie, who had been her mother's comfort and principal nurse, through a long, tedious illness. Rosalie had been lame from her birth, and no wonder that the mother best loved her afflicted child. Marian, all life and beauty, was, as she used to say, "*not adapted*" for a sick room. Passionately fond of company, free of constraint at the death of her mother, the most of Marian's time was spent from home, or in receiving company at their own house. Sixteen years of age was poor lame Rosalie. She was a sweet, gentle girl, her health had ever been delicate; and many lonely hours did the poor child pass—and yet not lonely, for, young as Rosalie was, she was a Christian.

On the particular evening of which we have spoken, Rosalie was worse than usual; Marian had been to see her in the afternoon, and the poor child had vainly pleaded that she would spend that evening with her. "But I cannot, Rosie, dearest; what would everybody think? and then, I've set my heart on going to this party." "But, Marian, dear, I feel so ill, and it seems to ease me to have you sit by and hold my hand; and Marie, darling, look here," and the thin wasted hand took the small Bible lying by her side, and opened it at the fly-leaf. Marian took it, and read in her mother's handwriting, "For my daughter Rosalie, and may God bless thee, and keep thee unspotted from the world."

Marian closed the book. Her mother had given her a Bible, but she had never looked inside the cover. "Marie, darling," said Rosalie, "mamma asked that as much for you as me, and don't you think that the world has almost too much of your time?" "I don't know but it has, Rosie, dear; but, you see, I must go to-night; there is no time to send regrets, and then, to-morrow, I will turn over a new leaf, and you shall tell me what to do, Rosie." "There is no time like the present,

Marie, dear ; and I don't know why I so wish to have you at home to-night," said Rosalie. "Oh, you don't feel well, dear ; and you are a little nervous," said Marian ; "but don't let that sad, pale face haunt me all night ; give me one smile before I go, darling." Rosalie looked up and smiled, but there were tears in the upraised eyes that met her sister's glance. Marian kissed the pale cheek, and then hastened to dress.

"Will you read to me, nurse ?" asked the sick girl of her attendant, and old Amy read chapter after chapter of the Book Rosalie loved so well. She had heard the carriage drive from the door, and she knew Marian was gone, and her face grew a shade paler. "Thank you, nurse ; that will do," said Rosalie. "I will try and sleep now ; I feel tired," said she wearily. "I was dreaming of mamma, last night," she added, after a moment's pause ; "I thought I was with her, and I wasn't lame, but quite strong and well." "Poor dear," said old Amy to herself, "she'll never be well till she gets to the city where the inhabitants are never sick." Rosalie slept, and Marian danced the hours away. At times, when the thought of the gentle Rosalie crossed her mind, her bright face would be overcast, but only for an instant.

* * * * *

"Come closer, darling, I can't see you," said Rosalie ; "it's *getting dark*, Marie, dear ; the 'Valley of the Shadow of Death' is near, but I'm not afraid. You were to be good to-morrow, darling, but I shan't be here ; I shall be with mamma," and a bright smile passed over the pale face. "You will have my Bible, dear ; and, oh, dearest Marie, remember our mother's prayer. Speak to me, darling," said she, for Marian remained quiet ; she had been summoned from a gay scene to her sister's death-bed. "Speak to me, dear," urged Rosalie ; "you will come *to me, to us*," she continued ; "you will be good, and I shall see you again *there* in Heaven. Kiss me, darling ; it's so dark ; it will be bright *there* ! Oh *Mother ! Jesus !*" and the sweet voice was hushed.

Years have passed since then, and Marian still lives. She has

kept the promise made to the dying Rosalie. There is a shadow on her brow at times, but the "peace that passeth understanding" is in her heart; her constant prayer and aim is to keep herself "unspotted from the world."

LETTIE LEE.

OLD WOMEN.—No. III.

THE next character to which I must introduce my readers was a soldier's wife. She had, she said, gone with the army to India in her early days, soon after her first husband's enlistment. We became acquainted in rather a curious way. I was one day interrupted in my walk by the abrupt inquiry, delivered in broad Irish, "Were you not, my leddy, at the Total meeting the other evening?" I stopped, replied in the affirmative, and took a survey of the grotesque-looking individual before me. She was clothed in an old black bonnet, a tattered cloak, and still more tattered gown, with that indescribable air of desolation in her grey locks and furrowed cheek indicative of a drunkard's wife; and yet, as she smiled on me, there was an irresistible appeal for sympathy in her eye, that the Irish, perhaps, of all nations, can best assume. So I stopped to listen, while she poured forth, in her own rich brogue, a tale of cruelty and drunkenness, which ended by her removing her bonnet and disclosing her bare head, the grey hair of which was frightfully matted with blood, from a wound given her by a kick from her husband, who had first pushed her down stairs, and then with her Bible and some other matters had decamped to the pawn-shop, to raise money to get more of that accursed thing which had debased him below the brute.

I was a mere girl then, but having already found there were few men so unmanly as to strike a woman without much previous exasperation on her part, I commenced a series of cross-questions, which tardily elicited the fact that my companion was herself in the habit of taking (for a stomach complaint, of course) a little *peppermint*, which I also knew was an apology for *gin*. Power being, as I trust, divinely given me at the time, I was enabled to set the truth very plainly before her, urging her entire abstinence,

not only from intoxicating drink, but from every harsh or upbraiding word which would anger the partner of her life. She professed great desire to remove every occasion of stumbling from his way, and on promise of signing the total abstinence pledge directly, I gave her a shilling to redeem her Bible from the pawnbroker's. That afternoon she came to me, the little volume in her hand, and her eyes filled with tears, while she poured forth an exuberant growth of Hibernian blessings.

I often met the old soldier's wife after this interview, and I had the delight of finding that her husband gradually became most kind, and ceased to pour the vials of his drunken wrath on her. Only once she came in tears to tell me he had discovered a hoarded box of money, recently sent from her children in India for her special use, and had stolen it for the gratification of his depraved appetite. It was an hour to prove the strength of her Christian principles. I feared she would fall, and laboured with her long and earnestly ere I could prevail on her to say nothing till the drunken bout was over, and her husband again amenable to reason. Through grace she triumphed, and when she had, after many days, calmly remonstrated with the man, he, perhaps for the first time in his life, evinced sincere contrition.

The old woman's Irish gratitude to her adviser knew no bounds, and one instance of it was most amusing. A fire occurred at midnight in a carpenter's yard at the back of our house; though much alarmed it did not appear needful to remove, when in the very heat of the affair some one rapped violently at the door. It was no other than my old Irish friend, who had tottered nearly a mile and a half, dressed, as soon as she knew the fire was in the same street, to assist me. Certainly I should have been burned ere her arrival was possible, had not a higher power protected me, but the genuine love so drolly evinced completely won my heart. The husband shortly after obtained work in the docks, and removed from our town to Woolwich. I know not if she is now living, but trust she kept to the end the Scripture rule, "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

FELICE.

UNTIDY CHILDREN.

"Let all things be done decently and in order."

"I AM very grieved you should find the room so untidy, Mrs. Norton," said Mrs. Graham, after giving a kind welcome to her friend, who was come to take tea with her that afternoon; "but I was not aware my children had been in, as I see they have; for they never enter a room without upsetting all in it—they are so untidy. I do excuse them sometimes, as they are so young, but really it is often vexing."

Mrs. Norton pleasantly turned the conversation, and time passed quickly on until five o'clock, when in bounced a merry, lovely girl to the room, throwing off her bonnet and cape on to the table, and some school-books to the floor, and as rapidly bounced out again without seeing a stranger. "Amy, Amy!" called Mrs. Graham, "this is not the place for those things." Amy heeded not the words, but was soon in the nursery cutting dresses for dolly. "Now, is it not more than mortifying? I never saw such untidy children as mine. I may talk and scold from morning till night, and never make them any better," said Mrs. Graham, rising, as she spoke, to tidy away the things.

"Your little girl heard you call. Should she not have returned and put away those things herself?" ventured Mrs. Norton. "Well, perhaps she did hear; but you see she was in such haste to some pleasure, and mothers are often apt to look over little things; but still, if you walk over the house, you will see the rest of the children's things thrown down any way, just as they came from school; it makes me have to keep such a sharp look-out, it worrits me sadly; but what would you do?" "If they were my children, I would insist that each came back and put their things in the proper place." "Well, sometimes I do; but one can't be always boring children." "Certainly not; but after twice or thrice telling, and seeing that they did not attend, I should consider it positive disobedience, and punish them for it." "But I should never be done punishing them, which I never at any time like to do." "I believe not, if they

see you are determined to be obeyed; but if you sometimes look over their faults, or insist upon a thing being done now and then, and not regularly, they will, as you see, grow careless; whereas, if they see that you are determined to have your way, and say what you mean, they will soon obey you willingly, loving you more because you scold so much less. They will learn also to trust your word, and grow in orderly habits, which you do not doubt will be a great advantage to themselves." "I believe you are right," returned Mrs. Graham; "I will try your plan."

It was two months before Mrs. Norton again visited Mrs. Graham; but she often wondered if she had ever thought of the conversation, and could not help hoping, as she entered the house, she might find some improvement in the children. She had not been long seated before the children returned from school, and great was her delight to hear Amy's voice saying to her younger sister, "Take up your bonnet, dear, and bring it into the nursery, for mamma will have things put tidy *now*, you know." Mrs. Graham smiled as she also overheard the words, and said, "You see, I tried your plan, Mrs. Norton, although I found it hard for the first few days; yet I was determined to persevere for a week or two; but one week was plenty for the children; and now you would scarcely believe the difference of labour to myself and good to them. I believe there is not a more tidy set of children anywhere, and it does spare me much scolding, and therefore we are much happier, and, I must add, better tempered; and I trust I am thankful to my heavenly Father for putting words into your mouth to speak at the right season." J. R.

THE WIDOW CONFIDING IN THE WIDOW'S GOD.

"Let thy widows trust in me."—Jer. xlix. 11.

It is well. All that He does, who speaks these touching words, is well. It is well with you; for He who gave in love, in love has taken away the mercy that He gave. The companion of your youth, the friend of your bosom, the treasure of your heart, the staff of your riper and the solace of your declining

years is removed; but since God has done it, it is—it must be well. Look now at your deep and dark sorrow, the consequences of your loss—God has done it; and that very God who has smitten, who has bereaved, and who has removed your all of earthly good, now invites you to trust in Him. Chance has not brought you into this state; accident has not bereft you of your treasure; God has made you a widow, that you might confide in the widow's God.

“God has taken the widow's sorrow.” “Ye shall not afflict any widow.” “He doth execute the judgment of the widow.” “The sheaf in the field shall be for the widow.” “He relieveth the widow.” “He shall establish the border of the widow.” “A judge of the widow is God.” “Plead for the widow.” “If ye oppress not the widow.” “Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the widows in their affliction.” “Let your widows trust in me.” What a cluster of Divine consolations for the widow is here! Above all, their perfect sympathy with her lonely sorrow betrays the heart from whence they flow.

And who is the object of the widow's trust? “In me,” says God; none less than Himself can meet your case. He well considers in your sorrow and loneliness, which no one can meet but Himself, the best, the fondest, the most affectionate of creatures has been torn from your heart, is smitten down at your side. What other creature could now be a substitute? A universe of beings could not fill the void; God in Christ only can. O, wonderful thought! that the Divine Being should come and embosom Himself in the bereft heart of a human sufferer—that bereft and bleeding heart of yours. He is the God of the widow, and bids you lift your weeping eye and fix it upon Himself. He bestows a richer and a greater blessing than He removes. He recalled your husband, but He bestows Himself. And O! the magnitude of this gift. It is to have infinite power to protect you, infinite wisdom to guide you, infinite love to comfort you, at all times to stand by you, to supply your every need. It is to have the God who made heaven and earth, the God to whom the spirits of all creatures are subject, the God who gave His dear Son to

die for you, the God of the everlasting covenant, to be your shield, your provider, your God, for ever and ever, and your guide even unto death. You are to trust yourself into God's hands.

God seems now to stand to you in a new relation. He has always been your Father and your friend; to you He now adds the relation of a husband. He invites you with a new claim, not upon His love—for He has always loved you as He loves you now—but upon His especial and fonder care. You are to flee to Him in your loneliness, to confide to Him your wants, and to weep your sorrows upon His bosom. The widow's God speaks, "Let thy widows trust in me." Oh, have faith, then, in the living God, and all will be well with you for ever.

The God who cared for the widow of Zarephath, the Saviour who had compassion on the bereaved widow of Nain, is your God, and the same sympathy for your sorrow will enlighten the cares and cheer the desolateness of your widowhood. Only trust in God. Beware of murmuring at His dealings, of doubting His kindness, and of nursing your grief so as to refuse the consolation your God and Saviour proffers you. The sweetest joy may yet spring from your bitter, lonely sorrow; and the richest music, awakened from your unstrung and silent harp, could make the widow's heart to sing for joy. O, what joy cannot God's power and love create in that desolate, widowed heart of thine! Place it, then, lonely as it is, in God's hands; and breathing over His loving Spirit, He will turn your tears, your sighs, your moanings, into the sweetest harmony.

"My little all I give to thee;
Thou gavest a greater gift,
Thy Son to me."

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

THE DYING BOY.

"THOMAS P. K. did not appear to be in any danger," said a friend, "until the day of his death, when he was sensible that he

was near his end, and discoursed long and eloquently upon the subject, saying that he did not fear to die, on the contrary, he desired to do so, since this world had no attractions for him, beyond that he would like to live if he could be an honour to his family. He said he loved everybody and everything, and that he was going to the beautiful place he had beheld in his dreams. He continued sensible to the last. He was only sixteen.

On a soft couch the sufferer lay,
Sweet sleep had closed his weary eyes ;
His features, lit by Heaven's own ray,
Showed that his thoughts were in the skies.

He wakes—his dream of bliss is o'er—
The tide of life is ebbing fast ;
His bark draws near the heavenly shore,
And Time's dark seas are almost past.

"Mother," he said, "come near me now,"
And forth he reached his thin white hand,
"I feel the death-damps on my brow,
I'm going to the spirit-land.

"What blissful mansions wait me there !
Mother, I've seen them in my dreams,
And angel forms so wondrous fair,
How beautiful and bright it seems !

"Gladly I leave this world of care,
Its phantoms have no charms for me ;
But toils and sorrows wait me here,
Death from all pain shall set me free.

"Come nearer, mother ! let my eyes
Once more behold that long-loved face ;
Then joyous shall my spirit rise—
Mother, I've run my earthly race."

He said, and gently ceased to breathe ;
In Death's cold arms his body lies,
But angel forms were waiting near,
To bear his spirit to the skies.

THE GREAT WORD AND THE NEGRO WOMAN.

A POOR negro woman came one morning to the Mission House to be instructed to read the "Great Word." The missionary's wife, perceiving her great feebleness and age, gave her no

encouragement, but said that there were many young people she was anxious to teach, and her time was occupied. The aged woman admitted this, and replied, "Missie, me know you hab plenty do, but me get up dis morning at sunrise, and me pray to de Great Massa when me hab de face to de sun, and me say, 'Me Great Massa, beg you put it in missie heart, teach me read de great Word, and strengthen me feeble body, dat me go to missie at Parham,' and me set off; and, missie, me feel tired, and me sit down and me pray to de Great Massa to strengthen me, and de Great Massa hear me, and He help me, missie, to come across de hills, and now me come, me beg missie teach me."

The missionary's wife, still thinking her too old to learn, endeavoured to turn her from her purpose. The aged suppliant replied, "Yes, missie, me know me be very old, and (lifting her hands to her head) me head be very tick, and then me ask de Great Massa to teach me, and me know He can." The missionary's wife then asked her why she was so anxious to learn; to which the aged negress replied, "Missie, what make me wish is dat when me be sick and hab de fever, and me no able to come to de prayer-house, massa missionary hab plenty do, he no able to come to see me ebry day, and den me tink me no able to go, and den me can take up de great Word, and read all about Massa Jesus; you know, missie, it be light to de paff, and lantern to de feet, and it comfort me when me die."

The last appeal was irresistible, and a day was fixed for commencing to instruct this anxious inquirer. The poor old woman, having been provided with a book, came accordingly at the time appointed. She was unable to read a single letter, but by perseverance she was in a short time enabled to put letters together, so as to be able to spell a short word; and on one occasion when she had deciphered the word "Lord," her demonstration of joy was indescribable, and she said, "Missie, dat be de Great Massa's name." On assent being given, she let her book fall, and clasping her hands together, and raising them towards heaven, said, "O me, Great Massa, me able to spell dy great name;" and then attempting to spell it again, as if to be quite certain that she could do so, she repeated a second time the letters L-O-R-D, and

looking at her instructress, asked, "Missie, dat be right?" On telling her it was so, she added, "Tank de Great Massa for teaching me read de great Word," and at the same time praying most earnestly God would bless massa missionary and missie, and the good land (meaning England).

The aged scholar continued for some time in a state of joy and exultation, the tears rolling down her black cheeks, until the ground on which she stood was bedewed with them. She continued to attend, though at the expense to herself of great bodily exhaustion, having to travel alone, each time, four or five miles, under a scorching sun. He who had inspired her with a desire to read His sacred Word, enabled her to overcome every obstacle, and to make such progress, that before the missionary's wife left the island she could read the New Testament tolerably well, and it became her guide and companion.

BE CAREFUL, MOTHER.

A FEW sharp, hasty words, and Mr. and Mrs. Smith parted until dinner-time. As this was certainly not the first time this had occurred, Mrs. Smith soon forgot the circumstance, and commenced humming a tune, when the angry voices of her children attracted her attention. "O! how naughty to quarrel," she exclaimed; "you should never do that." "You and papa quarrel," was the quick reply of a bright boy of six. The mother could say no more; she was reproved for the moment.

A few days afterwards, as she related the incident to a friend, she ended by saying, "Was it not clever of him? but we should be careful what we say or do before children." Yet she did not observe how intently now her boy was listening to her, nor notice his bright smile, as he thought how clever he had been. Mothers, be careful; think how you speak, think how you act before children. That boy now believed what it took years to make him disbelieve, viz., that it was not wrong to quarrel. "It is not wrong, but clever, for mamma said so," was the constant reply of that really clever boy, when reproved for quarreling—and what answer could you give him?

J. K.

A SCRAP FROM HANNAH MORE'S JOURNAL,

Dated Bampton, 1782.

THE other morning, the captain of one of Commodore Johnson's Dutch prizes breakfasted at Sir C. Middleton's, and related the following little anecdote. One day, he went out of his own ship to dine on board another. While there, a storm arose which, in a short time, made entire wreck of his own ship, to which it was impossible for him to return. He had left on board two little boys, one four, the other five years old, under the care of a poor black servant. The people struggled to get out of the sinking ship into a large boat, and the poor black took the two little children, and having tied them into a bag, and put in a little pot of sweetmeats for them, slung them across his shoulder, and put them into the boat. The boat was by this time quite full; the black was stepping into it himself, but was told by the master that there was no room for him, so that either he or the children must perish, for the weight of both would sink the boat. The exalted and heroic negro did not hesitate a moment. "Very well," said he, "give my duty to my master, and tell him I beg his pardon for all my faults," and then plunged to the bottom, never again to rise till the sea shall give up her dead.

TO MY LOVED MOTHER.

I LOVE thee, mother! I love thee!

For I see thy gentle eye

Ever turn with look of fondness

As thy daughter passes by.

It speaks such pure affection,

Such deep, unchanging love,

I could deem it the reflection

Of the bright heaven above!

I love thee, mother! I love thee!

For oft our steps have trod

Together through the vale of woe,

Appointed by our God.

I have been with thee in sadness,

And mixed my tears with thine,

And in each happier hour

Thy gladness has been mine!

I love thee, mother ! I love thee !
 For thy kind protecting arm
 Is ever raised with anxious care
 To shield thy child from harm ;
 E'en thus may He who loves us
 Watch o'er my parent's life,
 Till death shall drop the curtain
 On this scene of woe and strife.

I love thee, mother ! I love thee !
 Nought can dissolve the chain,
 Which, if parted for a moment,
 Will yet unite again.
 I have been with thee in sadness,
 And mixed my tears with thine ;
 Thine example is my talisman,
 Till we meet in the sinless clime.

A MOTHER'S PRESENCE OF MIND.

AN infant was sleeping on a mat on the floor, in the East Indies, when a large snake made its way into the apartment and coiled itself several times round its little body, resting its head on its chest ; the head of the dear child inclining towards it so as almost to come in contact with that of the large monster. The mother entered the room to see that her little ones were comfortably disposed of for the night, when she saw the imminent danger of her infant, and with admirable presence of mind she retired quietly to inform her husband, who brought with him some benjamin, a frankincense much used in that country, which he immediately burned in the room. By this means the animal, being no doubt rendered uncomfortable from the suffocating properties of the smoke, slowly disengaged itself from the child, and when at a sufficient distance from it, was killed in its retreat. It proved to be one of the most venomous reptiles of the serpent kind ; and even if it had not bitten the child, its pressure round the body, had it been violently disturbed, would have suffocated or squeezed it to death. How very necessary for a mother to be able to control her feelings and act with caution amidst the varied circumstances and duties of her important and maternal relation to her family. And how happy the mother who has *Him* for her guide and helper,

who numbers the very hairs of the head, and suffers not a sparrow to alight upon the ground to gather up the crumbs without His notice and kind regard. Yes, He does indeed "condescend to our mean affairs," and proves the best Watchman to those who love and serve and honour Him. "The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and His ears are open unto their cry."

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

A LITTLE BOY'S THOUGHTS OF MEETNESS FOR HEAVEN.

"MA! will uncle Amos be in heaven?" asked little Conrad. "Oh yes, dear, I hope so." "Well, then, ma, I am sure I hope he won't." "Oh dear, my boy, how can you have such a wish?" "Why, ma, because he will always be saying, 'Oh—oh—oh—boys, out of the way—out of the way, you troublesome fellows, making such a row there at your play.'" "Poor uncle is old and nervous, dear." "Ah! but, ma, you say all who go to heaven must be made like Jesus here, and I am sure uncle Amos is not a bit like Him—not a bit."

EVERYBODY CROSS.

"Mother, will there be any washing days in heaven?" "No, no, my child; how can you ask such a foolish question?" "Well, then, mother, I am glad of that, for on washing days here on earth everybody is cross—so I am glad."

GERMAN PROVERB.

When the tree is great its planter is dead.

WHICH DO YOU CARE FOR?

Two things are by a mother committed to her servant's care—the child and the child's clothes. What would a parent say, if on her return she were to be addressed thus: "Madam, here are all the child's clothes neat and clean, but the child is lost." O, with what feelings will parents, in that great day, give in their account to God, who have neglected their children's eternal interests? Must they not confess, "Lord, I neglected nothing that related to the content and welfare of my child's body, but his soul, alas! is lost—cast away for ever. I took little thought and care about it."

CONTENTMENT.

Contentment, according to the common adage, is better than riches. And why is it better? Not merely because there can be no happiness without it, but for the sake also of its moral dignity. Mankind, we know, are placed on earth to have their hearts and understandings exercised and improved—some in one sphere and some in another; to undergo various trials, and to perform divers duties—that duty, which in the world's estimation may seem the least, often being the most important in the eyes of our heavenly Father. Well and wisely has it been said, in words which I need not scruple to quote here,

God doth not need
 Either man's work or His own gifts; who best
 Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best. His state
 Is kingly—thousands at His bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
 They also serve, who only stand and wait.

A PRAYING LITTLE SON.

The mother of a Sabbath-school boy, about thirteen years of age, who had just lost her husband, overwhelmed with grief, exclaimed,—“Oh, how I shall miss your father at morning and evening prayer!” “Yes, mother,” said the boy, “we shall miss him—but for all that, we must not forget, nor omit it; and if you like, I will try.” This dear boy has conducted the family worship ever since.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Fear Not: by Rev. J. SMITH; and *Watch and Pray*, by the same Author. London: H. J. Tresidder.

Two charming little works.

Never Despair. A Pastoral Reminiscence. London: H. J. Tresidder.

A very encouraging narrative for those who care for the outcasts.

A Sight of Christ. By Rev. D. THOMPSON. London: H. J. Tresidder.

Sweet words of comfort for the “heavy laden.”

The Unwritten Wonders of the Grace of Christ. By H. BONAR, D.D. London: Shaw and Co.

A little book which has charmed us.

The Voices of Spring. By D. T. INGHAM. London: Kent & Co.

A very beautiful, poetical, short “lecture.”

GETTING OVER THE STILE IN A STORM.

QUICKLY and cheerfully did Sarah May get over her Sabbath morning's necessary work, every preparation for which she had made on Saturday evening. The bed-rooms were all in order—the breakfast things all in their place—and all necessary comforts arranged for her husband, who loved Sarah well, but did not love Sarah's God; and when any thing about the Bible or religion came in his pathway he became a very Nabal. Sarah was soon clad in her Sunday gear, and tripped lightly down the little garden, at the bottom of which was a stile leading to the public road. Sarah generally heard a laugh or some disagreeable speech as she, from time to time, passed out of her home to go to the temple of her God. Poor Sarah's heart was often made very sad by her husband's rough manner, for she was a very gentle, sensitive creature, alive to every rough word or unkind look. Alas for Sarah! her husband had no sympathy with such natures.

This morning, however, George did not appear at the door as usual to say his taunting word, so she went on with joyous step towards the house of prayer; but he suddenly appeared at her side, just as she had put her foot to pass over the top of the stile, and roughly grasping her gown, he exclaimed, "Sarah, you shan't go to-day!" "Why not, George?" she gently asked; "I have done every thing for your comfort—why would you hinder me from my greatest pleasure on earth?" "I don't care, you shan't go, that's all; and I say it. You shan't go." Then, suiting the action to the word, he pulled her backward with a rough hand, and pushed her along the garden path towards her home again.

Sarah was not inclined to contend with the strong wicked man, so she lifted up her heart to her heavenly Father, quietly walked back into her house and went up stairs. The husband followed her and stood in the middle of the room while Sarah removed her bonnet and cloak—this done, she looked into her husband's face, saying, "Well, George, since I must stay at home, I must pray;" then, kneeling down, she lifted up her voice in supplication to her heavenly Father for herself and her husband;—the strong man remaining very quiet, leaning on the back of a chair. Prayer was

no sooner offered than answered. When the wife arose, George came towards her, looking very subdued, and said in a kind voice and gentle manner, "There, now, you may go in the evening, and I will go with you."

Poor Sarah could scarcely believe she heard aright—but so it was. Her gentleness towards him and her earnestness with her God had conquered the hard heart and made it tender. He hindered her no more. She was welcome ever more to trip over the stile as early as she liked on the Sabbath morning, and generally George himself followed soon after. Not many months after this, George May was taken ill, and for a long time he lay on a bed of languishing, very unhappy, restless, and suffering in mind and body.

Poor Sarah's anxious heart pleaded for him, earnestly and constantly, and, like the mother of Canaan, she could not let her Lord pass by without a healing word for his priceless soul. At length the answer came—George found himself undone without an interest in Jesus. Sarah's kind teachings and earnest pleadings at length helped him to look to the Saviour, and ask like a little child for the teaching and influence of the Holy Spirit. Often, when in suffering and distress, did his languid eye rest on Sarah as she smoothed his pillow and whispered words of comfort to him; and with tears of gratitude overflowing and coursing down his pallid cheek he would say to her, "What should I do without you, Sarah?"

At length, after months of suffering, George seemed meetened to dwell among the redeemed in heaven. Sarah stood by his grave, feeling sure that on the resurrection morning he would come forth among the glorious multitude, who will exclaim, "This is our God, we have waited for Him." Thus did prayer and faith and patience reap a rich reward even in this life, and give Sarah hope that among the glorified there would be one casting his crown at the feet of her Lord to whom she had been the means of showing the way of salvation. Many a wife will read this true story, who has to walk in the narrow way alone; let Sarah's success be an encouragement to you. Gentleness, prayer, faith and kindness may, under the Divine blessing, soften the hardest heart.

AND SHE SANG A LAST STRAIN AS SHE FORDED THE RIVER.

“And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flower she most did love,
She knew she should find her child again,
In the fields of light above.”

MOTHERS! once more we say, be encouraged, cases innumerable transpire to assure you that your heavenly Father hears and answers prayer. Let me give you an illustration.

R. V. was very early an object of special interest to her beloved family. Never robust in health, she survived the years of childhood and youth; she was noticed in the circle of home, as a gentle, quiet, affectionate little creature, always ready to tender kind offices to those who required them. She was the youngest child, and of course the pet of the family. As she grew up, her comparatively weakly health kept her entirely beneath the wing of her loving mother, and made her the object of her constant solicitude. She was, of course, a child of many prayers.

Thoughtful and meditative, the usual sports of young persons were not much in favour with her; she preferred her Bible or some religious book to read in quiet alone, or with her dear mamma. At the age of thirteen, Divine truth, through the medium of preaching, first deeply affected her heart, and that heart was speedily dedicated, in Christ, to God. From this time, her principal delight was in the study of God's word, and the use of public and private means of grace. The natural result was seen in her reverence for God, in her attachment to Christ, in her dependence on the Holy Spirit, and in the very beautiful consistency of her spirit, her conversation and conduct, in her daily intercourse with her family and the world. From year to year, those who observed could mark distinctly a growing sympathy with Christ and with His cause, and earnestness in the endeavour to direct unbelievers to Him.

“**THE MOTHERS' FRIEND**” was her special favourite. She loved to visit the cottages of the poor, and no publication seemed to her so likely to interest and do them good as this little book.

In a village where for a short period her family resided, she succeeded in procuring nearly sixty regular subscribers, and in another village, some years after, she had obtained upwards of fifty more. "*The British Workman*," too, was always in her satchel, to sell to any wanderer she could induce to buy.

Circumstances prevented her making a public profession, by union to a Christian church, till about three years after her conversion, but she lived near to God. It was to her a happy day, when she publicly declared (youthful though she was) that Christ Jesus was her chosen Saviour and portion for ever. From that period an unostentatious but persevering devotedness was daily visible; to all Christians who made her acquaintance she appeared very eminently spiritual and sincere. Thus devotional, and a close student of God's word, her soul matured, and faith working by love was ripening her for the end. Often with an aching heart, though subdued by her evident preparedness, did her beloved mother anticipate at no distant period the sad separation, yet she ceased not to pray. Mothers! in anticipation of great trouble you need especially to pray, not that the trial may be averted, but that you may be prepared to receive, sustain, and improve it.

About six weeks since, the first decided interruption to her usual health took place by an attack of epilepsy, followed, at short intervals, by two successive severe fits. These prostrated her little remaining strength, and tended to accelerate disease of the lungs, of which she had experienced before decided symptoms. It was manifest, after a few days, the end was drawing near. It was a great comfort to her loved ones that her mind was perfectly clear. On Sunday morning, the 23rd of September, she became conscious at an early hour that the day had come, and the hour not far off. Two of the family left her bed to attend public worship at ten o'clock; soon after eleven she began calmly and quietly to prepare for the final summons. She requested all to come around her and wait for those who were absent.

As soon as all were present, with a cheerful countenance and a voice full of peace she said, "I am very happy, I am very comfortable; you know in whom I have believed; and Jesus is about

to take me where (as He said) there are many mansions. I entreat you, weep not—do not cry, but bid me farewell, and *be sure you follow me to heaven.*” She then peacefully kissed each, and turning to the little girl who was the servant, she said, “Good bye, Mary; you know you told me last week you desired to love Jesus; see to it that you do so, and follow me to heaven.” She then sang, very clearly and distinctly, twice over—

“We all shall meet in heaven at last.”

She then conversed a little on the probability of her knowing, in heaven, those whom she had known on earth. She became exhausted, and said, “Now all sit down, stay very quiet, and wait.” She laid her head on a pillow in her sister’s lap, and kept her eyes steadily fixed, first on one, then on another, of the sorrowing group. Thus they remained an hour and a half, when, hastily rising and sitting erect, she extended her arms and motioned for them to kiss her once more. As each pressed her dying cheek, she audibly whispered, “Good bye!” and in less than a minute fell back on her pillow, insensible, and spoke no more. In the arms of her beloved mamma she breathed about twenty minutes, and ceased as placid as an infant’s sleep. Mothers! my heart is full as I record it, would you not see your children thus “Depart in peace,” thus “fade away into the light of heaven?”

This dear young creature was just nineteen, usually the season when youth longs for life—but her “life was hid with Christ in God.” “When Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall she appear with Him in glory.”

I fear this paper is already too long, but I do just wish to point out what to me appeared emphatically the secret of her entire cheerfulness and peace. It was implicit, unhesitating confidence in the Word of God. She read, believed, trusted; and it carried her safely through. Blessed! ever blessed religion of Jesus! “He is faithful who has promised, who also will do it.”—Hallelujah! Amen.

J. O. V.

THE LAST SONG OF THE MAIDEN.

THEY are gathered—where are they gathered?—just by the gate of death,
 To watch a fair young maiden panting away her breath ;
 Deep was the heart's anguish, and fast the tears would flow,
 As they listened to the loved one, speaking so faint and low.
 " Be still," she gently whispered, " nor speak, nor move, nor weep,
 I like to watch you all, ere I take my lasting sleep."
 So they nestled round the dying couch, to see the dear one die,
 And look their last on that fair form, now meetened for the sky ;
 They heard her sing ere she passed away
 Of heaven, and this was the solemn lay :—

" I go to heaven ; oh joy for me !
 I glide along Death's dark cold sea ;
 The angels come, the shadows flee,
 Beloved ones, oh, follow me !
 I go where the frame shall ne'er grow old,
 Where no use is found for the miser's gold,
 Where no cheek shall blanch, nor hair grow grey,
 Beneath the sun of that endless day.
 I go to walk in a robe of white,
 And a crown of gold 'mid dazzling light,
 By the jasper wall, and the pearly gate,
 Where the banners wave and the victors wait.
 More glorious than earth's rich marble halls,
 Is the palace beyond those jasper walls !
 I charge you, dear ones—all meet me there ;
 The way is free, and the road is clear,
 For Jesus has cast up a safe 'highway,'
 That pilgrims may live in eternal day.
 Then weep not, mother, nor mourn your loss,
 I won the prize at the Saviour's cross.
 I thank thee for all thy tender care—
 Hark ! angels are come !—I see them there ;
 I pass to glory, welcome and free,
 I go to heaven ! oh, joy for me !
 On seraph's wings I mount, I fly ;
 No more I weep, no more I die ;
 Jesus, my Lord, I come to thee ;
 Yes, yes ; I come—oh, joy for me !"

Thus sang the parting spirit, as life was ebbing fast,
 They parted for a season, to meet in heaven at last ;
 The voice grew mute as the harp unstrung,
 But our hearts still hear its echoes rung ;
 We hear that echo when the twilight creeps,
 And in midnight hours, when the light heart sleeps ;

We hear them in homes of the young and gay,
Where they whisper of her who has passed away,
And they say—"Press on, in heaven there's rest,
And Rebekah is there among the blest."

September, 1860.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG MEN.

THE YOUNG CLERK WHO DARED TO DO RIGHT.

THE true narrative we are about to relate, dear young men, was mentioned by a clergyman who knew the young man, and the truth of the interesting facts. William G—— was clerk in a large office, and late on one Saturday night his master came to him with a large bundle of papers, saying that he had quite forgotten to give him those papers before, but that he must write them all out by the next night. William said that this was impossible to him, for the next day was Sunday; but he offered to sit up and write them until twelve o'clock that night, and he said that by rising very early on Monday he would have them all finished by breakfast time. The secretary asked if, then, he refused to do them, to which he firmly though politely replied, that "He could not break God's commandment." He fully knew the consequence of a refusal, and knew also that he had a widowed mother depending upon him, as well as a little sister, for whose schooling he paid. The secretary demanded how much remained of William's salary to be paid, and immediately dismissed him, saying, "He hoped he and his conscience would be able to get through the world together."

William went home much dejected; he said nothing about his trouble, but as he sat at the supper-table, with his mother and sister, they soon perceived from his sorrowful aspect that something troubled him. After supper he related his sad tale, and his mother answered that she rejoiced in having a son of such high principle, and one whose conscience would not allow him to break God's commands. His sister said she would try how much she could earn by needlework for their support, and, on the following Monday, William was to seek for employment. Monday came—the whole day he was seeking to hear of some situation, but in

vain. Tuesday came and went in the same way; on Wednesday he was again unsuccessful; and by Thursday hope had well-nigh failed him.

It was very late on Thursday night when a loud knock was heard at their door, and a person came to inquire if William G—— lived there. As he was answered in the affirmative, the stranger told him that he came to offer him a valuable and important situation, which was nothing less than to be cashier in a banking establishment. He related how he had heard of William. Having inquired of his former master if he could recommend him a very conscientious and trustworthy young man, the secretary named William G—— as being one who acted too much upon principle for *him*, and he then stated the reason of his dismissal. The banker felt assured that William would be faithful to him, as he acted upon principle, and at once engaged him, giving a double salary to what he had before received. William's mother rejoiced in this remarkable opening for him, saying that he would never fail to remember these words, "Those that honour me I will honour, and those who despise me shall be lightly esteemed."

Mother, train your boy to be upright, sincere, truthful, *conscientious*—a lover of all God's commandments, so shall your heart rejoice in seeing him highly esteemed by good men; and when you part, at the gate of the dark valley, it will be with a good hope of meeting him in the better land, among the blessed.

PROVIDENCE.

"Regard nothing lightly which the wisdom of Providence hath ordered."

MOTHER! Are you sometimes afraid the loaf will not last till another comes? Do you take a small slice yourself that the little hungry ones around you may have a larger? Yes! you do; we know some of you who do. Are you quite sure you believe that not a sparrow alights on the ground to pick up a crumb without the notice of Him who placed it there for it? Are you quite sure He condescends to arrange your mean affairs, and that the very hairs of

your head are numbered? You think you do! Always—eh? Well, then—you cheerfully trust Him—He *will* appear for you. The Psalmist said—"I have been young and now am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

These words were repeated once by a good man on his dying bed, when taking leave of his weeping wife and *ten* dear children; and the God on whom he rested, and whose careful tenderness he prayed for to attend his dear ones all along the path of life, listened and answered, and every one of these children are respectable members of society, following the example of parents passed into the skies. The silver and the gold, and the cattle upon a thousand hills, are the Lord's, and He can make the very birds of the air purveyors to His friends *now*, as He did in the time of Elijah. Your Father knoweth what ye have need of before you tell Him, yet He likes you to whisper all your wants into His ear. Listen to a tale of a poor father, who was helped by a little singing bird.

Early one morning he was standing at his door, disconsolate—his eyes red with weeping, and his heart sighing up to heaven—for on this day he expected the officers would seize him for a small debt, and none seemed inclined to come forward with a loan. While thus reclining, oppressed in heart, a bird timidly fluttered to and fro in the street as if its peace were likewise disturbed—all at once, it flew over his head with the swiftness of an arrow, into the house, and alighted on an empty cupboard. The good man, not anticipating who had directed the bird to him, quickly closed the door, caught the little songster and secured it in a cage, where it immediately began to sing—this was like a ray of sunshine on the poor man's heart, and he listened with delight. Suddenly, he heard a knocking at the door. Alas! thought he—the officers are come! and he was filled with alarm. On opening the door, it proved to be the servant of a lady, who told him his neighbours had observed a singing bird fly into his house, and asked him if he had caught it. "Yes, I have," said the man; "here it is; take it;" and the servant departed with the bird—but in a few moments he presented himself again. "You have done a great service to my lady," said he; "for she

values exceedingly the bird which had escaped from her; she begs you will accept this trifle with thanks." When the officers came, he said to them—"There is the amount of my debt, take it, and leave me in peace; my God has sent this to me."

Thus we see that there is nothing on the earth so small but it may produce great things, and our heavenly Father can make the birds of the air messengers of His bounty to us. Let those who do not believe with us curl the lip and sneer, we will stand unmoved by the living Rock, trusting in Him who maketh the clouds His chariot, and rideth upon the wings of the wind—directing the wing of a bird as much as the wing of an archangel.

THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT.

THE BANQUET.

MUSIC and laughter resounded through the spacious hall, the ringing of glasses mingled with merry voices, and all was hilarity and mirth. A goodly number of the high-born and noble had assembled to do honour to the brave Colonel T——. It was his jubilee birthday, and he had given this magnificent entertainment to the officers of the dépôt at B—— to commemorate the event. A grand ball was to take place after the banquet, to which the rank and beauty of B—— had been invited and were expected to attend.

Harry St. P—— was there, the gayest of the gay. It was a dazzling scene—splendour and brilliancy made up the whole. The gay uniforms of the officers were reflected in numberless mirrors, and the thousand drops of the chandeliers sent forth countless rays of sparkling light. One would not have thought, to have seen these gay men, that most of them had but just returned from the seat of war; and that but a short time since they had been engaged in battle, with thousands falling around them, and wading deep in the blood of their countrymen and friends. Yet so it was, and for this evening, at least, all seemed to have agreed to put away unpleasant memories.

The Colonel's health was proposed, and a hundred guests or more raised high their glasses filled with sparkling wine and drained them. Harry St. P——'s alone stood untouched—there was a

mighty struggle going on in his breast. It was only just this once, he thought, and he would never touch wine again. There could not be so much harm; and besides, how singular it would look; what excuse could he make? The tempter had conquered, and he raised the glass of rich ruby wine to his lips; but one moment more, and his glass was on the table again, *untasted*.

The memory of his pious mother's prayer rose before his mental vision, and the words, "Keep him, O Father, from falling into temptation," rang in his ear. He was arrested ere he fell; the mother's prayer was heard—the son was saved. A hundred eyes were on him in questioning surprise; but the young hero stood boldly firm before them all—he felt he had gotten the victory. The temptation was past.

"What! refuse to drink the Colonel's health! why, what is the reason, St. P——?" was asked by a dozen voices. "Brother soldiers and gentlemen," he began, "I feel there needs an apology for my strange conduct; I will give it. I esteem and respect our beloved Colonel as much as any of you, but a sacred promise given to a beloved mother binds me. Never yet has wine passed my lips. I do not know the taste of any intoxicating liquors; and I promised my mother when I left her that if I could help it they never should. Comrades, smile at what seems to you my childishness, if you will; but *I cannot break the promise I made my gentle mother*. With my whole heart and soul, I wish our Colonel health and every happiness, as well as if I had bathed the words in fiery wine; and, witness every one of you, I here this hour ratify that sacred promise—intoxicating liquors shall never pass my lips, so help me, my God."

There was a deathless silence when Harry sat down, but in a moment one mighty burst of applause filled the room, and a score of hands were held out to grasp those of the hero abstainer. In their heart of hearts, those men—careless, reckless, though they were—felt what the temptation had been, and what the victory must have cost, and they honoured him from their very souls. Colonel T—— rose from his seat and approached Harry. "God bless you, my boy," said he, "you have taught us a lesson; be true to your mother, come what will. I envy the mother of such a

son. You have made me your friend; command me at any time."

The fear of ridicule, which had been his greatest drawback, had vanished, and he made more friends that night than he would have made for years. It would have been a proud hour for the mother could she have seen her son, as he stood there in his glorious young manhood, in the midst of that gay assembly, thus showing his respect to his mother's teachings by keeping the promise he made her.

Lieutenant St. P—— was missed from the gay company in the ball-room that night. Bright and beautiful eyes looked in vain for his coming; he was seen there no more. Alone, in his room at the barracks, he sat secure from interruption, and he held in his hand his sister's Bible. Chapter after chapter he read; one verse alone seemed to give him comfort; it was—"For we have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."

"He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He has felt the same,"

he repeated to himself; then he fell on his knees beside the little camp bedstead, and poured out his soul in prayer for pardon and forgiveness. All night long he wrestled for the blessing, and obtained it; and when the first sun of the new year shed his rays on the earth, Harry St. P—— left his chamber a believer in the full atonement of Jesus, and reconciled to God through the blood of the Lamb. And thus, all through the lonely hours of the night, the throne of grace had been besieged by the prayers of the mother and son, unknown to each, and they obtained the blessing. Great were the rejoicings when Harry's letter was received with its blessed tidings; it was the happiest hour of the mother's life, for her prayers were answered, and she had gained the victory.

Pray on, Christian mother, and like Mrs. St. P——, you will see of the travail of your soul and be satisfied. A mother's prayer is the sweetest perfume in Heaven—the delight of angels and the redeemed. Then pray on, pray ever, until you can cry—*Saved, saved*; even then, *Pray*.

NOT A MINUTE TO SPARE.

AN idle school-girl was once seriously expostulated with about some duties which she had neglected, and others which she had badly performed. "I cannot help it—I'm sure I cannot; I can't do any more than I do. I never have a minute to spare; I am always at work." This girl thought she spoke the truth, but she did not. She did not know the true meaning of the term "idle." For instance, if she sat at work for an hour, but only did what she was well able to accomplish in half an hour, she would have thought it very unjust and unkind had she been accused of idleness. If she sat with her head resting on her hands, her elbows on the table, or what was very often the case, leaning over the fire with a book on her lap, looking at it and lazily learning from it, and were reproved and counselled to more industry, she would spurn both the reproof and the counsel, however kindly given, and, perhaps, even hate the reprover. And at the close of the day she would wonder how it was that she had not time for her duties, whilst her companions got through theirs with so much ease; but always ended by lulling her conscience with the idea that their abilities were greater than hers, and that too much was required of her. She could not, or would not, see that it is quite possible to be *doing something* and yet to be *very idle*. For her Bible she had "not a minute to spare,"—no time to be neat—no time for her studies—no time for her health—no time to do kind things for others. She was hardly dealt with! Her heavenly Father had heaped commands upon her, and given her no time in which to obey them! Parents and teachers were all unkind, or they would not have been so unreasonable in their demands! "I am sure I have not a minute to spare," was her almost unvarying reply to all who sought to do her good.

"There now, the bell rings; and I'll be off!" said Charles B. to his playmate; "and you may gather up the marbles and put away the tools." "Now, Charles, don't go, pray don't. If you leave me I shall be too late, and the door will be shut and I shall be fined." "Fined! you paltry little miser, and what care I for

that?" and off he scampered as fast as his legs could carry him. From another part of the same play-ground ran a number of boys, amongst whom was a fine tall lad, who, in passing, saw Henry's distress. "What's the matter, my little fellow?" "Oh! Fred! I and Charles were at play together, and he has left me to gather up all the marbles, and to put the tools away. He said he could not 'spare a minute' to help me, and I know I sha'n't be in time and master will be so angry, and fine me." "Never mind, Harry, I'll help you, and we'll soon scramble up the marbles, and be in time, too; and if not, I'll pay half your fine and my own into the bargain. Come, cheer up!"

The two boys made haste and reached the school-room just before the door was finally closed. Fred had always time to spare for kind actions, and money to spare for generous ones. Charles had neither time nor money for any but himself. Fred had a pious and judicious father, and an equally devoted mother, whose early care had been to train up their son in the fear of God, and in kindness and beneficence to all around him. That morning he had repeated to his father, at the breakfast-table, as his text for the day, "As we have, therefore, opportunity, let us do good unto all men;" and "Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted." Fred thought of his texts when he saw his little schoolfellow in trouble.

Charles, too, had a father, but a far different man. He boasted of his son's fine spirit, and prognosticated from it something great in the future man. But what kind of spirit did he manifest? He was disobedient to his mother, teasing to his sisters, unkind to his schoolfellows, gave trouble to the servants. The spirit on which his father built his hopes was, in fact, an evil spirit, far removed from the spirit of the only perfect man, who was also perfect God, "The man Christ Jesus." This boy grew up to be a godless, selfish, overbearing young man; a grief to his parents. What, in childhood, they had laughed at, they were now left to mourn over. They had spared no time to train him in his early years; he now spared none to seek to add to their happiness. How true is God's word, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

OUR BABY.

ABOUT ten months ago a poor mother first came into the Mother's Society, bringing her baby, then about six weeks old. I thought I had scarcely ever seen so sweet a child. The expression of the little face reminded me of something holier and purer than is usually to be met with in this fallen world, and I did not wonder it was said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven. I knew both the father and mother. The father was a genius of no common order, and but for the fatal habit of *drinking*, would have risen in the world. The mother had known better days, and not having much spirit, she had too easily resigned herself to her fate, and scarcely exerted herself as much as she might have done to avert the evils that surrounded her—consequently, their home was an unhappy one.

On the first evening of the introduction of these little ones we are in the habit of commending them in prayer to the especial care and protection of our heavenly Father. I am afraid the prayer that night was not mixed with faith as it ought to have been. I remember thinking of the home in which this child was to be trained, and of all the evil influences to which he must be exposed, and I wondered how he was to be led

. . . "Straight through this world of sin,
And get to heaven at last."

I thought of him tossed on the tumultuous sea of human passions, without any strong and kind hand to guide the helm, and I could have wept as I prayed that he might be shielded from life's bitter trials and temptations.

"I longed for that happy and glorious time,
The fairest, and brightest, and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall come to His arms and be blessed."

I could not sleep that night without again committing this sweet child in prayer to Him who "carries the lambs in His bosom." This mother and baby were so constant in their attendance, that we should have suspected something wrong, if they had not made their appearance. As the baby grew he became

still more and more lovely; he smiled sweetly when he was noticed, and we all loved him so much, that he was universally called "Our Baby." I occasionally took him on my lap when I was reading, that the mother might get on the faster with her needlework. He used to sit quietly making playthings of my fingers, or looking intently in my face, that he might be ready with his sweet smile when he was noticed.

I had just begun to read, on the first evening on which our baby and his mother were absent, when the door opened, and a woman passed hastily up the room, and took her seat on a low box by the side of the fire. She leaned forward, resting her head on her arms, and began to weep bitterly. I looked up for an explanation—one of the women said, "She lost her baby, ma'am, a day or two ago, and she takes on terribly about it." We all remained silent for some minutes, for we felt the sacredness of the presence of grief; they were precious minutes to me, full of earnest thought and feeling. It was for the loss of "our baby" that the poor mother's tears were flowing so fast. No wonder that so many hearts there sympathised in her grief, and that thoughts too deep for words kept us silent.

The mother was the first to speak; she said, "Ma'am, do you remember the first evening I brought him here? You looked at him so, and said he was a pictur' child." "Yes, I was just thinking of it." "We liked that name for him so much, it made his father think more of him; he would watch him asleep in the cradle, and say, 'Well, that is a pictur' child, if ever there was one.' I never had anything so good belonging to me before, and never shall again." "Do you remember a little while ago," I remarked in reply, "when the weather was so cold, telling me you feared the baby suffered for want of warmer clothes than you were able to procure for him, and that the coarse food, which was all you could get, did not agree with him?" "Yes; I mind he made me *feel* how bad it was to be poor: I never cared for it before." "Supposing I had promised to take the baby into my house and surround him with every comfort, and care for him as for one of my own children, would you have given him up?" "Why, yes, I think I should, if I could have seen him very often,

for nothing troubled me so much as to see him suffer." "If I had taken him you would still have had to see him suffer, for although I might have made him more comfortable than you could, I could not have shielded him from the attacks of disease and death. But he is gone to a home now where he will never suffer any more. The gracious hand of his heavenly Father has wiped away the tears that distressed you so much; as the Scotch song says—

"There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair, Jean,
In the land o' the leal" (faithful).

EARLY TRAINING.

THE employment which was prepared for unfallen man was to *dress and keep* the garden which God himself had planted. Easy and delightful task! For no canker worm, no symptom of decay, marred the freshness of the bright and fragrant flowers; no noxious weeds choked the tender plants; no blight fell upon the ripe and luscious fruit. Adam was to keep, to retain, to hold fast this precious possession. But when our first parents rebelled against the one command of their God, and by an act of wilful disobedience brought sin and death into the world, how was the aspect of creation changed! Banished from the presence of their Creator, and driven from the lovely spot which had been hitherto their beloved home, they became wanderers in a wilderness, in which thorns and thistles started up around them. Hard labour, continual toil, now became the lot of Adam; in the sweat of his brow he earned his bread, and in all succeeding generations, blight and mildew, tempests and floods, have often disappointed the hopes, and destroyed the harvests of the husbandman. Notwithstanding, *he works*; early and late, summer and winter. He prepares the stubborn ground, and casts in the precious seed. "Behold! the husbandman waits for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath patience for it, until he receive the early and the latter rain."

God condescends to call His church *His husbandry*; to rebellious and backsliding Israel of old He said, "What more could have been done to my vineyard, that I have not done? Wherefore, when I looked for grapes, brought it forth wild grapes?" We, then, are God's husbandry, and He calls many classes of His people especially to be labourers therein together with Himself. Mothers! you are one of these chosen classes. God calls upon every one of you to labour under Him in His garden of the soul. He commits to your care for a period, you know not how short it may be, the most tender and precious of His plants. You are responsible to God for the well-being of your little ones. You are bound to do all in your power to promote their health, bodily and mentally, morally and spiritually. God expects you to endeavour to root out carefully and tenderly the weeds and briars that so readily spring up in the human heart, and destroy the buds of promise, which are so tender and sickly that they perish under the mildew of evil habits, or the blight produced by bad example.

Cherish them with great judgment and unwearied attention, and remember that they require the continual dew of the Holy Spirit, which is promised in answer to believing prayer, to nourish them to perfection. Will you do less for these plants, which God permits you to call your own, and which are destined to flourish in immortal beauty—even the beauty of holiness? *Can* you bestow less care on them than the husbandman extends to his plants that perish in the using? Your plants of immortal growth *cannot die*. But if they be not transplanted hereafter into the paradise of God, to grow at His right hand in the likeness of their Divine Saviour, they *must* wither and pine *for ever* in sin and agony, in the dark and dreadful region "prepared for the devil and his angels."

O, think of this, ye careless mothers, who, neglecting your home duties, trifle life and time away in what is erroneously called by the world "pleasure." Be assured that there is no pleasure on earth to be compared to that which is experienced by a loving Christian mother, surrounded by her dear children, when they thrive, and are in health, not only physically, but spiritually,

"daily growing in grace, and in the knowledge and love of their Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." Many lovely and loving mothers are very young and inexperienced, and may wish to hear how the questions proposed on the subject of early training in a former number would be answered by those who have had more experience. We hope to be enabled to give them a few suggestions on this most important subject in a future number. C. C.

PAGE FOR THE BOYS.

GOOD FOR EVIL.

"Oh, mother, only look here," said George Ashland, who had just returned from school, and was standing by his mother's side, his face flushed with anger. Mrs. Ashland looked up from her work—George was holding out before her one of his school books, the cover of which was very much soiled. "See here, mother! see what William Benton did!" exclaimed George, as his mother looked up. "He knocked this book out of my hand, just as I was stepping over a muddy place, and he did it on purpose, too. The little rascal! I will pay him for it one of these days."

Mrs. Ashland looked sorrowfully, not at the book, but at George, whose countenance fell before that glance, for it told him that his mother was more sorry for the feelings of anger and revenge to which he had given utterance than for the injury done to his book. But George was still too angry with William Benton to be really sorry for what he had said. So when his mother calmly told him to give the book to her, he did so, and immediately left the room. In a few minutes his cousin James came to play with him, and the injury done to his book, and his anger against William, were soon both forgotten. James remained until it was nearly time for George to go to bed.

As soon as he had left, Mrs. Ashland called her little son to her, and holding up the book before him, said, "See, here is your book, looking as clean and nice as ever. It was only the cover that I put on the other day which was soiled. I have replaced it with another, and the damage is all repaired. Now, my son, do you think this was worth getting quite so angry about?" George blushed as he replied, "I don't know that it was, mother. But

it was very provoking to be treated in this way by William." "No doubt it was. Do you know what led him to knock the book out of your hand? Had you done any thing to him?" "No, mother, nothing at all. If I had, it would have been more excusable, and I should not have been so angry." "I think something must have occurred to put him very much out of temper, or he would not have treated you so spitefully; for I never considered William an ill-tempered or a malicious boy, and this is the first difficulty you have had with him." "William was vexed enough," replied George, "and I know very well why he was so, but it was no reason why he should knock the book out of my hand."

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

DAILY DUTIES.

Sum up at night what thou hast done by day,
And in the morning what thou hast to do.
Dress and undress thy soul; watch the decay
And growth of it. If, with thy watch, that too
Be down, then wind up both. Since we shall be
Most surely judged, make thy accounts agree.

HARD WORK.

True work is hard. Hard! Yes, but a particle of its diamond hardness is nobler than all the soft materials of earth's low pleasures.

WHO IS TO BLAME?

Lay not a sin upon a child, but upon its parent. When a pupil takes to evil ways, blame the teacher.

GRATITUDE.

Be thankful for the least, after partaking of it.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Household Management. By OLD CHATTY CHEERFUL. London: Jarrold.

A cheap little book, full of good advice.

The Magdalen's Friend, for September. London: Nesbit and Co.

Interesting little publication to aid the fallen.

Ireland's Future Evangelization. By F. WILKS. London: H. J. Tresidder.

A small descriptive work of a tour, and a few incidents.

AND SO THE YEAR FADETH.

Hark! from yon old church tower
 Again the bell tolleth!
 Onward thus, hour by hour,
 Time ever rolleth—
 Like to a silent sea,
 Flowing unceasingly,
 With a velocity
 That nought controlleth,

ONE important period of time in life's history is the end of one year and the beginning of another. At this resting-place we stand and look both ways, talking of the past and the future—how many mercies, trials, sins, sorrows and tears are written in memory's page. Some of us have had to drink from life's cup some bitter things—hearts are sad and tears flow when we remember who commenced the year with us, but who never, no, never, will give us a look of love again as we pass over life's voyage. The last look, the last word, the last kiss have passed away; the end of life has come to many, but not the end of influence. No! this ever-widening circle reaches beyond the grave. We talk to each other of the solemnity of passing away from earth, and with hushed voice and almost pulseless heart we gaze upon the pallid cheek, the quivering lip and heaving breast of the dying friend; but, as they pass away from our view, it is only to commence another state of being which shall end—NEVER.

As time is the season of our probation, and determines what shall be our happiness or woe in the world on which our friends have entered, how important is life—aye—*every moment*, to us and to our children! Our characters will attend us through eternity—we touch not a wire along life's pathway but vibrates beyond the grave; not a voice is heard but reports at the throne of God. How, then, should we live? Death has as many shapes as life. Some of our little ones have during the past year breathed away their gentle spirits as sweetly as a rose exhales its perfume. Oh, how many beautiful flowers were blooming in our household gardens when we smiled a glad welcome to the new year of eighteen sixty! Where are they now? Not gone to India or Africa, f

whence we hope they may come back, or at least send to tell us of their weal or woe. No! they are gone to the country from whence no traveller returns, nor can they send a message to cheer our hearts by telling of their happiness; no—they have left us, not for days, but for ever, and the forms we loved and liked to look upon are fading in the cold bed of the cemetery.

Young mother! in your new home you are sighing over the remembrance of that beautiful bud of yours—it only peeped into our world to gladden your heart and make more sunshine in your home; then it fell from its stem, leaving only the perfume of having been. Ah! but there was another young mother whose heart rejoiced for a day over the lovely babe, when death came and laid his icy hand on mother and child, and together they went through the shadowy vale—it might have been so with you—would you have been ready for the journey? Then there was the sweet bud of promise one morning trotting about by her mother's side, singing—"Glory! glory! glory!"—the next she went up to see what glory was. Oh, how the mother wept at the sight of her faded blossom! Dear mother! your flower blooms in a more congenial clime—this country of ours was too cold for so fair and frail a plant.

Then there was the lovely girl, blooming in early womanhood—she went away singing of joy when all around were sorrowful! But a still deeper shadow fell on other households as the grim king knocked, a very unwelcome visitor. "Dying!" said the young man, "did the doctor say I was dying?" "I fear he thinks there is little hope," said the friend. "Then," he replied, with a countenance full of anguish—"then I am lost! Mother! mother! I am dying, and I am not ready! Oh, give me some recovering cordial! I cannot—cannot die! I am not ready, mother!" But Death would not wait—the last sand ran out while he was speaking.

"Can this be death?" asked the young wife. "Oh, Henry, call in another physician. I do not like to die. I have not lived to die. I do not like to be laid in the dreadful cold grave! Henry, lift me up; I cannot bear to die!" But the grave is her bed now.

Then there was the young mother leaving a little helpless flock. As she found her end approaching, she asked to see her dear infant—"Let me take my last kiss!" The babe was brought, then all the other little ones received their parting blessing. "Albert, my husband," whispered the dying mother, "train these precious children to live in heaven with us. I am only going to live in a better land—spirit never dies. I go to the land afar off, to see the King in his beauty."

Thus one by one, singly and alone, have parents and children crossed the Jordan of Death during the past year. How seldom do we remember that of all the past a record stands on high—we may forget; the recording angel, never. It is said that Doctor Johnson was told that Boswell would write his life. The Doctor being conscious that his friend had been long observing all he said and did, was annoyed; and so unwilling was he to have all his follies told to the world, notwithstanding there was so much wisdom and wit to be placed on the other side of the page, that he said, "If he thought Boswell would do so, he would prevent him from writing his life by taking Boswell's!" My dear friends, whose life will bear the light of heaven? Who can look forward to the revelations of the last great day, and not tremble? Oh, then, let us seek to have our own souls and our dear children washed in the bath of blood divine, that we may be dressed in that robe which hides every spot—even the robe of Jesus' righteousness. Then all will be well for time and eternity.

Countless the barks that glide
O'er Time's dark ocean;
Borne on its hurrying tide
With viewless motion,
Each to eternity
Beareth our destiny,
From all life's changes free,
And life's emotion.

Still, though time speed away
By God's decreeing,
It doth but lead the way
To brighter being.

To prove enduring joy,
That no dark fears destroy
Cares that on earth annoy,
Far away fleeting.

Let us then strive to cope
With its endeavour,
Though it blight many a hope,
Many a tie sever.
When the grave's sleep is o'er,
It will have reached the shore,
When it shall ebb no more,
But rest for ever.

WILL MY MOTHER COME WITH JESUS?

Come with me, tread softly—it is the chamber of death. There lies one of the disciples of Jesus. The last of a family of fifteen, fourteen of whom have died trusting the merits of a crucified Redeemer. See the lips move, the eyes open and with a loving inquiring gaze are fixed upon a young girl who kneels beside his bed, anxiously listening to catch the faintest whisper which may fall from his lips. "Tell me," says the dying man; "tell me, do you think that my mother will know that her son, her much-loved Benjamin, is a Christian, and so soon to enter heaven? They have all gone before me—father, mother, brothers and sisters, *all*, all gone—they are in heaven *together*. It is now more than thirty years since my mother died; I was not a decided Christian then. Do you think it would diminish the joy of heaven to my mother to miss *one* of her family?"

These questions were put with a rapidity and earnestness which told more plainly than words the thoughts which prompted them. A few moments of intense silence and then the kneeling maiden replied, "Is there not joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth; and is not your mother a dweller in the angels' home; and will it not be permitted to her to swell that rejoicing song? Do you think that the God of love will withhold from her cup that drop of the fulness of joy? I cannot, will not think it."

Again the eyes are closed in slumber; hour after hour passes

away—still no sound save the deep laborious breathing of the aged Christian. Suddenly had the dark-winged messenger made his appearance, without warning had the arrow of death been fixed in the vitals of the dying man; a few hours before in the enjoyment of perfect health, now momentarily expecting to be ushered into the presence chamber of the Divine Jehovah. The grey dawn steals over the east, and its beauteous rays enter the chamber of death. Suddenly a murmur breaks from the lips of the dying saint, the eyes open, and a look of bewilderment is cast upon the still kneeling girl, who gently asks, "What is it, dear uncle?" "Will they know me—they that I love, they that are gone before—my mother—will she know me?" "No doubt," said she; "did not the rich man know Lazarus in Abraham's bosom? Surely we shall know, even as we are known." "Yes, yes," said the dying man; "I believe that my mother will know me. Christ has gotten me the victory over death—I fear it not now."

Some hours passed in reading and holy converse, and then sleep again overpowered him. When he awoke, he again appealed to the beloved watcher. "Tell me, dear —, will my mother come with Jesus? I know that He will come to take me through the valley of the shadow of death. But, oh tell me, do you think that my mother will be *permitted* to come with Jesus when He comes to take me home?" With what an intense listening look he awaited the reply. "Perhaps she may," says the weeping girl; "for are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them that are heirs of salvation?" A beam of heavenly light radiated his countenance. Many friends now pass in and out of that chamber, gazing upon the man of seventy summers, but still he sleeps; gradually the breathing becomes shorter and shorter—a little longer, and the spirit has joined the angel-band. And who can say that his mother would not be among the first to welcome her son in our Father's house of many mansions, even in eternity? Mother! busy, anxious, careworn—may be, prayerless mother! are you preparing to welcome your child to eternity? "Will you come with the redeemed, swelling the host of the shining ones, shouting, "Victory! victory! unto the Lamb," who hath given your child an inheritance with the saints in glory?"

ABBY.

HARK HOW THE WIND BLOWS!

SURELY never was there a more boisterous night than at present. The leaves and branches of the trees on the high ground are flying about in all directions, and the tall poplars are bending their lofty heads at every gust. There! the chimney-pot from Richard Heath's dwelling has fallen with a heavy crash, carrying with it part of the roof of the neighbour's house, whilst the ladder and scaffolding round the adjacent mansion threaten to find their way to the ground. In such a season God's wonderful goings are seen, and His providence made manifest; for were it not for His protecting care, the dangers which stand thick around would push us to the tomb. But hark how the wind blows!

Widow Watkins occupies the thatched cottage on the slope near the sea-shore. She has an only son, a fisherman, who sailed early in the morning to a distance to prosecute his daily employment, and is not yet returned. Deep anxiety is depicted on her countenance as she paces to and fro her little chamber, now and then stopping to look out through the casement which overlooks the ocean, that she may know the extent of the tempest. It is only a mother who can enter into the particular feelings of her who, when storms rage around, knows she has a son on the mighty deep exposed to their fury. But Widow Watkins knows where to go in the time of trials. Many a long year has she spent in the service of Christ, and many a deliverance has she experienced in the time of need, and she feels persuaded that now she is old He will not forsake her. That consoling passage has just entered into her mind, "Cast thy burden on the Lord and He shall sustain thee." "He will hear the cry of the widow, and deliver her out of all her troubles." Falling on her knees she is pleading with Him at whose voice the storm becomes a calm, and the tempest passes away. Listen to her fervent petitions as they rise from her heart. "Hear the prayer of thine handmaid, O Lord, and give ear to my supplications, and if it is thy will save my boy from a watery grave; but if otherwise, oh take his spirit to dwell with thee; and let thine handmaid have grace given her to say, 'Not my will, but thine be done.'"

But what is that? Along the gravel-walk footsteps are heard. Can it be he? Is he then safe? Yes; amidst the roaring of the storm he is safe. That prayer is heard, and the well-known voice, "Mother, it is I!" gives an evidence of the faithfulness of that promise, "Before they call I will hear, and whilst they yet speak I will answer." Soon the praying mother and saved son are in one another's embrace, ascribing the praise to Him who does as He pleases amongst the armies of heaven and the inhabitants of the earth, none daring to say, What doest thou? Mothers! in the time of difficulty and trial carry your troubles, as Widow Watkins did, to the throne of grace. There make known your request, believing that He that sits there is the hearer and answerer of prayer; and be assured that whatever may occur, that He who cannot err, nor be unkind, will deal with you in a right way; and if it is for His glory and your good, will graciously bestow answers according to your request.

He never hears the mother's cry,
 But soon He hastens to bestow
 Answers of blessing from on high,
 Which make their hearts with joy to glow.

OLD ANTHONY.

RUTH CLAY.

SWEET Ruth Clay, how we all loved her! No matter where sickness or sorrow found a home—there was Ruth, with her gentle sympathy. The rudest children of the village dropped a curtsy and touched their caps as she passed. The dirty wife of Abel Smith, who "didn't care for anybody," blushed and apologized if Ruth entered her untidy cottage. "Yes, I dare say you have been busy, and I know you have a large family; but, Betsey, if you only accustomed your children to habits of tidiness, much trouble might be saved. Now let me nurse your baby while you see to your husband's dinner." "La, ma'am, Abel always gets his dinner at the 'Coach.'" "I am sorry for that, Betsey; but depend upon it, if you only tried to make his home more comfortable, he would rather have his dinner with you than at the 'Coach.'" And Ruth would pass on to visit poor Mary Hunt, that was dyin'

of consumption. What a bright happy smile would light up the poor girl's face as she saw Ruth enter. "Oh, ma'am, I'm so glad to see you, my cough has been so much worse, ma'am, and the doctor says he can't do me any good; but I'm not afraid to die. Oh, dear Miss Ruth, but for you I might still be in ignorance of God's saving power." "Thank God, dear Mary, that He has led you to Himself."

It was Ruth Clay's hand that smoothed the pillow of the dying girl, her voice that whispered words of peace and joy to the fainting spirit. It was Ruth that comforted the stricken father and the sorrowing mother. Ah, Ruth, of such as thee it is written, "Verily, they shall have their reward." See Ruth in her own home, that little old brown cottage on the hill, where the bright roses of June and shining ivy leaves nestle so cosily together. There Ruth dwells with her white-headed father—a gentle, loving daughter; but the rough winds of winter were too cold for the old man, and one night, as Ruth sat reading to him, his hand clasped in hers, he silently passed "through the valley of the shadow of death." "*Alone!*" thought Ruth, as she stood looking at the pale silent stars glistening in their distant homes; but, even as she thought, a ray of bright moonlight fell across her room, and memory brought the words, "I am with thee even to the *end*."

Ruth's "lines were not cast in a pleasant place." She had much to endure, much to withstand, but she passed through all, nobly and patiently. "Auntie, dear, why were you never married?" asked one of Ruth's nieces. A shadow crossed her face, and it was a moment before she spoke. "Because God saw that it was best I should not, dear Grace; but do you love me less because I am an '*old maid*'?" inquired Ruth. "No, no, dear Auntie;" replied Grace, "and if all old maids were like you, they would be the very best people in the world. I mean to be one, and like you, if I can be as good." Ruth smiled, but a prayer followed that the light-hearted Grace might never love as she had loved, and suffer as she had suffered. Ruth's thoughts travelled back to a time when her faith and trust in man had been so cruelly broken. Well would it be if each whom circumstances or choice have condemned to a life of "single-blessedness," were as

single-hearted as Ruth; and if as many have cause to bless them as there were to bless our noble-hearted Ruth Clay, then would the now opprobrious term of "Old Maid" become one of honour.

LETTIE LEE.

NURSING AND BATHING.

A Letter to the Editor, on two very interesting subjects.

MY DEAR MADAM,—* * * * A number of physicians of New York and Brooklyn have come to the conclusion, from facts and observation, that one leading cause of the great mortality among children arises from their being left too much to the care of servants. It has been observed that children who are taken care of by their *mothers*, undressed and dressed by them night and morning, and kept under a loving mother's eye during the day, are as a general rule far more healthy, good-tempered, and intelligent, than those who are left almost exclusively to the care of servants.

In addition to this, it must be remembered that most of the accidents which happen to children, whereby they are seriously injured, and sometimes maimed for life, or rendered idiotic, occur through the negligence of those in whose care they are left by unthinking or unloving parents. These statements are certainly deserving the earnest consideration of mothers. I thought this might be suitable for the pages of your excellent little work, as facts that should be extensively known; for though all who read the *MOTHERS' FRIEND* may not be able to keep servants, no doubt many do; and those mothers who are training daughters to go into service as young nurses, should be anxious to teach them the vast importance of being careful and tender over the dear little ones committed to their charge. There is another subject on which I would just add a word.

Having returned lately from the sea-side, my feelings have been greatly exercised by witnessing the plan of bathing young children. The force that is used to put them under the water is dreadful—their bitter cries of terror are now ringing in my ears. I have thought, if mothers would only be with their children during this cruel process, they would not allow them to be so tortured—for to them it does appear actual torture, and the good must certainly be of a very negative nature. Mothers, think about these remarks. * * * *. Yours anxiously, A. M.

PAGE FOR THE BOYS.

GOOD FOR EVIL.—NO. II.

"WHAT occurred to vex William so much to-day?" said Mrs. Ashland to her son. "Several leaves are torn out of his books," replied George; "the lesson for to-day was torn out, so that William could not study it, and he missed so many words that

the master kept him after school, and he was terribly vexed about it."

"It seems, then, that William felt disturbed and chafed because the lesson was torn out of his book, and he was blamed and disgraced in consequence. In this state he was tempted to feel envy and ill-will towards you, because you were better off than himself in this respect, and he yielded to the temptation. Now, William did very wrong, and I am not going to justify him. But, alas, it is very easy for envy and ill-will towards those who are better off than ourselves to creep into the heart, and many older and wiser than poor William have yielded to the temptation, and have indulged in spiteful and ill-natured feelings towards others, for no better reason than that these individuals possessed certain privileges and advantages which were denied to them. You know that the parents of William are very poor. Think of how many books, toys, and means of happiness you enjoy that he does not. If you were in his place, you might on some occasions be strongly tempted to indulge in envy or ill-will towards those more favoured than yourself."

"I never thought of all this before," said George; "I am sorry I was so angry with William. He did have a great deal to put him out of humour. When I forgot my Geography, and left it out under the tree all night, so that it was quite ruined by the rain, I should have felt very badly if I could not have had another; and I suppose William's parents cannot afford to buy him a new book in place of the old one." "Then I trust you have quite given up your revengeful feelings towards William?" "Yes, mother, indeed I have. I would not injure him for what he has done to me." "That is, you are not now disposed to render him evil for evil, as you were a few hours ago. But you know the Bible says we must return good for evil. Can't you step farther, and do William some kindness, in return for the wrong he has done you?" "What can I do for him, mother?" "If you really wish to do him a kindness, it will not be long before you will find an opportunity."

George sat for some time in deep thought, then looking up to his mother with a bright and happy smile he said, "I have just

thought, mother, what I can do for William. I will buy him some books with the spending money I have by me. I had rather spend it in this way than in any other, and then William will be able to study all his lessons, and will not have to stay after school again."

The next night George asked permission to go to the shop, and buy the new books for William. His request was readily granted. Having obtained them, he went directly to William's home, and placing them in his hand, said very kindly, "Here, William, are some new books which I have bought for you with my own money. I felt sorry for you last night, when you were kept after school, because the lesson was torn out of your book. Now you can study every lesson." William looked at George earnestly for a moment, then dropping into a chair by the side of a table, and his head on his hands, sobbed aloud. "Why, William," said his mother, "what is the matter with you? Is this the way you thank Master George for his beautiful present?" But George knew very well what was the matter with William, if his mother did not; and he hastened out of the house without giving him time to recover himself, and thank him for his gift.

William was not a bad boy. As Mrs. Ashland had said, he was not malicious, but he possessed a mind of keen susceptibility. He had carelessly left his book where his little baby-sister had got hold of it, and torn out or mutilated several leaves here and there. He had wanted a new one very much, but his parents could not afford to get him another that summer. William was a studious boy, and prided himself on getting perfect lessons. The lesson of the day before was missing from his book, and was therefore imperfectly learned. William felt greatly vexed at missing several words, and still more vexed when he was kept after school for it. He stated to his teacher that the leaf containing the lesson had been torn from his book by his baby sister; but he was dismissed with a harsh reproof for being so careless as to leave the book in her way, and this ill-timed reproof was not at all calculated to allay his irritated feelings. He left the school, feeling out of humour with his teacher, with himself, and with all the world. In this state of mind he overtook George Ashland with his book under his arm. How clean and nice it looked. No

leaves had been abstracted from it. It was a moment when evil passions were reigning triumphant in his soul. He felt ill-natured and spiteful towards George, just because his book was whole, and his own was not. He yielded to the sudden instigation of his evil temper, and knocked the book from under George's arm, just as he was passing over a muddy spot. He was sorry for the act as soon as it was done. He had been sorry for it, and it had made him unhappy ever since.

When George returned good for evil, and bought him new books in the place of the old and torn ones, his really noble heart was almost broken to think of the wrong he had done. The influence of a right action is often felt long after the time of its performance. This proved true of the noble act by which George returned good for evil. Its beneficial influence was long felt by the giver and the receiver of the gift. If George was ever afterwards tempted to indulge thoughts and purposes of revenge, he would think of this incident, and ask himself if it would not be much better to return good for evil. When William was tempted to feel envy or ill-will towards those more prosperous than himself, he would recall the time when he knocked George Ashland's book into the mud, and he did not forget how heartily ashamed he afterwards was of his conduct.

George and William were ever after good friends, and remembered the lesson learned from this occurrence. George was taught the folly of revenge, and William the wickedness of ill-will and envy.

OUR BABY.—No. II.

As soon as the mother could speak for tears, she said, "Do you think, ma'am, baby is gone to heaven, *for certain?* Because some of 'em have been saying to-day that nobody goes to heaven, not even babes, except they are elected." "When Jesus died upon the cross He did intend all infants to be saved. He there atoned for the sin we inherit from our first parents, which is the only sin with which an infant can be charged, as no one can be said to break commandments until they understand what commandments are. No one has so much cause to love the Saviour

as mothers of little children. Ages before our children were born their safety was provided for by the death of Christ. When you go home I should like you to take your Bible and read the account of our Saviour's crucifixion, and as you are reading just think—how all this suffering was to save *your baby* among many others. God has told us that He is *satisfied* with the price Christ has paid for sin, therefore there can be nothing else required. And just think of this for a moment—God gave up His Son to *suffer* for us, that we may give Him back our children to be *happy for ever*."

"O ma'am, I am so happy to hear about it!" replied the bereaved parent. "You have made it clearer to my mind than it ever was before." "I want to make it clear to you also that this Saviour must be your Saviour as well as the Saviour of your dear child, for there is 'none other name given among men whereby we can be saved.'" "But, ma'am, you don't mean that Christ's death has made it certain that we shall get to heaven?" "Christ's death was intended and is sufficient in itself to make all safe for heaven, but there are hundreds who will not *accept* this salvation. Supposing, now that provisions are so high, I were to send to every man, woman, and child in the village, and say that every day at one o'clock I should have a good dinner provided for them at my house—I would take care that there should be room and abundance *for all*. It is said we have a thousand inhabitants. Supposing out of this number only two hundred came—some might be too proud to accept my kindness—others too busy seeking food some other way—but the most extraordinary thing of all would be that some had forgotten all about it. They would go on eating the most miserable food, suffering in every way in consequence, and grumbling at their unhappy fate, whilst if they would only come to me I would receive them and give them abundance of the best. Complaints might still reach my ears, how greatly the people were suffering, but I should say, 'I really cannot help it; I have done all I possibly can to prevent it; it grieves me very much to see so many empty places at my table—to see bread enough and *to spare*, while they perish with hunger. I wish they would come to me instead of suffering as they do.'

Now this is just how it stands between us and God. He wishes all men to be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth. 'It is not the will of our Father who is in heaven that *one* should perish.' He has provided by the death of Jesus for the salvation of every one, and none that come unto Him will He cast out. But we *must come*. Just as certainly as those poor people would lose the benefit of my dinner if they did not come, so shall we lose the benefit of the great salvation if we do not in faith come to Christ our Saviour."

All present seemed much interested in this conversation, and several began to ask me questions. One woman told me that some ladies had called at her house some time ago, and inquired particularly if her children had been baptized, telling her that if they had not they could not be saved. "That can't be true, can it, ma'am?" she asked. "If it were, it would indeed be a lamentable fact; for how many children are there who are born and die without the possibility of being baptized? This often happens at sea, for instance; and sometimes, especially in the country, the distances are so great that it is not unusual for the infant to die before there is time to obtain any minister of religion to administer the ordinance. How very imperfect would be the salvation which God has provided for us, if our reception of it were made at all to depend upon circumstances that we could not always control. Think for a moment, again, of the comparison I was using just now. Supposing, when I sent out my invitations to come and dine at my house, I should say, 'Though you may come I cannot admit you inside the house unless you bring a card of admission with you.' I should mention where these cards could be procured, but when applying for them you might find that the person whose business it was to provide them was ill, or not at home, or something might prevent his attending to you till it was too late, and consequently you must lose the benefit of my dinner. You would say, and justly, 'Why she is deceiving us in professing to provide for our wants. It is of no use the dinner being there, if there are obstacles which we cannot remove in the way of getting to it.' And God would have deceived us in saying, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin,' if there were

still something left for us to do. And Christ would have deceived us in saying on the cross, 'It is finished!' when He knew that if we were not baptized by an ordained minister of religion—all that He has done and suffered for us would be worth nothing. There are few errors that make me so indignant as this. It is so dishonouring to our Heavenly Father, and it is such a reflection, both upon the wisdom and justice of Him whose work is *perfect*."

Selected by "C. C."

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

TO THE DYING YEAR.

And thou, gray voyager to the breezeless sea
Of infinite Oblivion, speed thou on!
Another gift of time succeedeth thee,
Fresh from the hand of God; for thou hast done
The errand of thy destiny, and none
May dream of thy returning. Go! and bear
Mortality's frail record to thy cold
Eternal prison-house;—the midnight prayer
Of suffering bosoms, and the fevered care
Of worldly hearts; the miser's dream of gold;
Ambition's grasp at greatness; the quenched light
Of broken spirits; the forgiven wrong,
And the abiding curse. Aye, bear along
These wrecks of thine own making. Go! thy knell
Gathers upon the windy breath of night
Its last and faintest echo! Fare thee well!

MAKING THE MOST OF LIFE.

Dr. Harris said, when dying, "Oh! my friends, live much, live long, live instantly." Each of you should resolve to live two or three hundred years. You ask, how is this possible, when you are removed by death at the age of forty or fifty? For this very reason, you are called to live long in a very little time. Some live longer in a single day than others in the whole course of their lives. You live only as you live to God—you only live in reality as you live wisely, usefully, and piously. Methuselah, who lived nine hundred and sixty-nine years, did not live half so long as the Son of Mary after the flesh, who was crucified at the age of thirty-three! "The time is short."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Songs for the Pilgrimage. By J. G. BELL, LL.D. London: Tresidder.

A little book of poems, evidently prepared by a devout mind;—one of them with an incident we hope to make room for soon.

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THE
MOTHERS' FRIEND.

EDITED BY
ANN JANE.



"JUST AS THE TWIG IS BENT, THE TREE'S INCLINED."

(VOLUME FOURTEENTH.)
VOLUME II.—NEW SERIES.

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PREFACE

TO THE FOURTEENTH VOLUME.

As we close our fourteenth volume of "THE MOTHERS' FRIEND," we earnestly invite our friends to unite with us in praise to our heavenly Father for the blessing with which He has crowned the year. We shall soon have done with 1861 on earth, but not for ever. It has been an eventful year—painful occurrences have transpired—distressing accidents have hurried many into eternity in an unexpected moment—homes have been rendered desolate; and, as we review the past, we read in many places sorrow, desolation, and woe. Many who entered the year with us, smiling upon our efforts, are sleeping in the silent tomb—they will urge us to "press on" no more. Yet, amidst all, we have reason to rejoice in our work. "THE MOTHERS' FRIEND" holds on its way—useful, we have reason to believe, as ever; there are no symptoms of decay as to influence, usefulness, or circulation, and the testimony of many witnesses confirms this statement to us continually; we hope to be still more known and to be still more useful during 1862.

Many thanks to our numerous friends who have hitherto aided us in our arduous work; we affectionately solicit a continuance of their efforts and prayers that "THE MOTHERS' FRIEND" may be still more largely circulated, that we may cheer many a gloomy home, and whisper of comfort to many a desolate heart, as well as aid mothers in their momentous duties; lend a guiding hand to many a young friend, and encourage the Sabbath-school Teacher as we pass along the pathway of life together to the throne of the Eternal. Thus let us work on, in the hope of meeting many in heaven who will render praise to our Father for "THE MOTHERS' FRIEND."

DECEMBER, 1861.

THE MOTHERS' FRIEND.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

"Every beginning is shrouded in a mist, those vague ideas beyond,
And the traveller setteth on his journey oppressed with many thoughts;
Balancing his hopes and fears, and looking for some order in the chaos,
Some secret path between the cliffs that seem to bar his way.
So he commenceth at a clue unravelling its tangled skein,
And boldly speedeth on to thread the labyrinth before him."

Oh, how many memories of things past, pleasant and painful,
do these seasons and "tide-times" bring back! Many of us are
glad when they are past—are we not? We know many a heart
who will read our pages, responding "Yes, yes, glad, *very* glad."
They recall past joys of earth to come no more, last looks of
parting dear ones, last whispers at the gate of the grave; and we
say, one to another, with sad hearts and dim eyes—

"Is it not sweet to think hereafter,
When the spirit leaves this sphere,
Love with deathless wing shall wait her,
To those she long has mourned for here?
Hope still lifts her radiant finger,
Pointing to the eternal home,
Upon whose portals yet they linger,
Looking back for us to come."

How many happy circles have been broken during the past year?
Now, in the twilight, as we watch the dancing fire-light, we listen,
as we used to do, for sweet voices wont to blend with ours—
never, no never, to blend in unison again; for the footfall in
which we heard music is now treading far distant lands, and, it may
be, never to join us on a New Year's Eve again in this shadowy

vale. Some have broken circles by leaving them to form new ones lighted by love's own sunshine—blessings on them ever!

Among many who are weeping over the events of the last year sits one interesting young mother; yet, while her eyes are streaming, there is a ray of gladness and gratitude in her heart. Her husband sits beside her now; not so, last New Year's Eve—then the only child of Mary Martell, her beautiful Minnie, lay on her dying bed. About nine on that evening Mary glided from her post of observation in the sick-room in search of her husband. He was about to leave his home, with his hat in his hand, as she reached the foot of the stairs. "Oh, John!" she exclaimed, "surely you are not going out now." "Yes, I am; why not?" "You heard, dear, that the doctor does not expect our precious girl to last till the dawning of the new year." "Ah! yes—but doctors are often mistaken." "Too surely, John, will he *not* be mistaken in our dear child's case; would that I could think so! But I see too plainly a few hours will end our dear Minnie's short life." "Well, you see, Mary, 'tis New Year's Eve, and I am engaged to meet a few friends at the 'Red Lion;' so I must go, but I shall not be late."

John went to his companions, and Mary to her watching and weeping place by the dying bed. "Mother," said the faint voice of Minnie, "mother, what did the clock strike?" Mary started, for she had not heard her child's voice for some hours, and she had feared it was hushed for ever. "Ten, dearest, the clock struck—do you feel better, dear?" "Not better to live, mother: I shall never hear the clock strike again; I am going up to join the children around the throne of God in heaven. Where is father? You will come to me in heaven, won't you, mother? Will father too? I hope he will, mother, thousands and thousands are gathering there, like my little hymn says. Mother! Oh, mother! lift me up—I can't breathe—where is father?"

Mary lifted her precious child, and bowed her head to listen to what she thought a whisper, when the loving young heart ceased to beat, and Mary was childless. As the clock stood at half-past eleven, John Martell came in with flushed face and red eyes; he found Mary sitting with two friends by the fire weeping bitterly.

"How is this?" he asked; "how is Minnie?" "Your dear child is in heaven," said one of the friends, "and her last words were asking for you." "My Minnie dead! Why didn't you send for me?" "We did, but you were not to be found." "Oh, Mary!" exclaimed the excited man, "I shall never be happy again—I will take the pledge, Mary, as soon as the new year dawns—but, oh, then it will be too late. Oh, Minnie—my Minnie, shall I never more hear you speak to me? never more hear you call my name? Oh! how mad I was to go out—surely, surely there can be no more happiness for me while I live."

The dear child had done her work by speaking of her father. She lives where time is not measured, and John is a better and a happier man this New Year's Eve. The death of the child was the life of the father. John has a hope now of meeting his dear Minnie in heaven.

OUR FIRE-SIDE.

How many feet upon this fender placed
In other years, duly as evening came,
Have crowded our fire-side? The feet of those
Our childhood fondly loved; but scattered now,
Perchance 'midst all the toils of life to feel
The fond regret, the deep and natural grief
That flows upon the thoughts of broken ties
And sweet dreams buried in the far, dark past.
And some have left us for the brightening glow
Of their own happy hearth, for days and hours
Lighted with love's own sunshine; yet sometimes
With changeless heart, as in the long long days
Now gone for ever, and with constant feet
That know the accustomed place have turned to thee.
Aye, and some feet have pressed thee once that ne'er
Shall touch thy bars again; some feet that now
Have run their race, and are stretched out
In the calm, silent grave. O how we loved them!
Nor summer hour, when Nature from her lap
Pours forth her beauty—nor in winter nights,
When circling to thy blazing side we cling,
As the wild tempest rages, and the moon
Puts forth her pale cold cheek to meet the blast,
And the dark night-cloud rises—never, never

Shall we forget those who have left their place,
 Their wonted place amidst our little band.
 We speak not, but the tear is in our eyes,
 The throb is in our hearts, and as we crowd
 More closely round thee in our loneliness,
 Fond memories will arise and take us back
 Amidst the scene of long-forgotten things.
 Aye, and we hear again the merry laugh,
 And the light-hearted peal of opening youth;
 Again we sit beside the forms we love,
 And time, and distance, vast unmeasured days
 And wide-estranging scenes, and death itself,
 All vanish at our bidding; and we turn
 To answer smile with smile, and greet again
 Our best and dearest—ours, a moment ours.
 We read oblivion's veil, we burst the band,
 And in our ears the tones we loved are breathing
 As they were wont to breathe. Is it a dream?
 A single cinder falls upon the hearth
 And we start back to melancholy truth.
 Oh! and is life so brief? And are its ties,
 Its holiest ties, so frail and vanishing?
 Pass but a few short years, and shall we too
 Be missing in our places? Gracious heaven!
 With noble purpose and eternal hope
 Encompass thou our spirits, guide us on
 From race to race, from light to purer light,
 To the high source of being; till our hearts,
 Thirsting for holiness and glory, rise
 On wings of love above this fading scene
 Of mortal suffering, and expand in love
 Which seeks communion with the realms of God.

A PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

A young man who had lived regardless of God and eternity was sick unto death. His numerous acquaintances, who called themselves his friends, came for some time to inquire for him, but at length, when death approached, they called no more—worldly friends fly from us, like sleep when we most need it. One only, of all he had ever known, seemed to care for him; this was a loving, pious sister; and now, in his hour of danger, when she saw he was likely not only to die and pass from earth, but to die “that second death,” where lost souls are ever dying but never

dead, she sought with sisterly anxiety to lead him to reflection and penitence. Seizing an opportunity one day, when the shadows of death suddenly grew darker, she hastily sent for her pastor. In a few moments he was at her side. She whispered the name in her dying brother's ear, then turned quickly away to hide the tear of anguish which his cold returning glance had started from its fountain.

"My young friend," said the good man, "I have come in your hour of severe illness to inquire after your spiritual welfare. May I converse with you?" "Please, Sir, postpone your visit until to-morrow. I am very sick; I hope I shall get well; I will see the doctor first—do, do wait until to-morrow." "It may be too late then, my young friend; I will not talk long—you may not live until to-morrow." "I must ask the doctor again," said the dying youth, "whether I shall die soon; do come again in the afternoon." "I think it better," rejoined the earnest minister, who knew his danger, "to talk *now*—I am afraid to wait till the afternoon." "Well, then," persisted the young man, "I will converse with you in ONE HOUR—I will send for the doctor and ask him at once." "Why not now? Do listen to my counsel; I want to speak to you of your best friend—come." "I say, NOT NOW; come in one hour more, just one hour more."

With a sad heart the servant of God bade the young man farewell for one hour. At the end of the hour, as he opened the door to hasten to keep his appointment, a messenger met him to say the youth was dead! Dear young friends, when the shadows of sickness or alarm have made you reflect, how often has conscience whispered, "*Delay not*;" yet have you said, one hour more—one year more—a little more of life; but has the hour arrived that saw you more willing to live for eternity? Take care; you may lose the golden hour. Did you ever think of this? Where will your last hour find you? In the narrow road leading to heaven, or in the broad and crowded path with the multitude, the end of which is death, eternal death? Take care, we say—**THIS YEAR YOU MAY DIE.**

MY MOTHER'S DIARY.

January, 1860.—Oh, what a treasure I have found! Now I shall know so much about my dear dead mother's feelings a long while ago. My step-father presented me with her desk, but I almost trembled to open it. In a secret drawer I have found a whole packet of papers all about herself. Oh how interesting! only think, it commences before she was as old as I am. Oh what a world of pleasure it contains—ah, perhaps some sorrow, too. Well, I must read a little every day. How sacred the employment! Some people say we should begin a diary at ten years of age; well, surely then I may begin at sixteen. I read somewhere, a diary has the power to bring back a host of little circumstances and facts, the indescribable but keenly felt atmosphere of departed days. Well, then, I will mix up my own diary with my dear mother's as I read on. Well, I must now attend to a little domestic matter for the comfort of my father, for my precious mother charged me to be very careful of his happiness with her dying lips. * * * Now then, I have a clear two hours. Oh, what a New Year's Day is this. Ah, I see she does not commence her diary at the beginning, but the middle of the year.

DIARY.

"June 10th.—Home from school just one week. Oh! what a change! A dull place this seems to me now; the rooms seem smaller, the village more quiet. The very children in the street seem to have the cold shivers, for they go stalking along with their hands tucked up under their arms, looking like mutes at a funeral. Dear, dear! And I am never to return again to the society of 'Merry Mary,' 'Laughing Lucy,' and all the rest of the cheerful ones. Ah, I see now, my dear parents made a sad mistake, and I shall be the sufferer: they sent me to a school famed for sending out elegant young ladies, never considering consequences. I used to like home, and think it a happy place; but I have been in a different atmosphere, Oh dear, dear! how I miss the society of the girls there, to be sure! They did laugh,

at first, at what they called my 'saintly ways.' Well, I wish I had never gone to Madame Rugè's, or that I might have a different sort of home now. I wonder why I was sent to a place to be educated where religion is a sneer and a bye-word; this was strange of my parents. I heard of a young man who said his father put his head into the lion's mouth, and then prayed that the creature might not bite his head off! I suppose my case is something like his. Well, if my head is not gone, my *heart* is. Oh, I wish I could feel as I did when a little child! I thought, *then*, the best thing was to make haste and get ready for heaven; but now I like the pleasures of the world, and all the things of home are dull and lifeless."

Oh, dear mother! I see your diary will make me weep and smile every day of the New Year till New Year's Day comes again. I see now why you would not allow me to go to France to school. What a privilege I have, to go over your path of shadow and sunshine, looking at the experience of the departed. How true what I read, that there is a richness about the life of a person who keeps a diary unknown to others; many more links and ties bind us to the members of our family circle, and to all among whom we live. To look back on life thus, is not a bare line stringing together one's personal identity—it is surrounded, intertwined, entangled with thousands of incidents giving it beauty and reality. The life of some is like an oak walking-stick, straight and varnished; useful, but hard and bare. Others are like that oak when it was not a stick but a branch, and waved, leaf-enveloped, and with lots of little twigs growing out of it, upon the summer tree. Oh! how the old time comes back by the side of a diary, not merely as a recollection, but as the very soul of days long ago—the dear *Auld lang syne* itself! The perfume of hawthorn-hedges faded is there—the breath of breezes that fanned our hair when no silver threads were in it, often smoothed down by hands that are gone—the sunshine on the grass, where these fingers made daisy-chains, and the melody comes back to us we heard in former years—but I must away for to-day.

A CHRISTMAS MEETING.

STOOP TO CONQUER.

"THE moon shines so brightly to-night, mamma, just as it did last Christmas Eve," said Dora Leycester to her mother, as they stood looking out upon the wintry scene. They had stood there a long while, gazing at the bright stars in their far-off homes, and the pale moonbeams so quietly sleeping on the snow-clad earth. "Dora," said Mrs. Leycester, "the year is nearly past; a few days more and we commence another; my child, are you at 'peace with all men?' We must begin the new year well, my darling."

Dora's face flushed painfully as her mother spoke. During the year so nearly past, Dora had been, or she fancied herself, much slighted by one or two of her friends, and she had resented it in a most pointed manner, without seeking an explanation that might have made all happy. Long and tender was the converse between the mother and daughter that night; and the result was, that early on the following morning Dora dispatched several notes, and in the evening there was quite a gathering of young people at Mrs. Leycester's house.

"Stoop to conquer, my child," said Mrs. Leycester, as she pressed Dora's hand, and together they entered the room where their guests were assembled. "I have asked you here to-night," said Dora, in a tremulous tone, "that I might tell you all how grieved I am that the unkind feeling existing between us has existed for so long a time; and most earnestly I ask each I have slighted in any way to forgive me; I wish to begin the coming year at 'peace with all.'" And they all shook hands, and were firmer friends than ever. Dora's pillow was thornless that night, for she was "at peace." Oh! the coming year may be happy to each and all, if we only "*stoop to conquer*." May the glad new year dawn on many reconciled hearts; may old feuds be forgiven and forgotten; and may each, in the length and breadth of our land, "be at peace with all men."

LETTIE LEE.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

"Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages."—
Exodus xi. 9.

THESE were the words of Pharaoh's daughter, when she drew the infant Moses out of the water, and unwittingly consigned him to the care of his own mother; and they are God's gracious words to every woman whom He dignifies with the title, and on whom He imposes the responsible duties of a mother. At the same time, to render these duties her delight, He implants in her heart a love for the helpless little being, more devoted and disinterested, more self-denying, enduring and tender, than can be experienced in any other relationship. But, alas! even this heaven-inspired affection too often degenerates into a species of idolatry. Many mothers forget, that in bestowing this living treasure, God himself remains the proprietor, and that she who receives it from Him is responsible to Him for the influence she exerts over it, and the example she sets before it. She may cherish the lovely casket with unwearied tenderness and care, but if she neglect the jewel of priceless value which is enshrined within, she most fearfully neglects her duty to her child and to her God.

A fond, worldly, weak-minded, selfish mother, seeks no higher reward for all her loving care than the devoted affection of her darling child; but the Christian mother, like Hannah of old, dedicates her precious child to her God from his birth; and daily seeks, in earnest prayer, guidance, strength, and judgment from His Holy Spirit, to enable her rightly to fulfil her ever-recurring maternal duties. She knows that the heart and character of her child must be educated as well as his intellect, she remembers that she works for the advancement of his eternal happiness. Her first aim is to inculcate a spirit of unhesitating obedience, that the blessing pronounced upon children who obey their parents, who honour father and mother, may rest upon her little one. Therefore, while she is inexpressively tender in tone, manner and countenance, she is firm. Her gentle, loving command *must* be obeyed; the little ones know this from experience—her word is their law, and they love while they obey. Her love acts upon their love, and thus sh

wields over them the strongest power on earth or in heaven. *This* mother loves her children as her own soul, and her highest end and aim, while she endeavours to educate them for a life of active usefulness here, is to lead them onward and upward in that spiritual life which must begin on earth, or it can never be perfected in the world to come. It might be interesting to answer the questions, when is this training to commence? and how carried on? but at present we have not space to make the attempt. C. C.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

A PIOUS mother bade her sailor-boy farewell, as he left her for a long voyage, but her resolve was made to hold him fast by prayer amid all the perils of life's ocean. When the young man arrived in a distant land, he was seen busily engaged in procuring some tokens of affection for that mother so constantly engaged with Heaven on his behalf. The captain gave orders to fasten down the hatches and take a homeward course. The heart of the sailor-boy bounded with joy at the thought of being greeted by a loving mother's kiss—but, alas! he had looked his last on her in this world.

Before the evening, the poor fellow met with an accident, and his companions bore the sad sufferer to his berth. "Shipmates," said he, as they hung over him, "it is a hard thing to die; but I must go—read to me from the Bible my mother gave me—read to me of Jesus." One who sat by him read, "Create within me a clean heart." "Oh," said the dying youth, "cannot you read something more?" "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and He is able to save to the uttermost all who come to Him." "Ah," said the suffering lad, encouraged, "and how can I come?" he inquired. "As a child unto its father," the shipmate replied. "*I will—I do believe,*" earnestly rejoined the young man.

The next morning his friend felt that death was near, and hearing him whisper in a low, sweet voice, bent his listening ear and caught the words, "He is come! He is come!" His friend asked,

"Who is come?" "Jesus! Jesus!" and so he departed. The mother's prayers were answered—her work for him was done—they met on earth no more; but when her voyage too is over, they shall greet each other in the haven of rest, and sing together of Him who died, that they might live for ever.—Mother! Sailor's mother! *Pray on.*

REVIVAL INCIDENT.

A young lad went to two prayer meetings; at the first, he was awakened, and at the second he found peace. He caught cold in going home, and in a few days died. His last words were touching and expressive. Looking up, with his hands outstretched, he said, expiring, "Oh! Lamb of God, I am coming, I am coming."

I am coming! I am coming!
 There to take my happy seat,
 And amid bright scenes of glory
 Sit for ever at thy feet.

Thou art going! oh! then tell us,
 What's the sight that meets thine eye?
 What is it that brings these raptures
 As thou gazest up on high?

Thou art going—who is calling?
 Whose the voice that bids thee go?
 Is he there, where thou art pointing,
 With thy hands outstretched so?

I am going—He invites me,
 'Tis my Jesus I see there!
 There! amid yon scenes of glory,
 Full of bliss shall I appear.

I was wand'ring—oh! how blindly
 Did I wander far from Him;
 Then He sought me—oh! how kindly
 Did He make my joy begin.

I was seeking peace and comfort,
 Peace and love did Jesus give;
 Joy flowed in without an effort,
 When He bid me look and live.

A MOTHER'S EARLY TEACHING.

I am living—ever living,
 In the life that Jesus gave;
 Lately wand'ring—lately seeking,
 Now I've found that Christ can save.

I am coming—I am coming
 To the joys thou wilt provide;
 Streams of comfort, richly flowing,
 Bear me on to thy dear side.

Yes; I'm coming there to see thee,
 Lamb of God, so full of grace;
 And I know that thou wilt give me
 'There to see thy own dear face.

I am going—Jesus calls me,
 Far from Him I would not dwell.
 I am going—up to glory,
 And my joy no tongue can tell.

I am coming—I am coming,
 Glad so soon to hear the word,
 Glad to hear the welcome sounding,
 Now I come to thee, my Lord.

T. G. BELL, LL. D.

A MOTHER'S EARLY TEACHING.

(Letter from a Missionary.)

" * * * I noticed, in one of the settlements where I located, one of your libraries; there was a very wicked man, noted for his hatred to religion and Christians. He had often declared he would never allow a preacher to stay all night in his house without keeping a sharp look-out after the horses. He was one of the congregation the day I organized the school. During my address, when I spoke of the power and influence of early training, he was deeply affected. He tried hard to throw it off, but was unable. The strong man was bowed down, and he wept aloud as I delineated the downward and ruinous course of those who forsake the 'Guide of their youth.' He became greatly excited, and then arose and stated that he had lost his parents at a very early age, but now the faithful teaching and prayers of his sainted mother flashed fresh across his memory, that for forty years had been forgotten. He proceeded to make the most powerful appeal for Sunday schools and early training I ever listened to. He then publicly renounced his infidelity, and begged an interest in the prayers of all who loved his 'Mother's Saviour.' Could you have witnessed the scene, as we clustered around the mercy-seat in that old barn, to pray for that poor infidel, (not an infidel now, but a brother beloved,) you would have felt paid, yes, and well paid, for all that you have ever done for Kentucky.

'There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all beside more sweet—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

'There is a scene where spirits bleed,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

'Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed;
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

'There, there an eagle-wings we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more;
And Heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.' "

The Missionary's letter may cheer and incite other Sunday schools and donors. Shall we not all meet him and one another to plead for this cause at the mercy-seat?

ONLY THE SHADOW.

THERE is, in reality, no death to the believer; that which was death has been done away by Christ, and the circumstances are now entirely changed. The Christian, it is true, has to pass through a dark valley, not the valley of *death*, but the valley of the *shadow* of death—only the shadow; and he may well rejoice when he thinks what causes that shadow. What is it? A *shadow* must be caused by the *reflection* of a strong light upon a dark body; and the light of redemption, shining so gloriously from Christ, and being reflected upon the dark object, death, causes his grim shadow to be portrayed in the valley. Through that shadow the Christian must pass; yet let him not fear, for being *but* a shadow it cannot hurt him. He may turn his face towards the glorious Being from whom the light proceeds, and say, "I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff comfort me."—*Dr. Cumming.*

LIFE'S PROGRESS.

"We bring our years to an end as it were a tale that is told."

CHILD! that so securely clingest
 To thy mother's side,
 And thine arm around her flingest,
 Lest some harm betide;
 Thou who art so archly smiling,
 Void of care thy brow;
 No wrong thought thy soul defiling—
 Child, how old art thou?

And the child looked up with a face of glee,
 Which beamed with a smile of ecstasy;
 But his lisping tongue no words expressed,
 As he closer clung to his mother's breast;
 And the guileless glance of that sinless eye
 Was all the innocent's reply.

Boy! that mournfully art creeping
 To thy tasks to-day,
 And to-morrow high art leaping
 On thy joyous way;
 Thou whose every thought is bounded
 By the present *now*,
 Thy prospects all by hope surrounded—
 Boy! how old art thou?

And the boy answered haughtily,
 And his bosom swelled perceptibly—
 "Call me not 'boy,' I am in my teens,
 And long have forgotten my childhood's scenes;
 And five brief years will soon be gone,
 Then all hail! to twenty-one.
 Hurrah! for the day that shall set me free,
 When none shall dare to dictate to me!"

Man! that the crowded city
 Passest in thy prime,
 Doling forth superfluous pity
 To the sons of time;
 Thou, whose half of life is wasted,
 Unredeemed thy vow;
 Religious waters scarcely tasted—
 Man! how old art thou?

And the man replied abstractedly,
 In a voice that sounded remorsefully—
 "Oh! ask me not—the days are past
 That I vainly thought for aye would last!"

The plans that I formed in my early years
 Have brought to me only griefs and tears;
 And those whom in youth I did most despise
 Have been lifted up in the nation's eyes;
 Whilst, unimproved, the powerful sway
 Of my forty summers hath passed away!"

Grey-haired old! that totterest weakly
 'Cross thy chamber floor,
 Drinking sounds, benign and meekly,
 Soon thou'lt hear no more;
 Thou whom "mere oblivion" shroudeth,
 Whose last days are now;
 Ere death's gloom upon thee crowdeth,
 Say, how old art thou?

And the grey-haired man essayed to speak,
 And a tear passed over his withered cheek,
 But there came no sound—he bowed his head—
 His age untold—he was with the dead!

PROVIDENCE.

THE PRAYER OF FAITH HEARD AND ANSWERED.

A CHRISTIAN lady in Yorkshire was one morning about to sit down to breakfast, when it was forcibly impressed on her mind that she must instantly carry a loaf of bread to a poor man that she knew, who lived some little distance from her house, by the side of a common. Her husband wished her to postpone taking the loaf until after breakfast, or to send it by a servant, but she chose to take it herself instantly. As she approached the hut she heard the sound of a human voice; wishing to hear what it was, she stepped softly and unperceived to the door. She now heard the poor man praying, and among other things he said—"O Lord, help me—Lord, thou wilt help me—thy promise cannot fail; and although my wife, self, and children have no bread to eat, and it is now a whole day since we had any, I know thou wilt supply us though thou shouldest again rain down manna from heaven." The lady could wait no longer—she opened the door—"Yes," she replied, "God has sent you relief; take this loaf and be encouraged to cast your care upon Him who careth for you, and when you ever want a loaf of bread come to my house."

THE ROMANCE OF LIFE.

ALL prosaic and all bitter, disenchanted people talk as if poets and novelists made romance. They do, just as much as craters make volcanoes—no more. What is romance? Whence comes it? Plato spoke to the subject wisely, in his quaint way, some two thousand years ago, when he said, "Man's soul in a former state was winged and soared amongst the gods; and so it comes to pass that, in this life, when the soul by the power of music or poetry, or the sight of beauty, hath her remembrance quickened, forthwith there is a struggling and a pricking pain as of wings trying to come forth—even as children in teething." And if an old heathen, two thousand years ago, discoursed thus gravely of the romantic part of our nature, whence comes it that in Christian lands we think in so pagan a way of it, and turn the whole cause of it to ballad-makers, romancers, and opera-singers?

Every impulse of beauty, of heroism, and every craving for purer love, fairer perfection, nobler type and style of being than that which closes like a prison around us, in the dim daily walk of life, is God's breath, God's impulse, God's reminder to the soul that there is something higher, sweeter, purer, yet to be attained. Therefore man or woman, when thy ideal is shattered—as shattered a thousand times it must be; when the vision fades, the rapture burns out, turn not away in scepticism and bitterness saying, "There is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink," but rather cherish the revelations of those hours as prophecies and foreshadowings of something real and possible, yet to be attained in the manhood of immortality. The scoffing spirit that laughs at romance is an apple of the Devil's own handing from the bitter tree of knowledge;—it opens the eyes only to see eternal nakedness.—*Mrs. Stowe.*

THE SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHER.

I HEARD a Sabbath-school teacher murmur that her sphere of usefulness was small. She murmured that she could not live and

die upon some foreign soil. The angel of the Lord reproved her, and she returned to her little field to live, and labour, and pray. In a few years she heard her Father's voice and went home. As she passed by the tree of life, she saw that its branches folded themselves about a youthful choir of pure spirits. "Who are these?" asked she of her angel-guide, as spell-bound she lingered there. And the guide made answer, "These are they whom God has given thee. While thou didst labour and pray the Angel of Life troubled the healing waters, and these, who are the gift of thy God to thee, went down and were cleansed, and rose again to be thy starry train and a halo of light around thee for ever."

LETTER FROM A DYING WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

THE following touching fragment of a letter from a dying wife to her husband was found by him some months after her death, between the leaves of a religious volume which she was very fond of perusing. The letter, which was literally dim with tear marks, was written long before the husband was aware that the grasp of a fatal disease had fastened upon the lovely form of his wife, who had died at the early age of nineteen.

" * * * * When this shall reach your eye, dear George, some day, when you are turning your eyes over the relics of the past, I shall have passed away for ever, and the cold white stone will be keeping its lonely watch over the lips you have so often pressed; and the sod will be growing green that shall hide for ever from your sight the dust of one who has often nestled close to your warm heart. For many long and sleepless nights, when all beside my thoughts were at rest, I have wrestled with the consciousness of approaching death, until at last it has forced itself upon my mind; and although to you and to others it might now seem but the nervous imaginings of a girl, yet, dear George, it is so! Many weary hours have I passed in the endeavour to reconcile myself to leaving you whom I love so well, and this bright world of sunshine and beauty; and hard, indeed, it is to struggle on silently and alone, with the sure conviction that I am about to leave all for ever, and go down alone into the dark valley. 'But I know in whom I have believed,' and leaning upon His arm 'I fear no evil.' Do not blame me for keeping this even from you. How could I subject you, of all others, to such sorrow as I feel at parting, when time will so soon make it a part

rent to you? I could have wished to live, if only to be at your side when your time shall come, and pillowing your head upon my breast, wipe the death-damps from your brow, and usher your departing spirit into its Maker's presence, embalmed in woman's holiest prayer. But it is not to be so—and I submit. Yours is the privilege of watching through long and dreary nights for the spirit's final flight, and of transferring my sinking head from your breast to my Saviour's bosom! And you shall share my last thoughts; the last faint pressure of the hand, and the last feeble kiss shall be yours; and even when flesh and heart shall have failed me, my eye shall rest on yours until glazed by death; and our spirits shall hold one last fond communion until gently fading from my view—the last of earth—you shall mingle with the first bright glimpses of the unfading glories of that better world where partings are unknown.

"Well do I know the spot, dear George, where you will lay me. Often have we stood by the place, and as we watched the mellow sunset as it glanced in quivering flashes through the leaves, and burnished the grassy mounds around us with stripes of burnished gold, each, perhaps, has thought that some day one of us would come alone, and whichever it might be, *your* name would be on the stone. But we loved the stone. and I know you'll love it none the less when you see the same quiet sunlight linger and play among the grass that grows over your Mary's grave. I know you'll often go there alone when I am laid there, and my spirit will be with you then, and whisper among the waving branches. 'I am not lost, but gone before!'"

"They loved in life, and now in death they are not divided." They sleep together in the beautiful cemetery near Troy, where we have stood by her grave at sunset with the weeping husband. who has now rejoined her "in that world where sorrow is never known, and friends are never parted."

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

THE LITTLE MONITOR.

ONE day I was more than usually cast down, when I turned to my little boy, not five years old, and said, "Oh! Willie, can you tell me what will cure low spirits?" When the dear little boy, looking up with deep earnestness said, "God can cure you, mamma." I felt deeply humbled, and at once cast my burden upon the Lord, who has promised to support those who do so.

DID YOU EVER PRAY FOR A FRIEND'S RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS?

When Luther was at Wittenberg, he received a letter from his friend Myconius, stating that he was very near death, and at the end he bade him a last farewell. When the bold Luther had read the letter, he fell on his knees and prayed—"Lord, my God—no!—thou must not take our brother Myconius yet to thee—thy church cannot spare him—Amen!" Like another Elijah, he did not even say—"Thy will be done."—No!

After this prayer Luther rose and wrote to his sick friend—"You need not apprehend your death," said he, "my dear Myconius; God forbid that I should hear of it—you shall not, and you must not die! Amen!" These words made a powerful impression upon the heart of the sick man, and so greatly agitated him that the abscess on his lungs burst and he recovered. After this, one day, when he was again writing to his friend on the subject of his recovery, Luther said, "I intimated this to you in my letter." There was faith and prayer.

A LITTLE GIRL'S FAITH AND PRAYER.

The mother of a little girl, four years of age, was dangerously ill—a pious holy mother she was. When her dear child heard that the physicians had given her up, she went into the adjoining room and prayed this prayer—"Dear Lord Jesus, make my mother well again."—Very short, was it not? After this little prayer the dear child seemed to wait a moment; then, as if she repeated words from Jesus, she said—"Yes, my dear child, I will do it with pleasure!" This seemed to be the Amen of the little girl. She arose quite happy, ran to her mother's bedside and said—"Mother, you will recover." And she did recover, and is probably living now.

MOTHER NEVER TOLD ME A LIE.

After the desolations of the yellow fever in New Orleans, a boy was discovered one morning lying on the grass without the city, evidently bright and intelligent, but sick. The Christian who discovered him shook him by the shoulder, and asked him what he was doing there. "Waiting for God to come for me."

said the boy. The gentleman was touched by the pathetic tone of the voice, as well as by the evident marks of passing fever in the boy's pale but intelligent countenance. "God sent for father, mother, and little brother," said he, "and took them away to His home up in the sky; and mother told me that God would take care of me. I have no home, nobody to give me anything, and so I came out here, and have been looking up to the sky for a long time for God to come and take care of me, as mother said He would. Hewill come, won't He? Mother said so; she never told me a lie." "Yes! my lad, I see that God sent me here this morning to find you, and to take care of you for Him, as your mother promised." How his eyes flashed, and the smile of triumph broke over his face, as he said, "I knew you would come; mother never told a lie; but you've been long on the way."

NOTICES OF BOOKS, &c.

I Forgot. By Rev. S. MARTIN. London: Tresidder.

Dead and Alive Again. By the same Author and Publisher.

The name of the author is sufficient recommendation of these two interesting little books.

Walking with God. By G. W. MYLNE. London: Wertheim.

This little book contains Bible-class notes, and may be useful to Sabbath-school teachers.

Truthful Tales. By ANN JANE. London: The Book Society.

Just what it professes to be—to interest the young, who always like true tales.

Two sheets of interesting matter from "The Habits of Good Society."
London: Hogg and Sons.

The Missionary Story, and A New Year's Story. London: Tresidder.

Two nice little stories for New Year's presents.

Servants' Magazine, 1860. London: Houlston.

A useful and entertaining volume.

Glimpses beyond Home. London: Wertheim.

An instructive and pleasing little volume from the "Churchman's Penny Magazine."

Something to amuse You. By H. D'OYLEY HOWE. London: Wertheim

A charming story-book for our young friends.

Six Paints (not Poisonous) on a Cardboard Palette, with brush, free by post for Seven Stamps; also a Chess and Draughts Board and Box for Seven Stamps. S. B. BEAL, Paternoster Row.

Amusing for the children at Christmas season.

FADING AWAY.

"Another weeping home,
Another song in heaven."

Not long ago we told our young friends of the happy departure to the better land of one of their compeers, the loving and beloved Rebekah. A bereaved father has sent us an account of another lovely young disciple gone up to join the ranks above. The sorrowing father shall tell the tale; he says:—

"Our dear daughter seems to have been drawn to love Jesus from the early age of six years. Her mamma was accustomed in early life to take her apart from the family for secret prayer and direction; for the return of such seasons she had a longing desire, and often took a part in the exercise herself. When about fifteen years of age, she came to me to obtain my consent to unite herself to God's people. After a short time she was received among them, amid tears of joy from many who esteemed her and admired her youthful decision. She had been a scholar in the Sabbath school, and now earnestly desiring to work in the Lord's vineyard, she became a teacher, and was much beloved by her class. She also took a district for tract distribution, and persevered in it as long as strength allowed.

"About thirteen months since she took a cold and became confined to her room, but even there she must work for the cause of God, and did much fancy-work to assist the town mission. She now became very weak, and it was evident consumption was doing its insidious work. Her sister remarked one day, 'that there was something very solemn in the thought of death even to the Christian, when we think of the body becoming food for worms.' 'Polly,' she replied, 'I never think of that—I never look into the grave, but I look upward and think of the glorified spirits around the throne of God.'

"When death seemed spreading his icy wings over her, she summoned us all to her bedside, and gave us separately her dying charge. To me she gave her hand and said—'Father, I am going home; set your affections on things above.' To her sister

she said—'Keep near to Jesus, this is all I can say to you.' To her mother she said—'We shall soon meet in glory;' and to her aunt—'Meet me in heaven.'

"When gasping for breath, she asked—'Is this death?' I told her it was. She replied—'Glory—glory—glory! His chariot wheels are coming; I know in whom I have believed.' A short time after she asked again—'Am I dying?' I told her she was. She rejoined—'Precious Jesus—Precious Jesus! He is my all.' Observing us weep, she said—'Weep not; the cup which my heavenly Father has given me, shall I not drink it?' She then asked her dear mamma to kneel down and pray for a speedy dismissal, adding—'Mamma! one hour in heaven will more than make up for all my suffering here.' Soon she exclaimed—'Now I am dying!—my sight is gone!—all is dark!—dark!' She then put her wasted hand to her eyes, and said with the greatest composure—'I am happy!—*happy*!—**HAPPY**!' Then looking towards me, she said faintly—'Dearest father!—mamma!—mamma!—my speech is almost gone.' She then requested to be taken out of bed to be placed on my knee; her mother asked her if she wished to die in my arms; she faintly replied—'Yes;' and I had scarcely sat down, with the precious burden in my arms, when she passed away without a struggle or a groan."

Thus you see, dear young friends, the lovely and the beloved are led away in life's early bloom by death's icy hand. Are you ready?—it may be *your* turn next.

Thus, you see, a mother's early training has its reward even in *this* life. Are you leading your precious ones into the narrow road? We shall all meet ere long before the great white throne. Are you ready? Say—Are you ready?

MY MOTHER'S DIARY.—No. II.

"*January.*—I must just finish what I was reading before I look at my mother's papers this morning. A diary is a curious link between the altered seasons of one's life. There will be some-

thing very touching even about the changes which will pass upon one's *handwriting*! We shall look back at it occasionally, and shed tears of which we shall have no reason to be ashamed. We shall certainly see many silly things in it that we did not think silly at the time; and we may have become wiser, more humble, and more sympathetic, when our old diary shows us what we ourselves felt and said a long while ago."

Ah! I see the truth of all this. I can trace my dear mother by the light of her diary all along the path of life, from youth to age; and I have often heard what an eventful life hers was. Well, let me see—oh! here it is; she is grumbling at home, and says—"I will write to Louisa Gordon, to invite me to her house part of the holidays, that I may get out of this gloomy habitation—Yes, I will."

"* * * * *Evening*.—I have just had a lecture about being good; and making resolves to walk in the narrow road. Oh! why did they send me where all good thoughts were driven out of my head, I wonder! Oh, mother! father! you little think what you have done! I will write to Louisa, and get away as soon as possible; and yet these thoughts almost frighten me. Suppose I should die there?—Suppose I should never be saved? What a conflict there seems in my mind between early impressions and last year's recollections at school. Well, I will write to Louisa."

"10th, *Rose Cottage*.—Oh, what a day I have had!—here at last, and no more happy than I was at home. My mother wept that I had lost my love for home. My father looked pale, and said—"Oh, Melonie, we made a sad mistake in sending you where religion has no place in the household!" Yes, so I think, but I love pleasure now, and gay people and gay things. Why did they send me where the world is made to look so fascinating, I wonder! Well, I must get ready for dinner-company too."

"*Evening*.—Oh, dear! how miserable I am to-night. I heard John Amerist say there was a dreadful fever in the village, and Ellen Price is likely to die. I am terrified; suppose I should take it and die, and I am not ready! All the gay company of the evening seemed to make me more dull. Charles Curry said

the bugbears of my nursery are floating in my brain. Well, perhaps they are—at any rate I was a happy child then. I certainly came here to enjoy myself, and get away from religion, but I am utterly miserable. My dear mother tells me in her letter, she and my father mourn over their error in sending me into the gay world for education. So do I, for I am not half so happy now as when I was a child at home, hearing and reading about Jesus. Oh! I am very, *very* miserable! To make the matter worse, the clergyman called to-day, and told us a dreadful tale of a young lady who was hurried away to the bar of God without any warning. I will try to remember his words—‘I called one day,’ said he, ‘to see a young lady who was to accompany me to a ball in the evening. She seemed low and unusually gloomy—‘What time shall I fetch you, Anna?’ I asked. She replied, ‘I do not think I can go.’ ‘Indeed! how is this?’ She hesitated to reply—her sister and I pressed for an explanation. ‘Well,’ she said at length, ‘I dare say you will call me foolish, but I had such an awful dream last night, I am quite nervous. I thought we were all at the ball, Alice and you, and I; and in the middle of the gaiety I thought I died and went up to heaven’s gate; but when I heard the music there, though it was very beautiful, I felt to ME it was discord! I was then hurled down—down—oh! such an awful dark abyss, that the terror awoke me.’ We all laughed at her superstition, and requested Alice to go at once and place her dress and ornaments ready to put on. So we persuaded her to laugh with us, and I departed. At the appointed time I fetched the sisters, and off we drove light-hearted and gay. About an hour after, the dancing commenced; and when poor Anna was very heated she suddenly turned her face to me blanched with terror, and exclaimed—‘Edward, I am very ill!’ We carried her out of the room very quickly, but ere we reached the refreshment-room, my poor young friend had gone to the bar of God! From that moment I date my conversion to God.’ Here the good man covered his face and wept. Oh! suppose I should die in a ball-room like Anna?”

JOHNNY AND HIS MOTHER.

Who ever saw a selfish mother? Rarely during a long life does such a being cross one's path; but many a mother will hide her own wants, and even suffer hunger, while with a smiling-face she will feed the little circle around her home-table. Such a mother had Johnny. She was left a desolate and poor widow with two children—a girl and boy—to provide for. Her little boy was employed in an office, and obtained three or sometimes four shillings a-week, but the poor mother had difficult work to obtain enough food to satisfy the growing children and herself. Often, very often did she eat dry bread, and drink her tea without sugar, in order that they might have butter on their bread, and a little sugar in their tea.

One evening, when Johnny was stirring his own tea, he observed his mother depriving herself for him, and said, "Mother, I am determined I will not stay at the office—I will go to sea, and seek my fortune, and I am sure we shall get on better than we do now." The mother looked at him, and said, "No, my child, I would rather have bread and water all my life, than lose you. However, in a day or two he persuaded his mother to let him go—he was determined not to go on thus any longer; so she consented, and they went to look at the vessels, and at last found a good captain, who said he would be kind to the lad;—then his mother packed up his clothes, and the day for his departure came.

On the last morning, as he was taking his breakfast for the last time with her, she put a little Bible in the chest for him, and asked him to grant one last request.—"What is it?" he asked. "To kneel down here, and I will pray for God to be with you, when you are away upon the billows, and that you may remember you have had a mother's prayers for your safety." They knelt together for the last time, and she said, "The Lord go with my dear little Johnny—the Lord be with him." When they got to the pier, and he put off to the ship, the mother's last words were, "The Lord be with you!" and when the ship had left the shore his mother still prayed for him.

was a lamb in Christ's fold; and tried to walk in the footsteps of her Shepherd, the meek and lowly Jesus. You know that when Jesus came to live in this world, He was born a babe in Bethlehem, and that He was once a little child like you, and therefore He knows all the trials (because He has experienced them) to which even children are subject. Often have I heard little Ellen say, when she was not sure whether she was doing right or not, 'What would the gentle Jesus have done if He were in my place?' Thus you see, darlings, she tried to make Jesus her pattern in all things, or in the words of our precious Bible, 'walked in His footsteps.' Dear children, take an example from Ellen; each of you pray, like her, to be made a child of God, that whether you live or die you may be His. You cannot begin too early to serve God; death comes alike to young and old; if you go into the churchyard you would see many very little graves; we none of us know when it may please God to call us away, and suppose He were to call you now, and you not be prepared to meet Him!" "O mamma!" said both the children at once, while tears filled their eyes, "how dreadful that would be." "It would, indeed, dears; I hope that will not be the case with you, but that you will come to Jesus now, and pray earnestly for a new heart, and that He will put His Spirit within you, and that you will try to keep the commandments of our blessed Saviour." "I am sure we will both try, dear mamma," exclaimed the children; "I will pray to Jesus to help me," said Annie. "I hope you will," said Mrs. Selwyn, "and that you will be enabled to keep your good resolutions. We were all preparing," said Mrs. Selwyn, commencing her narrative, "to spend a month in the country with dear grandmamma, and little Ellen was anticipating with so much pleasure seeing the little white lambs, and gathering the beautiful sweet flowers which she loved so much, when she was taken ill—so ill that the doctor said he thought we should never hear dear Ellen's voice again in this world. Ah! you cannot imagine, dears, what a heart-rending blow it was when we heard that it was probable that our sweet darling child would not again cheer and gladden our path with her pleasant voice and sunny smile; but we remembered, amidst all our sorrow, that it was God's doing, and that He must do

right, and that it was God who lent her to us, and that He had a right to take her to Himself if it were His will. After suffering very great pain so very patiently for three days, the spirit of dear little Ellen returned to God who gave it; her sweet voice is now joining the angels in singing, 'Glory, glory, glory!' to Jesus in heaven—to the same Jesus who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.' "O, happy, happy little Ellen!" said Annie. "Yes, she is indeed happy, now she is safely gathered in the fold of Christ above," said Mrs. Selwyn; "and you, dear children, I hope will some time meet her in heaven. Jesus is as willing to make you His children, and if it pleases God to spare you to grow up, think what unspeakable pleasure it will give you to reflect that your whole lives were devoted to God, who created you; and sent you into this world to prepare for heaven—but listen, whose step is that?" "Papa's," said Charlie, who, with eyes brightened by pleasure, ran to open the door.

ANNA.

FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

EBBING OF A YOUNG LIFE.

My memories of him are very distinct and clear, from earliest infancy to the present hour; and the same features that marked the infant and the child identified the man. The same dark silken hair—the same mild, serious eyes, dark and radiant, until their closing. And the same love of home and kindred that in childhood were so beautiful, were with him to his grave. An injury, whether supposed or real, done to those he loved, was felt as if done to himself, and often in his beautiful childhood did I desire that he might become a soldier; for the strong hand and fearless heart, the indomitable purpose, and the nice sense of honour, indicated a capability for high attainments in that profession. But, thanks to our heavenly Father, the unholy wish was denied. The days of his boyhood passed as a dream, although he was ever at home. They were exceedingly few, the evenings in which he was absent, and then how anxious the hours until his

return; and when his coming step was heard, how the heart threw off its weight of care!

In his boyhood he was sometimes wayward, and needed correction or reproof; but though by nature inclined strongly to resist and withstand interference or injury, deserved reproof and correction left him subdued and humble, with the peaceful temper of a child. He was not naturally fond of study, although he loved information, and, when a child, would listen without weariness to long-continued reading or recital of the beautiful histories of the Bible—of these he never wearied. They were ever new, and full of absorbing interest. But the period of childhood and youth went by, and he stood on the verge of manhood. The form that early gave promise of symmetry and strength was magnificently developed. How his young sisters exulted in his strength and manly beauty, and how all our hearts trusted in him as in a strong tower!

About this time the subject of religion claimed his attention, and for a time we hoped that his heart had, indeed, been renewed and sanctified. But the season of deep interest went by, and he made no profession of religion. Soon after this, he gave some attention to the study of sacred music, and sung in the choir on the Sabbath. From that time I seldom heard him sing other than the songs of Zion, and it was cause of surprise that the thoughtless boy should sing with such apparent devotion the songs of heaven. I doubt not that it was to him a defence and safeguard. From this time his character acquired symmetry and strength. Naturally hasty and impulsive, we had feared for the future; but he grew conscientious and thoughtful, and looked with a calm earnest gaze upon the future.

A MATERNAL MEETING.

PAPER BY THE REV. D—— M——.

THE royal preacher, in a discourse replete with wisdom, gives this important and necessary caution: "Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou

do not inquire wisely concerning this." To cry out against the times is both foolish and sinful. It is foolish to do so, inasmuch as it is the wickedness of the members of the human family that is the cause of all the evils that exist; and it is also sinful to do so, inasmuch as present blessings are despised, and the just dispensations of Divine Providence condemned. If we are at all capable of forming an opinion, we are inclined to affirm that, instead of the former days being better than these, these days are better than the former.

As proofs of this, we would point to our literary, scientific, charitable, and religious institutions. To the deep interest that is taken in every class of the community, both in its temporal and spiritual elevation, and to the suitable provision that is made for the proper information of every description of persons. What a wonderful scheme is the Gospel of God's grace! It enlightens the mind, purifies the heart, adorns the life, sanctifies every domestic relation, destroys pride and selfishness, civilizes a people, elevates the nation, and blesses the world. The attention which is now given to mothers is a peculiarity of our times, whilst it is one of the legitimate effects of the glorious Gospel. Meetings are now held expressly for this important class—prayers are especially presented on their behalf—whilst there issues from the press a great variety of matter, well fitted both to instruct and interest. It affords us unfeigned pleasure that in this missionary district you have your Mothers' Meeting—that it is so numerously attended, and that you are so well supplied with that most valuable publication, the "MOTHERS' FRIEND." May the Divine blessing rest on our brother who labours here, and on the Meeting which assembles in this place month after month.

There is something soft, soothing, attractive, and influential in the term *mother*. This is felt in the very utterance of it. A mother's love is the strongest human affection. A mother's care is proverbial. No one can calm the troubled bosom as the mother does. She is placed in such a critical position that she will prove either a great blessing or a great curse to her offspring. She is to be honoured as much as the father—her law is not to be forsaken—disobedience to her is followed with awful punishment;

and when she becomes old, she is not to be despised, but highly esteemed. Never did Solomon, with all his wisdom, amidst all his glory, appear to such advantage as he did when, seated on his throne, he rose to meet his mother, bowed himself unto her, caused a seat to be set for her, and placed her on his right hand. But we have the example of one greater than Solomon, who was not only David's son, but also David's Lord. True, He was not on the throne, but on the Cross; He was not honoured, but despised; and yet, while in the agonies of death, tempted of Satan, scorned by multitudes, denied by friends, forsaken of God—just as He was pouring out His soul an offering for sin—He comforted His mother, and made ample provision for the remaining days of her widowhood.

Such is the honour the all-wise God places on mothers. We have already stated that the attention now bestowed on mothers is a peculiarity of our times, whilst it is one of the legitimate effects of the glorious Gospel. In what heathen country, ancient or modern, is the female honoured as the Bible demands? It is when the direct and indirect effects of Divine Truth are felt that the softer sex takes its place by man's side, not as his lord, nor as his slave, but as his help-meet and companion. Woman may be the weaker vessel, but this is a weighty argument why she ought to have the countenance and support of the stronger power.

WASTED TIME.

Alone, in the dark and silent night,
 With the heavy thought of a vanished year;
 When evil deeds come back to sight,
 And good deeds rise with a welcome cheer.
 Alone, with the spectres of the past,
 That come with the old year's dying chime;
 There glooms one shadow, dark and vast,
 The shadow of Wasted Time.

The chances of happiness cast away;
 The opportunities never sought;
 The good resolves that every day
 Have died in the impotence of thought.

The slow advance, and the backward step,
 In the rugged path we have striven to climb;
 How they furrow the brow, and pale the lip,
 When we talk with Wasted Time.

What are we now? What had we been,
 Had we heeded time as the miser's gold;
 Striving our need to win,
 Through the Summer's heat and the Winter's cold;
 Shrinking from nought the world could do,
 Fearing nought but the touch of crime;
 Labouring, struggling, all seasons through,
 And knowing no Wasted Time?

Who shall recal the vanished years?
 Who shall hold back this ebbing tide,
 That leaves remorse, and shame, and tears,
 And washes away all things beside?
 Who shall give us the strength, e'en now,
 To leave for ever this holiday rhyme;
 To shake off this sloth from heart and brow,
 And battle with Wasted Time?

The years that pass come not again;
 The things that die no life renew;
 But e'en from the rust of time's cankered chain,
 A golden truth is glimmering through;
 That to him who learns from errors past,
 And turns away with strength sublime;
 And makes each year out-do the last,
 There is no Wasted Time.

A WIDOWED MOTHER'S EXPERIENCE.

You are naturally and properly impressed with the charge God has committed to you, of the souls as well as the bodies of your children. None can more fully sympathise with you than I can. I recollect the time, when a very young widow, I looked around upon my two fatherless children and thought, "Who is sufficient for these things?" And when the Lord was pleased to take one, I still continued often to feel my responsibility, so as much to oppress my spirit. I hope you are daily employed in committing yourself and them into the hands of Jesus, asking Him to teach

you how to teach them, and pleading the fulfilment of that promise, "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children." All efforts of ours, without the influence of the Spirit of all grace, will prove abortive. All precept, without strict attention to exemplary temper and conduct on your part, will fail; and, therefore, our very love of our children ought to stimulate us to the most careful avoidance of what will be quickly observed by them, if inconsistent in any degree with our requirements of them.

You will have affecting and increasing proofs of depravity as the mind unfolds itself; and I do not know that, in general, parents are aware how early religious instruction may be commenced with the best effect—I think, almost from infancy, and from the first dawnings of reason. Prayer *with* and *for* them, I found in both my lambs was thus early estimated as a privilege, not a task; and that in proportion as they observe their parents enjoy it as such, so will they. I cannot forget how, by both mine, the request was so often made to me, "Oh mamma, pray, pray for me; pray beside me. I like so much when mamma prays beside me." Let them be within hearing of the requests you send up to God on their behalf; let them hear you mention their names, and be witnesses of the earnestness of your supplications on their behalf; mention their sins or their follies to God in their presence, and ask Him to pardon and renew their hearts. I mention this more particularly, because I *have experienced* and seen it a more powerful engine, by which to work upon their tender minds, than correction or instruction.

There is much difficulty in knowing how to manage the rod; because different dispositions require different modes of treatment. In most cases it is required in a greater or lesser degree; at least, so far as determinedly to preserve the sense of parental authority, in even the least particular, or to repress every degree of *stubbornness* of temper. But, perhaps, if early accustomed to feel the parent's word a law, and uniformly so, the less correction will be necessary. It is certain that in the obedience of the precept, "Train up a child in the way he should go," we may confidently expect the fulfilment of that promise, "when he is old he

shall not depart from it." But, alas! how many failures on our part render the promise justly forfeited on God's part. You have a partner who, I trust, enters into all your anxieties on this point, and is able to counsel you, and to pray *with* and *for* you, and your children. Watch over every appearance of evil in your own temper before them. When you see it necessary to withhold their little requests, *be firm* when they show temper. Do not correct in *anger*, but convince them you do it from *love*. Be careful to teach them a love of truth, by keeping every promise or threatening of your own. *Do always as you say*, either in promise or threatening.

Try to check pride and stubbornness of temper; the first often produces the second, and they are growing evils. Do not repeat their little sayings before them, or let them hear their dress or appearance praised. Vanity is a spontaneous growth in the young mind. Alas! it is fertile of evil; grace alone can overcome it. O! *pray much*; this is a never-failing source of comfort to the Christian parent, when she sees how little all else prevails.

BE KIND TO YOUR MOTHER.

A SAD TALE FOR LITTLE BOYS.

"CHARLIE, Charlie, mother is calling you. Don't you hear her?" "Yes, but I don't mean to go. She is *always* calling me for something or other—I can't get a minute to myself." "Why! Charlie Green, ain't you ashamed of yourself to speak so? Mother wants you to go and rock the baby. I have to go down to the Post Office." "Well, I *won't* rock the baby, so there now. I hate that everlasting cradle, but I'll go to the Post Office." "No, I am going myself. But, you naughty boy, I guess you'll be sorry for this conduct if mother were to die, and she *may* die to-night." "Oh! she won't," replied Charlie, decidedly, as his sister turned to go out.

Little Johnny, who had been busily playing near the front door, heard this conversation; and his tender little heart took

alarm at the idea that his beloved mother might die. "I'll go and rock baby," he said, throwing his playthings down, and skipping lightly through the hall. "Mother," he said, in his sweet soft voice, "may I rock Walter? I'll try to do it very well indeed." "Thank you, my little son," replied the mother, "you are a good boy, but where is Charlie? I called for him." "He is playing, ma, and don't want to come. Can't I rock the baby as well as he can?" "You shall try, my dear, but you are hardly large enough to manage this great cradle." But Johnny *did* manage it very well. His tiny hands worked hard to keep the cradle from slipping out of its place, and he rocked it so steadily, that the baby slept a good long time, and the mother was very much pleased. She took her dear little Johnny upon her lap, and kissed him ever so many times, calling him her "comfort," and telling him that he would certainly be a man if he ever lived to grow up.

Johnny was very happy, and when he had leave to run out to play, his heart felt so light that he found it impossible to keep his feet upon the ground, but went leaping and skipping along at an astonishing rate. But the naughty and selfish Charlie had passed a most uncomfortable morning. He knew it was very wicked for him to do as he had done, and then his little brother's different behaviour had made him feel ashamed of himself. He had roved about the garden and through the fields seeking pleasure, but had found very little. As is usual with persons in his state of mind, he had done several exceedingly unkind notions. Ill at ease with himself, he had vented his spite upon all that chanced to come in his way; had stoned the poor kitten and chickens; had hurt the good dog Don; and had given the tail of the horse a twitch, which caused the old fellow to kick violently. If his heels had hit Master Charlie's head, he would never have done any more mischief. We must keep the sadder part of our story till next month.

THE BIRD IN THE CAGE.

GOTTHOLD had a singing-bird, which he had kept in a cage for some time. It had become so accustomed to its prison, that it not only sang gaily and pleasantly, but, even when the door was open, showed no desire to get out. "Ah!" he thought in his heart as he saw it, "if I could but perfectly learn from this little bird to be content with mine estate, and resigned to the will of God! Oh! that I could but once become rightly accustomed to the manner and the ways of my God, and could from the heart believe that He cannot mean any evil with me. This little bird is in captivity, but because it has food always enough, it is content, and hops and sings, and has no wish to alter its condition. God surrounds me oft with all manner of cross and affliction, but He has never let me be lacking in comfort and aid, and why then am I not happy? Why, even in tribulation, do I not sing and thank my God with joyful heart? One might indeed, as Luther expresses himself, take off the hat before such a bird, and speak to it thus:—

"My dear bird, I must acknowledge that I understand not this art in which thou excellest. Thou sleepest the night over in thy little nest, without all care; arisest again in the morning, art cheerful and well at ease, and dost sit, and sing, and praise and thank the Lord; and thereafter thou goest to seek thy food and findest it.' Now, my God, I will also be contented and glad; I will desire nought save what Thou wilt. I would not be free from my cross, from my calamities and contradictions, so long as Thou wilt not. Yes, I desire not to be in Thy heaven, so long as Thou wilt that in this troubled world, in this weary life, I should still serve Thee and Thy church. Let Thy will be my heaven, Thy counsel my wisdom, Thy pleasure my delight. My desire is, that it may go well with me in time and in everlasting; such is Thy will too: our purpose is one, only about the means and ways we are not agreed. And what matters it that Thou leadest me otherwise than I, in my folly, deem good, if Thou yet leadest me well, and I attain at last to that which I long after."

SYMPATHY.

Oh, ask not, hope thou not, too much
 Of sympathy below ;
 Few are the hearts whence one sure touch
 Bids the sweet fountains flow :
 Few—and, by still conflicting powers,
 Forbidden here to meet ;
 Such ties would make this life of ours
 Too fair for ought so fleet.

Yet scorn thou not, for this, the true
 And steadfast love of years ;
 The kindly, that from childhood grew,
 The faithful to thy tears !
 If there be one that, o'er the dead,
 Hath in thy grief borne part ;
 And watched through sickness by thy bed,
 Call *his* a kindred heart.

HEMANS.

THERE are two or three unfoldings of sympathy, which may not be deemed unworthy of our especial notice. The first to which we refer is, *the sympathy of home*. There are few places which present a more beautiful and appropriate sphere for the development, cultivation, and play of this exquisite attribute of our nature, than the domestic circle. Home ! what a charm is there in that word ! What magic power it possesses ! If on earth there be one spot more bright, more verdant, and more sunny than another—an oasis in the heart of the desert—it is a holy home. There the divinest flowers of our nature grow. There the most precious and exquisite affections of the heart are nurtured. There the sweetest, loveliest character unfolds. There our strongest, purest sympathies find play. All that is ennobling in intellect, purifying in affection, expansive in soul, lofty, disinterested, and generous, finds its home, and commences its earliest flow in the bosom of a Christian family. And yet, alas ! through the many and clinging infirmities of our fallen and polluted nature, is there no fear of a gall-drop distilling into this cup of sweets ?—of a cloud casting its shadow over the brightness of this spot of sunshine ? May there not, in some homes, exist a lack of mutual affection and confidence, of sympathy and intercourse, which, weakening the bonds that cement, and relaxing the springs that

keep in harmony all the members and movements of the domestic circle, give rise to that coldness, distrust, and discord, which entail so much unhappiness, and produce so much misery, in so many homes in our land? It is to prevent the introduction of so unholy and pernicious a leaven, or, if already introduced, to arrest its progress and secure its annihilation, that we earnestly press the assiduous and prayerful cultivation of this essential and precious element of domestic happiness—*home sympathy*. The first step to this is, the erection of a family altar, around which, in holy devotion, all gather for the morning and evening sacrifice. O, there is no engagement which breathes so uniting, so hallowing, and so brightening an influence over a household, as *family prayer*. Thus, drawn closer to each other by the greater nearness of all to God, let each one feel that, by mutual acts of kindness—by those little yet delicate attentions which, to a susceptible heart, are so grateful and expressive—by a mutual understanding and forbearance—by studiously avoiding all thoughtless infliction of pain, harshness of tone, and unsympathising manner—by kindness to the sick, by attention to the infirm, by reverence to the aged, by sisterly, brotherly, and filial duty and affection—perpetual sunshine may bathe in its golden beams this the holiest, sweetest of all earthly associations—our Happy Homes.—*From O. Winslow's "Human Sympathy."*

A VOICE TO MOTHERS.

"Tell the mothers to trust in God."

THESE were almost the dying words of one who had herself been a mother in Israel, and who had trained up a family of children for the service of her Redeemer. Some of them had preceded her to the heavenly world, giving clear and decisive evidence that death to them was everlasting gain—others still remain on earth, willing labourers in the vineyard of our Lord. "Trust in God" had been the secret of her success in regard to her own children, and with her last breath she wished to encourage other mothers to bring their little ones to the Saviour. He who on earth said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and

forbid them not," is no less ready to receive them now than He was then. "Trust in God"—believe the exceeding great and precious promises He has given to parents, and plead them in prayer before Him, till all your children are renewed in the spirit and temper of their minds, and become heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ Jesus. Mothers, "Trust in God!"

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

DARE TO BE BRAVE.

LET no reproach make you lay aside holiness; the frowns of the world are nothing to the smiles of Heaven.

LITTLE CHILDREN, PRAY.

Little children, when the morning
 Poureth o'er the eastern hills
 Its bright flood of blessed sunshine,
 Making glad the fields and rills—
 Ere you leave your quiet chambers,
 Pause and kneel, and humbly pray
 To the God who has preserved you
 To behold another day.
 Pray—pray, little children, pray.

WHY DON'T THEY GET READY?

"Mamma," said a little child, "my Sunday-school teacher says that this world is only a place where God lets us live a little while to prepare for heaven, but I don't see anybody getting ready. You are preparing to go into the country, and so is Aunt Eliza. Why don't people try to get ready to go to another world, I wonder?"

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Magdalen's Friend. London: Nisbet.

A very interesting and useful little periodical.

British Workman. (Yearly Part.) London: Partridge & Co.

A work worthy attention.

British Workman's Almanac.

A useful cottage "Picture."

Old Jonathan and Almanac.

An amusing number and useful sheet.

MY MOTHER'S DIARY.—No. III.

February.—O what a house is this! Poor Louisa not expected to live—everybody wanting me to go home—and yet they will not allow me to see the poor girl, who is calling constantly for me. They tell me I shall take the fever if I go; yet it seems cruel.

Afternoon.—I have done it; I watched the day-nurse down stairs, and ran in to see poor Louisa. Oh, so altered—so pale now—and so feeble, with a distressing expression on her face! I am sure she is very unhappy. She had a little keepsake for me under her pillow, feeling sure I should hear her calling me at some moment. With a look I can never, never forget, she gave me the little box, saying, ‘Melonie, I am about to die—I know I ~~must~~ die, and I am not ready. I see now a long life is short, with all its work to do for eternity; and my short life is gone, and I have done nothing for earth, or heaven. Oh, take warning by my early death! Your mamma once said to me—“Louisa, so live that you may not be afraid to die.” But when she allowed you to live a whole year, where all thought death could never come, I felt *she could not believe* all she said. Farewell—do not stay here, you may take the fever and die, as I do, without any hope. Farewell.’ I rushed from the room, wishing I was again a little child in my old nursery, knowing only just what I knew then, and feeling happy as then. Poor dear Louisa! I would have a kiss against her wish, and now I fear I shall share her fate, and yet I feel I do not repent, or love Jesus!” * * * * *

April.—Once more, my poor old book, I look at you! Oh, how my brain has been exercised since I wrote last! Aye, and my heart too. Poor Louisa is dead, and I have been near the grave! They tell me I warned everybody in my wildness of fever to prepare for death. I remember little about my long illness, only one night I seemed in a dream, when I heard my father’s voice saying, ‘Spare, oh spare her, till she is ready for Heaven!’—For a moment I thought I was not ready, and then all was again darkness! Here I am returned again to life. May I return to God!

Many have died, while I live; and some, I fear, are gone where hope comes no more. Poor Harry Clarke is gone, and died refusing to hear anything about Jesus. His good father, they tell me, took his other sons to see him in his coffin, and told them, with bitter tears of agony, that he was obliged to believe, with the Bible in his hand, that his poor Harry was a lost soul! And he told his brothers this sad persuasion to warn them against following his sad example, which surely leads to death. How shocking this seems to me! But, my father says, we are all afraid to speak the truth on this point, and are unwilling even to *think* it. Yet, as my father remarked, the wicked who die in their sins cannot go to heaven, if the Bible is true, for that declares—‘The wicked *shall* be turned into hell, with all the nations that forget God.’ Yet we hear of every one who dies, no matter what their character, that their friends believe they are really gone to heaven! This cannot be right, for unless we are made ready for heaven *here*, how could we like to be there, even if we might?”

DYING FAITH.

OFTEN it is asked, “How shall we live?” in this place or that. “How on such a scanty pittance, or without any certainty whatever?” How very troubled the countenance looks, and how plaintive the voice! Yet how few ask, “How shall we die?” or, “Where, amid the unknown eternity, shall my soul find a home?” Yet Death will come, and lead us singly and alone to his dark territory. Here the pious poor mother shall lose all her poverty, and the rich mother all her riches, if she has not found the pearl of great price. One hour in the golden street by the river of life in the celestial city will obliterate all the sorrows and privations of this vale of tears. Oh, what a change, from a mud cottage to a mansion!—from a hard bed and hard fare to the home of angels and the feast of the King of Heaven!

Such a change awaited the good mother, of whom we are about to tell you. There she lay, on her dying pillow; around her were six children, almost dying of starvation; the father, who had neglected his home and his family, was there, weeping; the eldest

girl, about fourteen, sat by her mother's bed-side, and kept moistening her mother's dying lips, and wiping the perspiration from her cold forehead. "Mother," said she, "mother, you will soon be better." "Yes," the mother faintly replied; "yes, I shall soon be better in heaven. God be with thee, dear, for there will be no one to comfort you when I am gone." Then she called her husband to the bedside, and he came, saying, "Oh, my dear lass!" Ah, he could call her "dear lass," now she was dying; but he had treated her with cruelty and neglect before. She then asked him to make her a promise, saying—"There is Mary and John, William and Thomas, Henry and Sophy—these are our six children—and I am here dying; but I have prayed for God to bless them. I want you to tell my children, when I am dead and gone, that I loved Jesus, and that if they do so they will meet me in heaven. They will lose me very shortly, but God will be the same for ever—and He will be a Father to them, I know."

The man wept as if his heart would break. The dying mother then called the youngest of her children, and asked her if she would pray for her little brothers and sisters? "Oh yes, mother, indeed I will!" said the child. Then, turning to a friend, she asked—"Will you sing for me?" "Yes—what shall I sing?" "Oh," said she, "sing 'Jesus, lover of my soul.'" The sacred song was raised in the dying room.

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly;
 While the raging billows roll,
 While the tempest still is high.
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide;
 O, receive my soul at last."

"That will do," said the dying mother. Then she took her babes to her dying arms, and said—"The Lord be with you." She then put her arms around her poor husband's neck, saying—"Will you bring them up, and teach them to meet me in heaven?" He promised to do so. "Ah!" she replied, "but before you can teach, you must *learn* to love God yourself—PROMISE me you will"

try to love and serve God yourself." And there her husband, on his knees and weeping by his dying wife, commenced that repentance which needeth not to be repented of. Heaven smiled on the wife's last effort, and she looked upward, exclaiming, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Thus, with praise on her lips and love and gratitude in her heart, did this pious poor mother cheerfully walk through the shadowy vale to the rest and riches of heaven. Mother! would you die thus? Then do you work under the guiding eye of Jesus while the day of life lasts, that there may be light about your path at eventide.

HOUSEHOLD REVIVAL.

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

DEAR MADAM,—The following is a *verbatim* copy of a letter sent lately to a mother by a daughter, who, in consequence of her parent's constant engagement from home, was brought up by another relative. As she only saw her mother at long intervals, and then for a very short time, as she grew up she lavished the affection of a daughter upon this relative, who had acted towards her a mother's part, and, to her mother's grief, looked upon her as a stranger. Her mother heard often of her health and welfare, but had received no letter from her for years. She married lately, and, with her husband, is now comfortably settled in service—she as cook and housekeeper, and he as gardener. It is delightful to see from her letter that as soon as her heart was touched with the love of Christ, affection for her father and mother sprang up, and her anxiety for their eternal salvation prompted her to write—to open her heart to them—to try to bring them to Jesus. I never saw her mother so tenderly and deeply affected with Divine truth—so much alive to her state as a sinner—and so humble and earnest in her surrender of herself to Christ as on that morning when she presented the following letter to me for my perusal, and told me, with tears, that her dear girl had given herself to Jesus, and that she had written so affectionately to her and her father. I add no more, as the letter speaks for itself. C. C.

"Oct. 15th, 1860.

"My dear Mother and Father,—It being a long time since we heard from each other (I do not know why it should be), I have been thinking that this ought not to be. I suppose, dear mother, you have heard of the revivals in different places. I am happy to tell you that the Spirit of the Lord seems to be resting on the house in which we are living. My

husband was the first to show that the Lord had begun the work; for about two months ago he was taken very ill, and along with his illness he suffered a great deal of mental affliction—so much so, that the doctor thought his brain was affected; but the revival had begun with him first. It pleased the Lord to lay him very low, and then to raise him up with full trust in that Saviour who died for us all. I cannot tell you what he went through with mental suffering; it was agonizing to see him. His illness came on with pleurisy. This is the second attack he has had. And now I must tell you of our young ladies; for you must know that we are living at a boarding school.

"I am glad to tell you that about thirty of our ladies have been stricken down with a sense of their sins, and have been heard to cry out for mercy, and nearly or quite all of them are now, I believe, rejoicing in Christ their Saviour. But I believe many more will be brought in, for God has not finished His work in the house yet. The young ladies hold prayer-meetings every night in the school-room, from seven till half-past eight, and they are open to any who like to attend; each lady offers up a short prayer. This was the first house visited in W—, and I cannot tell you where it will end, for we have ladies from all parts of the kingdom; the young ladies are always writing letters, and sending these little books to their friends. And now, dear father and mother, I send you two, and our prayer for you both is, that *you* may come to Jesus; and may the Spirit of the Lord rest upon you both while reading them.

"Dear mother, you must not be angry with me for writing to you in the way I have done, for I feel it is for your eternal welfare. Remember, dear mother, that we have another world to live in, where we shall either be miserable or happy for ever. What a comfort it is, that in this life we have Christ for our guide; and to feel that He is no stranger to us, but that we held communion with Him on earth. O, it is far better to live a holy life, and seek Christ now, while in health, than to wait for a death-bed repentance. God can, I know, show mercy even at the eleventh hour, but it is not safe to leave it till then; for who can tell how soon we may be called away? I would wish you, dear mother, to turn to Mark xiii. 35 to 37, and there you will see how uncertain it is when the Lord of the House will come. I am afraid, dear mother, that you will think I am not anxious to know how you both are; but I am. I hope you are both quite well. Hoping to hear from you shortly, I must now conclude with our love to you both. "H. E."

THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

THOUGH my youth hath fled by, like a dream of the night,
Whose beauty may greet me no more,
The heart that hath sought for its Maker aright,
Finds little in age to deplore!

The seasons may change, and the springtide decay,
 And the storms of the winter may rage ;
 But the hand that hath served me through many a day,
 Is the hand to console me in age.

Though my youth hath fled by, still there lives in my breast
 A feeling which time can outlast ;
 As the sunset sheds beauty long, long in the west,
 When the prime of his glory is past.
 Oh, blest be the time I selected those flowers
 Which a future of love might presage ;
 For the feelings then cherished *now* hallow the hours
 That bring blessing and joy to my age.

And at last, when the steps of my life totter slow,
 May my heart nature's warning receive ;
 And calm and resigned to its destiny go,
 Nor sigh for the world it must leave.
 But faith in the promise of *Him* who hath said,—
 "Thy frailties on earth be forgiven ;"
 May my spirit yet trust, through that hope of the dead,
 To meet with its loved ones in heaven.

THE MATERNAL MEETING.—No. II.

We sympathize with you mothers, and endeavour to advance your best interests for both worlds—1st. For your own sakes. You are as much the purchase of Christ's precious blood as those belonging to the other sex. Your souls are as precious as theirs. You are as capable of appreciating and enjoying Gospel ordinances and privileges as they are. The eyes of your understanding may become as clear as other eyes. The flame of divine love may burn as pure and as strong in your hearts as in the hearts of others ; your lives may be adorned with as precious fruits as the lives of others ; and you are as capable of glorifying God here, and enjoying Him forever, as any are. We sympathize with you for our own sakes. We wish your precious souls to become the subjects of regenerating grace. We wish you to enjoy all the endless peace which the Gospel brings to the soul now, and all the blessed hopes with which it inspires the bosoms of its possessors. We wish you to be as fragrant and fruitful trees, attractive and beautiful.

We sympathize with you mothers, and endeavour to advance

your best interests for both worlds—2ndly. On account of your privations. The very relation which you sustain may have engendered both bodily weakness and lingering diseases. With one or more children to watch over—with, it may be, a limited income—with relative as well as personal sickness—you are the subjects of much anxiety, much care, much toil, and much wakefulness. And, moreover, as the managers of domestic affairs, you are necessarily excluded from exercise in the open air, and from the enjoyment of public privileges. At the same time, there are many existing evils that might be and ought to be remedied. The cares of some of you may be aggravated by having husbands who have no sympathy with you in your weaknesses and anxieties—who add to the weight of your burden, rather than assist you to bear it. And the cases of others of you may be further aggravated by having to toil alone in bringing up your children. Think of Him, learn of Him, teach in Him, who has said to His confiding servant—“My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness.” None so helpless as widows, fatherless children, and strangers; there are none so much taken advantage of; and yet such have been the especial objects of Divine protection and love.

We sympathize with you mothers, and endeavour to advance your best interests for both worlds—3rdly. On account of your relative positions. It is the solemn declaration of inspiration, “None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.” There is not an individual, however insignificant in his own estimation, or however humble in the opinion of others, that can live without exercising some influence upon those around him, which is an influence bearing upon eternity. This is especially true in reference to mothers. No one can for a single moment question the truth of the remark, that the whole world is the disciple of female influence. Nor is this strange. Children, during their first and most susceptible years, are under the almost exclusive care of their mothers. The mother’s countenance is the first the child watches, her smile the first he recognizes, her voice the first which arrests his attention, and her conduct the first he imitates. Our sons and daughters are very much what their mothers make

them; they are genuine transcripts of their characters; they answer each to each, as face to face in the pure water or the polished mirror. This is almost universally acknowledged by wise, great, and good men. There is such power in maternal influence, that females are successful in the spiritual training of their children, even when their husbands are opposed to Christianity, or indifferent about it. Timothy's father was a Greek, and as such he had no respect to the ordinances of the God of Israel, for his son was uncircumcised. His mother was a Jewess, but she was also a believer in Christ Jesus; his grandmother likewise trusted in the merits of the Son of God; and by the training of these holy women Timothy became early acquainted with the Scriptures, and became a useful minister of the everlasting Gospel. It is of the utmost importance that mothers be pious, intelligent, consistent, decided, and faithful.

It has long been our impression that family religion is next in importance to personal piety. The division of the human race into families is of Divine origin. Within these sacred enclosures happiness or misery reigns. Piety cannot flourish in those households where sin is rampant; nor in families only outwardly moral; nor in households where the parents are unequally yoked; nor in families where professors of religion are inconsistent. For the advancement of family religion, both parents must be heirs of the grace of life; they must be distinguished for a holy walk and conversation; their instructions must be earnest, clear, frequent, and pointed, and their prayers effectual and fervent. But on the illustration of these important points we cannot at present enter, but would conclude by requesting attention to the following threefold cord:—

Proverbs xxii. 6, contains a plain precept, with a corresponding delightful promise.

Deuteronomy vi. 4—7, shows how family religion is to be promoted.

Isaiah xliv. 1—5, exhibits the effects of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the children of believers.

FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

EBBING OF A YOUNG LIFE.—NO. II.

ABOUT this time, the health of this young man failed ; but we looked with confidence for a few weeks to restore it. The heat had been extreme ; but the frosty air of autumn would, we thought, restore him to his wonted vigour. But autumn passed, and winter came and went, but health came not ; and then we looked to the breezes of the early spring to restore what the unwonted severity of the winter had impaired. The firm elastic step had become hesitating and feeble ; the form, once erect and stately, was bowed ; and the glad smile faded from his eye and lip. But what was lost in health and strength seemed compensated to the spirit in large accessions of mental and moral energy, and we were surprised at the calm, serious discrimination with which he examined subjects before seldom thought upon.

We thought for a time that with spring health was returning, but it came not. Weariness and painfulness were his portion, but not hopelessness. He still hoped—I think expected—to recover. Summer came, and he announced to us his determination to profess Christ before men. Alone, unaided but by the Spirit of God, he had struggled into the Kingdom. I knew that he was sad—that he often wept—that many nights he did not rest ; but I did not ask him if it was religious anxiety, for he was very sensitive, and I feared to ask him. But it was well. Alone, in the silence of his own heart, he communed with himself and the Saviour. The work was not of man, but of God. From that time his heart seemed to overflow with Christian love and tenderness for the whole family of man, but especially for the children of God. Every trace of enmity or unkind feeling, even when there had been cause, disappeared ; and he seemed to breathe an atmosphere of peace and love. He took the vows of God upon him ; and I can still see the calm, solemn, peaceful look that said, “My heart is fixed.”

From that time forth, earth seemed to lose its attractions. The

interests of eternity were full of life and power. Towards the recovery of health he made little progress; but in the way of eternal life his advancement was rapid and untiring. He assumed the duties of a Christian without delay or excuse, and very beautiful was the serious, confiding earnestness of his requests at the throne of grace. But the summer was soon ended, and the wasting form and failing strength but too plainly told the issue. He spoke often of death; but the grave, which had before been such a terror to him, had lost its aspect of dread. He said "he could look through the grave into heaven, and see Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of God." The Bible was very precious to him; and he studied it all his failing vision would allow. He stood in the shadow of the grave; it fell darkly on him; but a light, high and holy, penetrated the gloom, and in the heavenly radiance he passed serenely onward.

THE PRAYING SAILOR.

In one of our large seaport towns lives an old mariner, who for many years witnessed God's wonderful ways in the deep sea. His last voyage was to the North Sea, in search of the unfortunate expedition of Sir John Franklin. Before leaving his wife and children, he requested them to give him one promise, namely, that every morning and night they would assemble themselves at the throne of grace, to pour out their hearts in prayer and praise, when their absent parent was to be specially remembered, and God's care and protection entreated. They were to pray that God would be merciful to them in sparing their fond and absent parent amidst the dangers and perils to which he would be exposed; at the same time saying, with submission, "Thy will be done." He, too, promised that he would join with them in spirit, though not in body, at the same time which he had appointed for his wife and children to worship at the family altar at home.

During three long years of unheard-of privations by sea and by land, in the cold, dreary, snow-clad regions of the North,

where hairbreadth and miraculous escapes were continually calling forth praise and thankfulness to his prayer-hearing and covenant-keeping God, this praying Christian sailor at sea, and his fond ones at home, kept their promise ; so that morning and night, from a little group of anxious, tearful Christians, resting with faith on God's promise, " Call unto me, and I will hear thee," in one part of the world, with their tempest-tossed, tried Christian father in another, rose conjointly to the throne of grace, thanksgivings and praises. While he on the mighty deep, and they at home, put implicit confidence in God for the protection of all that was dearest to them on earth, He who has promised to hear and answer prayer, heard the united petitions of these separated ones, and, according to their desires, brought their fond and loving parent to the bosom of his family in safety.

Mothers, wives, sisters, and you who have those you love exposed to the raging sea on one hand, and to the temptations and suggestions of the Evil One on the other, here is encouragement for you to pray. As surely as God has promised to hear and answer prayer, so surely will He fulfil that promise. Oh, how very slow are we to trust God ! How often do we go to the throne of grace, full of doubts and fears ; and how often do we dishonour and displease our heavenly Father by our hard, unbelieving hearts ! Hear what Jesus Christ said when on earth, " All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, *believing*, ye shall receive."

ION.

BE KIND TO YOUR MOTHER.—No. II.

A SAD TALE FOR LITTLE BOYS.

WHEN the bell rang for dinner, Charlie went slowly towards the house. He would not have gone had he not felt very hungry. He walked right into the dining-room, and was going to take his place at the table without washing his face and hands, or brush-

ing his thick curly hair. "Charlie, my son, I am astonished that you should show yourself at the table in that plight. Go and wash yourself," said his mother, mildly. She had not heard his naughty words in the morning, and had forgotten that he did not come when called. "Oh dear!" said Charlie, crossly, kicking back his chair, and rushing out of the room. He acted as naughtily as he dared, all dinner-time. He was a very troublesome boy all the afternoon; and when he went to bed that night, he did so without kissing his mother, or fulfilling his religious duties. A whole long, miserable day he had passed, just in consequence of his bad conduct in the morning. That was a day which he never forgot, and one which gave him deep pain to remember to the latest day of his life.

When he awoke the next morning, it was to hear that his mother, whom, notwithstanding his ungrateful behaviour, he dearly loved—that dear, kind mother, whose cheek he had the night before refused to kiss—*had died in the night!* Yes; in a moment her heart had stopped beating, and she had gone from her children for ever. Oh! then how sorry was Charlie, that he had not minded his mother, and been a good boy, upon the last day of her precious life. But it was too late now; all the poor lad's tears and remorse availed nothing—his mother could not speak to him, and tell him he was forgiven. He knew that he should never again listen to her sweet loving voice, or meet the glance of her soft mild eyes; his mother was dead,—dead, and he had been naughty to her *the very last time* that he had seen her in life.

My little children, whose place would you rather stand in when *your* mother dies—the place of Charlie, or of little Johnny? Oh, how very thoughtless little boys, and girls too, are, in their treatment of their dear, dear mother. If they only *could* realize, as *they* can who are motherless, what a *dreadful* thing it is to have the mother *die*, they certainly would try to be more dutiful, respectful, and obedient to that best and most tender of all human kindred. Obey your mother, my children; be always kind to her, that you may have no bitter remorse to sting you, when you can see her no more.

A YOUNG MAN'S STORY OF HIMSELF, AND HIS TESTIMONY TO HIS MOTHER.

"THERE is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." God declares it—I believe it, and know it by experience—the Devil casts dust in men's eyes, when he bids them come hither and go thither, and they shall have comfort; it is all a delusion—I have tried it for twenty-five years. At the age of fifteen, I ran away from my mother's door—I bade farewell to my mother's cot, and to my mother's advice; but did I get comfort? No; I have been in the lowest haunts of iniquity, but I found no peace there. I have been in the society of harlots and of thieves, and among all sorts of men, but there was no peace for me there.

I remember a young man once who was addicted to drinking, and other forms of vice; he was lodging at a certain house, away from home; but he had a good old praying mother, and she had prayed for that lad many a time, asking, as an answer to her prayers, that she might not depart till she had seen her son's salvation: That lad went up stairs one day, when he was very wretched and unhappy, determining to rid himself of life. He got a piece of chalk, and marked upon the place—for he could not write, but endeavoured to mark as well as he could what he intended to do—and then he took a razor, and began drawing it backwards and forwards upon his shoe to sharpen it; and while he was doing this, the thought came into his mind—"My poor old mother prayed for me; what will she think when they tell her the lad she had prayed for had committed suicide? But I cannot live in this way any longer—I am so unhappy, there is no pleasure—I am a poor wretched sinner, and I may just as well go to hell first as last, for that is my doom." And the young man wrapped his handkerchief about the handle of the razor; but just as he was about to draw it over his throat, the thought of his PRAYING MOTHER came again into his mind, and he threw down the razor and ran down stairs to the woman, and said—"Mrs. ———, I have been attempting to commit suicide!" and he covered his face with his hands. The poor woman fell upon her knees, exclaiming, "Lord have mercy upon you!"

The young man began to weep and wring his hands, tear his hair, and curse the day when he was born. The poor woman looked at him, saying, "There is hope for you yet." At length the young man replied—"Well, I am determined to lead a different life from this time." But, oh! that young man did not go to the right source; he trusted at first to his own strength, but finally he was led to believe in Jesus; and that young man stands before you now, to thank God he is out of hell. At one time I was terrified at the thought of death, and the last judgment filled me with affright; but now the terror of death is done away with in the blood of Jesus. Thus was a mother's remembered prayers the means of holding back the hand of her son from suicide, and leading him to seek Jesus. Oh, what tales will be told in heaven of mothers' remembered prayers! and what tales of bitter anguish and remorse will be heard in hell of PRAYERLESS MOTHERS!

THE BRIDAL TEXTS.

I.

It was the flowery month of June, and never did eye gaze on a lovelier scene than presented itself on that bright sunshiny morning. The home we are about to introduce to our readers was one of peculiar loveliness; the verdant bank, on which the house was built, sloped down to a broad river, on which the sunbeams lay in a column of golden light. All nature seemed ready to burst forth into praise to Him who "maketh the sun to rise on the just and the unjust," and who giveth us the sweet flowers of this earth, to remind us of those brighter ones which shall never fade in the heavenly garden.

But we must leave this glorious scene for awhile, to look on a fair young girl, who is kneeling in the solitude and retirement of her own chamber, and is pouring out her heart before Him who has been her guide and counsellor through all the days of her

childhood, and who (she is convinced) will not leave her now, in the time when most she needs His help; for on this day Edith Summers is to become the wife of Herbert Graham; and she feels that she cannot leave the home of her infancy, without resigning herself afresh into the hands of her heavenly Father. And so she kneels and asks that rich and heavenly blessings may be bestowed on herself and her beloved one.

Many prayers are ascending before God from that household. Mrs. Summers, with all the earnestness of a mother's heart, is pleading at the throne of grace on behalf of her child; she knows that many and varied are the scenes of life through which her Edith may have to pass, and she prays that He who has been her *own* support through deep waters, may guide her child through all the storms of life, into the haven of eternal rest. And now the hour has come when in the sight of God and of His people, Edith and Herbert promise to "love, honour and obey, till death us do part."

The bridal party have left the church, and, after the festive scenes common on such occasions have taken place, the members of that household are re-assembling in the hall to witness the departure of the bride and bridegroom. Silent but tearful farewells are exchanged, and now the aged minister, who had taken Edith in his arms when an infant, and had blessed her, comes forward, and holding her hand and that of Herbert, says:—

"In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." "Set your affections on things above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God." "For the fashion of this world passeth away." And then, after a slight pause, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

II.

Eight months have passed away, and the home so lately radiant with happiness and bright anticipations is now clouded. And yet hope *will* shed its rays on Edith's heart, as she stands by her

husband's sick bed, and cools, from time to time, his fevered brow, and moistens his parched lips. Mrs. Sammers has arrived, and sees in Herbert's flushed cheeks and lustrous eyes unmistakable proofs that fever is scorching up life's very blood. And now she gently hints her fears to Edith. "No, no, mamma; I cannot, will not think that God would be so unkind to me just now." And then she threw herself on her couch, and wept long and violently; but, after a while, came a calm, and with that calm, thoughts of peace. And then came o'er her memory her bridal text:—"In *all* thy ways acknowledge Him." *Had* she not acknowledged Him in her joys? *Would* she not in her sorrows? And after deep and earnest prayer, and in full reliance on her counsellor, she rose and left her chamber. And now she takes her watch again by Herbert's side without fear, for she *has* cast her burden on the Lord, and He will sustain her.

* * * * *

The stars are shining brightly, as if all were peace. Yes; all *is* peace up there, where reigns the King of kings; and all below will soon be peace, when Jordan's stream has been passed by Herbert. But now he lingers on the brink; and Edith says to him, "It will not be long, dearest, before we shall meet again; we shall soon be together among the white-robed multitudes. "O, say not so, my Edith; soon you will know the purest joy—a mother's love. I know you will wait patiently, and then great will be your reward, and happiness will again reign in this our home, when the clouds shall have passed away. Our life has been one of unusual brightness; and was there not a fear of our forgetting that 'the fashion of this world passeth away?'" "That reminds me, Herbert, of our bridal morning; how little did I then think that death would so soon part us."

And thus they talked till break of day—he entreating her to put her trust in their mighty counsellor, entirely and supremely. But now the silver cord was being gently loosened, and with her lips pressed on his brow he whispered, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee;" and then Herbert's spirit quietly returned to God who gave it, and thus Edith was a widow.

III.

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee," so said Edith, as she folded her baby to her bosom. She felt that she had been very near the border-land ; but she wanted to wait patiently, and train up Herbert's baby for heaven.

"I have been thinking so much of my heavenly Father's promise to my little one, and you must all pray, dear mamma, for us both. We must call her Edith ; I know Herbert would have wished it ; and then if anything should happen to me, you will have another Edith."

* * * * *

Some weeks had passed away, and Edith now enters the house of prayer, where she only last year had stood in her bridal robe. Now she kneels beside the font, and dedicates her babe to Jesus. Deep and earnest prayers ascend for that young mother ; and as she returned very happy, but somewhat weary, to what had once been her home, there was One who spoke to her words of peace and comfort.

She was not again to enter an earthly temple ; but before six weeks had passed, she and her baby were at rest. Herbert and his two Ediths were with Jesus. Well, indeed, was it that in their joys and sorrows, their bridal texts were ever and anon shedding sweet influence on their hearts. In all their ways they *had* acknowledged Him. They *had* set their affections on things above, remembering that "the fashion of *this* world passeth away." The Lord *had* blessed them, and kept them ; He *had* been gracious unto them, and *now* He gives them peace—

"Far from this world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in."

GERTRUDE.

THE DYING GIRL.

SISTER ! I hear the village bells,
Faint on the evening air ;
And dewy fields and woodlands seem
To breathe a voiceless prayer.

The crimson sun goes gently down,
 In yon bright western sky :
 They say, 'tis all a passing scene,—
 They tell me I must die.

This earth is very beautiful !
 I feel 'tis sweet to live !
 But the soul longs for a freedom
 That the world can never give.
 My love still lingers fondly,
 Where the hopes of earth decay ;
 But I go to joys celestial,
 That never fade away !

The golden morn shall rise again,
 And the river with gold shall flow :
 The flowers shall smile in their bloom, and then
 Shall the wild birds sing in their wooded glen
 But I shall be lying low—low—
 In sleep Elysian !

Then sank the sun as silently
 As ebbs the summer-tide ;
 As silently the sister wept,
 Kneeling the bed beside.
 One deeply-breathed and lengthened sigh,
 And a course that none might trace ;
 And the pure bright spirit fled away
 To a brighter resting-place.

H.

CONFIDENCE.

“The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want ; He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, and leadeth me beside the still waters.”

BLESSED words ! what consolation do ye contain, what comfort do ye carry to the Christian mothers bowing down beneath the weight of their worldly cares ! Listen, ye weary ones ! *He* will be your shepherd ; *He* will give to your souls rest, to satisfy that lacked by the body. *He* will bring you to the still waters continually flowing through the New Jerusalem, giving life and vigour to your souls. *He* will take care no ravenous beasts shall harm you there ; and, in that bright world to which we go, we shall bathe our souls in seas of love.

Many have preceded us, and probably many more will ; yet a little longer our heavenly Father sees it fit we should remain in

the house of affliction, to become more pure and holy; yet a little longer we sojourn in this ante-chamber of the King's great reception-room, and feel the slights and harsh words of those who call themselves His servants, yet attend not to His calls. For a few short years it will be thus, and then—oh! then we shall be admitted into His presence, evermore to dwell beneath His smile—to receive His commands, and those of His only Son, from His own and Christ's lips, and no more with tardy steps, but with willing feet and minds, obey those glorious mandates. There shall we find the green pastures and the still waters; there we shall fully realize that goodness and mercy have followed us all through; there all trials will be proved to have been blessings in disguise; and there will our reward be reserved, even to “dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.”

AUNT LIZZIE.

THE PLANT IN THE CELLAR.

GOTTHOLD went one day into the cellar, and found lying in the corner a turnip, which by some chance had been left there; and it had begun to grow and cast forth long but very weak and sickly shoots of a pale, wan colour, and the whole plant was entirely useless. “Here,” he thought, “we have very aptly symbolized an inexperienced and unexercised man, who has been living all his days in a corner, who has given himself trouble enough to learn things manifold, and sets a high price on his own knowledge, deeming that, with his self-grown wisdom, he is abundantly fit to rule and bring to vast prosperity, not a single city or church alone, but the half even of all the world. But when once he puts his hand to the work he finds, in all his school-bag, not heart enough to carry out this or the other little affair, and discovers that it is one thing to have a scantling of knowledge, and quite another thing to bring into use what we do know among other people, who also know a few things. And in matters of faith it is even so. We often fancy our belief, our love, our patience, are all in noble growth, while the whole is standing on very feeble feet. Experience makes the man—the Cross makes the Christian. The sun hath never shone upon this cellar-plant, the dew hath not moistened it, neither hath

the rain fallen upon it, nor the wind stormed over it, nor the cold hardened it; therefore it is worthless. So, too, a Christian who has not by love and patience been kept through good and ill, can hardly be counted of the valiantest. Beautifully speaketh the dear, much-tried apostle: 'Tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed.' "

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

THE VALUE OF EARLY SCRIPTURAL TRAINING.

THE other day, a boy was amusing himself with an old pictorial newspaper of 1856, when his attention was arrested by a short paragraph, announcing that a Roman Cardinal had presented the Prince Imperial with a portion of the cradle of the infant Jesus, studded with diamonds. "Mother," said the boy, "the Empress could not have read her Bible, or she would never believe it; for the Saviour had no cradle, and especially not one studded with diamonds."

A COVENANT-KEEPING GOD.

The mother of thirteen children, all unconverted, lay upon her dying bed, calm and serene. She was asked how she could die so composedly, when her children were all out of Christ. She replied that she had consecrated them all to God, and He was faithful to His covenant. She fully believed that they would be brought into the Kingdom. She further said that, instead of rejoicing over their conversion in this life, she expected that as their repentance one by one was announced by the angels, to join with them in praising God for bringing them into His Kingdom. God did as this dying mother expected He would do. Within five years after her death all her children were converted.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Family Treasury for Sabbath Reading. London: Nelson.

The January Number of this very charming periodical is highly interesting.

Little Frankie. London: Wertheim.

A pretty story for little children on the Lord's prayer.

THE MATERNAL MEETING.

MOTHERS' TREASURES.

When your babe was heard uttering its frail and plaintive cry, did you think, mother, that another lamp was lighted in your dwelling, that will burn on and on through eternity? How that sound of the newly-found lungs echoed through your heart as well as the ear! What sunshine it made in your curtained room, as well as in the household; and even the neighbours smiled while they said, "Another little son is come over the way!" As you lay there in your quietness and weakness, did you lift your grateful heart to Him who had brought you back from the gate of the grave? Did you ask Him to accept your treasure in life's early dawning, and promise, if He would lend it to you, it should be trained for the skies? You have the treasure still, perchance; is it beginning to lisp the name of Jesus, giving you fair hope that the offering has been accepted, and still remains with you? Take care of it, do not mar the treasure and dim the gold in your hands; it may be a bright gem ere long in the Saviour's diadem.

To some of you the Reaper has been sent to gather these "flowers that grow between." The Great Master needed the early blossom to grace the heavenly bowers. This country was too cold for your tender bud; it could not expand in the atmosphere of your home. Ah! but we know where they are. They are in the golden city, they are in the land of love, they are wiser and happier than their mortal mothers; they are some of your treasures in heaven. Do you long to see them again? Well, the time will come. You may go to them, though they will never return to you.

In our village home, how often have we watched the shepherd with the lamb and its dam; she seemed to be admiring it, and wondering over it, and caressing it for a long time; then she has turned to crop the green grass, and her lamb rests quietly by her

side. Soon the shepherd, with his watchful eye, observes the pair, and hastens, crook in hand, to guide them into the covered house, at the top of the field, for shelter. He calls her, and gently drives her. No, she will not stir; then he puts his crook round her leg. No, she will not heed him; her head is still bent to the earth. At last, the shepherd seems obliged to take up her lamb to make her look upward. Ah, then she forgets the brown earth and the green grass, and quickly looks up to watch the shepherd's movements. Away he goes, with the lamb in his arms. Oh, how quickly she trots after him then! Nothing but the removal of her lamb from the brown earth would make her care for the shepherd's movements.

So it is, alas! with many a mother, who settles down in her home happiness, till the Great and Good Shepherd is obliged to come and take up some of her lambs to the heavenly fold. Then, aye, then she looks up from the brown earth, and begins to ask about the better country, where "everlasting spring abides, and never-withering flowers." Yes, now she tries to follow the shepherd.

You thought these household treasures very beautiful while nestling in your bosom. Ah, they are far more beautiful now, and call forth the admiration of angels. Around the throne of God in heaven are heard the sweet hosannahs of the infant choir, pouring out the gladness of their souls in love, and gratitude, and praise to Him who had loved and washed them in His blood; and the harp of heaven had, perhaps, lacked its least, but not its meanest string, had children not been taught to play upon it. Aye, we know where they are. And some who would have called us "mother," are safely housed in the sinless home of the skies; but some mothers make household gods of these dear little ones, and when they are taken up to be nursed in the light of heaven, all other blessings of earth are thought unworthy any gratitude. The love to these treasures passes as a cloud between the mother and her God. Hear what one such mother says:—

"I had a son, a fair-haired, gentle child. My young life had been a pilgrimage of weariness and care, and this child was my

first-born joy. He was two years old when I had a baby-daughter, with brown hair, and large blue eyes, which had an unearthly expression of loveliness; she was all the world to her little brother, who would sit for hours and gaze in loving wonder on her quiet face. My noble boy was taken sick, and when I sent for the physician, he told me he had the scarlet-fever—that fearful enemy of a fond mother. For two weeks I watched him, separated from my little girl, lest she, too, might get the disease. By his sick bed I first learned to pray; and oh! how fervently I prayed that the Great Physician would spare my child! A ray of hope dawned, but was soon darkened by the knowledge that inflammation of the lungs had set in. Three days he lay all unconscious, and when they told me I must give him back to God, I cried, “Oh! spare him, and I will dedicate myself and Him to thee.” He lived. I had to teach him everything anew, for he had forgotten all he had learned; and, with an overflowing heart, I taught him again to talk and walk. Months rolled on, my little girl began to lisp her mother’s name, and call in playful glee her brother. Oh! she was passing lovely! My children were my idols. I forgot their Maker—I forgot my promise! Aye, I even forgot to pray, and taught them not their first great duty. Suddenly my prattling daughter was cast down, and in an hour I saw the presence of the same disease that had attacked her brother. She grew worse and worse. The memory of a broken vow pressed like an incubus on my spirit, and I could not pray. I never left her little crib. She would raise her large eyes to mine, and entreat me to relieve her sufferings; but I was as powerless to ease her pain as I was to save her life. For one dark, drear night, long after silence and sleep had settled over the great city, my little treasure died, and tearless I sat alone with death till morning.

“Oh! mothers, forsake not the God of your children; love them, but love them not to His exclusion. My agony and grief at the loss of my cherished child were beyond all description. An agony and grief, redoubled by the remorseful memories of broken vows and neglected duties. It was a severe school at which I learnt my first lesson. Learn it you before the destroyer comes

to punish your neglect; then you may find a comfort in that Friend that I forsook." Have you an idol child? listen to this heart-stricken mother.

MY MOTHER'S DIARY.—No. IV.

"*May-day*.—Oh, beautiful, beautiful May! How I love the very name of May. The little children singing over their garlands this morning made me weep.

'Spring's delights are all reviving,

Verdant leaflets clothe each spray;

Hawthorn 'buds give joyful tiding,

Welcome news! 'tis blithe May-day."

I thought, as I heard the joyous song, I might have been this May-day where singing is never heard. I hope I am thankful; but my heart, I have found out, is very deceitful.

"How deeply interested I have been this morning, in listening to my good Aunt Mary tell the tale of her long visit to her old friend and school-fellow, Mrs. Hartland, of Rowley Hall. Poor Mrs. Hartland was in a dreadfully nervous state, and none could in any way make her smile, or chase away the awful gloom resting on her, till, one day, they thought of bringing in a little child to amuse her. The dear little baby-thing sat down on the carpet, and taking off her tiny shoe, she held it up to Mrs. Hartland, lisping out, 'Laugh, lady, and kiss my shoe.' This seemed to break the charm, and she laughed loud and long,—the first time for four months. After this, she told my aunt that she had been, in the habit, for a long time before her illness, of calling the servants together, in a small back parlour, for family worship, quite privately; as Mr. Hartland, although a kind, agreeable man, laughed at religion, and all who professed it. 'Now, my dear Mary,' said she, 'since the spell is broken, and I can talk once more, I want to tell you that I am very anxious you should

take my place, and gather the household to read and pray with them, and for us all, not forgetting my dear husband.'

"My aunt said she was frightened at first at the thought of doing anything so formidable, but Mrs. Hartland pressed it upon her conscience so forcibly, that she dared not refuse. Some few months after this, her friend, Mrs. Hartland, said to her, 'Mary, have you observed anything peculiar in Alfred lately? I cannot think what is the matter with him; I fear he has sustained some great loss, which he does not like to pain me by disclosing.' 'I have some fear of this kind, too,' replied my aunt, 'but all will come right,' she added, in her cheerful way.

"A few days after this conversation, Mr. Hartland, finding my aunt alone in the dining-room, took a chair by her side and said, in a low voice, bending near, 'Miss Mary, you have pained me very much.' My aunt was amazed, and looked at him in astonishment. 'How can I possibly have done this?' she asked. He hesitated, then resumed, in a low, broken voice, 'For some time, I find you have been in the habit of calling the servants together to read the Bible and pray with them, as I have reason now to believe my dear wife did before her affliction came. By mere chance, one morning, I passed round by the green room—a thing I seldom ever do—in search of something I had lost, and hearing your voice, I was curious enough to listen for a moment, and heard you pray for me! I had never prayed for myself; and I was ashamed and confounded. Now, I think you very unkind to call my servants together, and exclude the master. You must allow me to join you this evening. I have been trying to pray for myself, but I am very ignorant; yet I did not know it until I learned the lesson from you. I have always been near the hall—allowed place since I first knew your plan. You will allow me to join you, will you not?' 'You may come, certainly,' she replied; 'but you must conduct the service yourself, as, indeed, it is your place and duty.' And now, my aunt says, he is a holy and a happy man, and they correspond every week.

"Mr. and Mrs. Hartland often express themselves thankful for the affliction that caused my aunt to visit them, and thus, in the providence of Heaven, proving a lasting blessing."

THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

A SCOTCHMAN, in a place on the banks of the Forth, who came under personal observation in a time of awakening, was an exceedingly hard-working man, but a most inveterate drunkard. He was accustomed to work very hard in order to earn high wages, and on receiving his monthly pay, after paying his debt at the store, he would go to a public-house, become intoxicated, and remain more or less so until his funds were exhausted, when he would again go through the same routine as before. He had one child, about six years of age, who, although clothed in the veriest rags, had sharpness and vivacity in her speech, astonishing for her age and station. The poor child was totally ignorant of everything, save hard work and misery. The wife of this man was a woman of steady habits, and considerable energy and perseverance. She and her daughter had been among the first to attend the revival meetings. The little girl, through the kindness of a missionary, was invited to accompany some Sunday-school children to a treat; but, alas! she had neither shoes nor stockings, nor a bonnet to cover her head, and her only frock was a mere colourless rag.

The child wept bitterly when her mother told her that she could not accompany the children, as she had no clothes. Her mother also endeavoured to make her understand that it was her father's drunken habits which made them so destitute. This the child appeared to comprehend, for that very night, when her father came home, she crept up to his side and said, "Father, what gars ye drink my claes?" The man started, and falteringly replied, "Hoot, child, you're raving; I dae nae sic thing." "Yes, ye dae, though," continued the child; "mother says if ye were nae getting fou, I would hae braw claes an' gang with the rest o' the bairns to the bonny green woods o' Carriden, an' rin amang the green grass, and no ha'e Jock the farmer chasing us with his whip, like when I gang into ane of his parks; but I've nae claes, an' a' the bairns 'ill be there but me."

This simple but touching appeal had apparently an effect upon

the hitherto callous heart of the drunkard. When his wife and Katie were about to depart to the meeting, instead of going to bed, as was his custom, he said, "Wife, I don't mind though I go to the meeting with you." He went; and from that night, so far as his drinking propensities were concerned, he was an altered man. Next pay-day the little girl was envied by all the miners' children, so altered did she look in her new clothes. She has since visited the green glades of Carriden, and her laugh was as merry and her smile as bright as the happiest there. Her rags and wretchedness are now forgotten.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

BACKWARD, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again—just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart, as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair,
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years,
I am so weary of toil and of tears,—
Toil without recompence, tears all in vain,—
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away,
Weary of sowing for others to reap,—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded our faces between;
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep,—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish, and patient, like yours;

None like a mother can charm away pain
 From the poor sick heart, and world-weary brain;
 Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep,—
 Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
 Fall on my shoulders again as of old;
 Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
 Shading my faint eyes away from the light!
 For with its sunny-edged shadows once more,
 Happy will linger the visions of yore;
 Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep,—
 Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother! the years have been long,
 Since last I listened to your lullaby song;
 Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
 Womanhood's tears have been only a dream;
 Clapsed to your heart in loving embrace,
 With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
 Never hereafter to wake or to weep,—
 Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

EBBING OF A YOUNG LIFE.—NO. III.

THE new year came; our invalid was still with us, and we were all once more at home. A young friend wished him a happy new year, but said, "He supposed he had seen pleasanter new years than this." "Why, no," he said, "it is as pleasant as it could be." He was at home; we were all with him, and he was happy. He had requested, if at any time we thought he could not live, we should tell him. The time had come; the seal of death was on him. We told him our fears, and his father said, "If you should live, my son, it will be well; and if you should die, I hope it will be well." There was no surprise, no agitation. He looked calmly up, and said, "Yes, it will be well."

But death, though sure, was not so near as we feared; for three weeks longer he was spared to us. The word of God was very

precious to him. "The Lord is my Shepherd," was to him like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Then how peacefully did he repose! The morning of his last Sabbath dawned. To him it had been a night of pain, and without it had been wild and stormy. I came early to his bedside. He looked sadly at me, and said, "They buried me in the snow-storm." "Oh, no!" I replied, "you are at home; they shall not bury you in the snow-storm." It was prophetic. Another Sabbath, and amid the thick-falling snow we laid him in his grave. That day his mind wandered. All day he was in the desert. "See these tents," said he, "they are the tents of the Egyptians;" and when I brought him his simple evening meal, he expressed his surprise to see a thanksgiving in the desert. Truly, it was a desert to the weary one; but rest was near.

His powers of speech began to fail. It was with great difficulty he could articulate. Throwing his arms around the neck of his young sister, as she knelt beside him, he looked earnestly in her face, but could not speak. She asked, "Shall we sing?" With a smile he assented. "What shall we sing?" said she. With an effort that made his frame quiver, he said, "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds in a believer's ear." They sang it to him, and after it, "Safely through another week." He had been accustomed to sing it each Saturday evening. As they sang, to the surprise of all, he joined in the song. It was for the last time on earth; but, days after, when the tuneful voice was hushed to be heard no more, his lips moved to each precious word as they sang, "Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb," or "Rock of Ages, cleft for me."

We now looked hourly for his departure, and so long and wasting had been his sickness, that we thought to see him pass easily through the gates of death. He lay mostly with his eyes closed, but the voice of prayer aroused him to earnest attention. Many were the petitions offered beside him, and very grateful were they to the departing spirit; and very dear to him was the voice of his pastor, as he read, "Let not your heart be troubled," and commended the fainting spirit to its ever-faithful Creator. When agony convulsed his frame, prayer soothed him, and the

name of Jesus—"that name which is above every name"—smoothed the contracted brow, and a smile like sunlight through the parted clouds stole over his countenance. But there came a night of mortal anguish—a night never to be forgotten; and through its long fearful hours he passed, while the strength of that young frame seemed to foil the might of the destroyer. Morning and noon passed. The sun was mid-way in his ascending course, and the calm mild eyes unclosed. They turned on those he loved, grouped around him, and then closed for ever. The free spirit ascended. The weary aching head rested, and when the Sabbath came again, we committed him to the grave with the assured hope of a glorious resurrection.

THE SABBATH-SCHOOL BOY AND HIS OLD TEACHER.

"I REMEMBER," said a young man addressing a large assembly, "I remember a little boy in a Sabbath-school, who was taught by an aged man with furrowed cheeks and silvery hair; he used to put his hand upon the little scholar's head, and pray that God might bless him. One day the little boy was very noisy and rude in school, and when the teacher asked him to be quiet, the only reply he got was a kick on the leg from the boy, who told him to go to hell. Tears gushed into the old man's eyes, he dropped upon his knees and said, 'Lord, bless the lad; before I depart may I see thy salvation in the saving of this lad's soul; the Lord bless thee, lad!'

"For some fifteen years after this, the old man had never met the lad. One day, when the old man was in a little village, he heard that a certain young man was going to preach. He knew his name, and he said, 'I will go and hear him.' He was rather late; and when he entered God's house the young man was preaching. When the service was over, the old man knelt down, and holding up his furrowed hands, and raising his dim eyes to heaven, he said, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in

peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.' The young man preached all the week in the same village; the blessing of God was largely poured out upon the people, and hundreds were brought to a knowledge of the truth through the blood of the Lamb.

"At the end of the week the young preacher was called to attend the dying bed of a very old man. When he went into the room, his aged wife was at his bedside weeping, evidently wishing to depart with him. As the young man approached the bed, the dying man caught hold of his hand, saying, 'O my dear young friend, you forget me; don't you?' 'No, no; I don't forget you.' 'Do you remember me in that school putting my hand upon your head, and asking God to bless you?' 'Oh, yes; I well remember.' 'Thank God, then,' exclaimed the dying saint, 'for my prayer is answered; I can now die happy in the Lord.' He then asked them all to sing his favourite hymn—

'ALL IS WELL.

What—what is this that steals upon my frame,—
Is it death?

Which soon will quench the vital flame,—
Is it death?

If this be death, I soon shall be
From every sin and sorrow free;
I shall the King of Glory see.

All is well—all is well!

Cease—cease, my friends, to weep for me;
All is well!

My sins are pardoned—I am free;
All is well!

There's not a cloud doth now arise
To hide my Jesus from my eyes;
I shall soon mount the upper skies.

All is well—all is well!

Tune—tune your harps, ye saints in glory,
I shall rehearse the pleasing story;

All is well!

Bright angels are from glory come,
They're about my bed and in my room,
They wait to waft my spirit home.

All is well—all is well!

Hark! hark! my Lord and Master calls me,—

All is well!

I soon shall see His face before me,—

All is well!

Farewell, my friends—Adieu—adieu—

I may no longer stay with you,

My glittering crown appears in view,

All is well—all is well!

“With low and solemn voices the gathered friends sang this, the last earthly song he heard. His speech now seemed to have left him; but his daughter, who was anxious that he should leave behind him a triumphant testimony to the truth, said to him, ‘Now, father, if you can speak, tell me all is well; and if you cannot speak, hold up your hands, father.’ The old man raised himself up, and with a last dying effort cried out, ‘Victory! victory! through the blood of the Lamb!’ and almost immediately departed. Thank God,” continued the young speaker, “I was the Sabbath-school scholar under that old man. Let God be praised for what Christ can do.”

Mothers! send your little children to the Sabbath school; they will reap a blessing for years to come, and in all probability through eternity. Sabbath-school teacher! work on in faith; never mind if you do get a “kick,” and some unkind words; you shall reap here or in heaven, perchance in both worlds.

A LETTER TO MOTHERS.

DEAR FRIENDS,—There is a subject which has often been present to my mind of late, and I should like to try to interest you in it,—I mean the influence which God designs our children should have over us. During the time I resided in Bath, I met with a circumstance which much impressed my mind with this view of the subject; and I was glad, on looking over my desk, to find I had kept an account of it, as I am thus able to give it to you more correctly. I used to manage a Society in Bath where a number of women pay in so much a week, to have out a certain

sum, when they are ill. The rule was, that when they required this money, they sent me a certificate signed by a doctor, stating that they were ill; and as long as the illness continued, they sent to me every week for the money, each time producing the certificate. We used to meet once a fortnight to pay in money, settle accounts, &c.

At one of these meetings I said to a young woman, "I see, Esther, you have had money from this Society four weeks." She said, "Not four, ma'am, only three." I looked carefully over my accounts, and found that money had really been paid to her name for four weeks. After much inquiry we found that Esther's mother, a wicked and abandoned woman, had by some means obtained the certificate, presented it, and had appropriated the money to her own purposes. As soon as this was ascertained, I declared my intention of calling on the woman, and talking to her about it. All who knew her tried to assure me she was such a dreadful character, that I should hardly be safe from personal violence. However, as such a thing could not be allowed to pass unnoticed, I felt it was right to go, and after earnest prayer to God for wisdom, I set out.

It was with much difficulty I found her out; she lived in one of those deplorable places to be met with in all great cities, where the workers of iniquity seek to hide themselves. At last, I was directed to a little room at the back of a very dirty old iron-shop. On entering, I saw a very large woman standing with her arms resting on her hips, her red face and blood-shot eyes telling their own sad tale. She did not speak, but stared at me with the bold look of defiance. I said, "I think your name is Alice R——." She replied, "I should like to know what she likes of you have to do with the likes of me." I said, "You have a daughter, I believe, named Esther?" "I wonder what business that is of yours," she rejoined with a terrible oath, and clenching her fist. I said, "Just now that is business of mine," and taking a seat, dirty as it was, by way of assuring her that I was not going to be frightened from her presence, I looked steadily at her, and said quietly, "Alice, if you had trusted me with your money to keep for you for a certain purpose, and when you applied to

me for it you found it had been used by others, in ways never intended, what would you say to me?" "Why, say you ought to look sharper after it," she replied.

I then explained what was the object of my coming to her. She did not attempt to deny what she had done; but said it was very well for the likes of me, who never knew the want of any thing, to come and preach to poor folks about honesty. But still, though she kept up this kind of bravado, I saw that as we talked on she softened a little. I looked round the dirty, dark room, and said, "Alice, this room is very dark, and perhaps you think what passes in it is little noticed; but, indeed, there is a day coming when every thing that has been done, or said, or even thought here, will be brought to light, and you will have to give an account to God for it all." She clasped her hands and said, "Then that will be a dreadful day for me; I was born and brought up in the midst of curses and blows, and I have grown up to give curses and blows. You think it is quiet enough here now; but come an hour or two hence, and you would see what you never saw before. Why, bless you, I don't think no more of knocking a man down than I should of knocking that candlestick off the table," and as she suited the action to the word, and raised her powerful arm, I could well believe this to be true. We must leave the remainder of the conversation to another month.

THE RUNAWAY SAILOR AND HIS MOTHER.

AN only son of a pious widow, notwithstanding the tearful entreaties of his fond mother, determined to go to sea in a man-of-war. He accordingly entered a ship bound for foreign service; and, during many months of deep anxiety, his distressed mother heard no tidings of him, who was all on earth that was dear to her. The only means she could think of in her trying hour was to pray to Him who has promised to be a father of the fatherless, and a husband to the widow; and this she did most heartily and in faith. The narrator can testify to the earnestness of her im-

portunate cries to her heavenly Father, on her dear son's behalf; for he has many times joined with her in seasons of deep distress and anguish of heart, and held sweet communion with her at the throne of grace. At last, a day of trial approaches. A letter is received by her from one of the seamen who belonged to the same ship as her son, to inform her that he had been induced by wicked boys to run away from his ship; that the deserters had been pursued, captured, and brought back. The letter then stated that her son, conscience-smitten, and fearing the punishment that awaited him, had watched his opportunity of eluding the vigilance of those in whose custody he was, during a dark, tempestuous night, and jumped overboard. Alarm was instantly given, and a boat lowered; but all search was in vain, for, owing to the darkness of the night and the heavy rolling of the sea, no trace of the poor boy could be found; the boat, therefore, returned, and the ship's crew considered him lost.

What was the poor heart-broken mother to do now? She believed that God was a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God, and she could say too, "I know in whom I have believed, and that He is able to keep that which I have committed to His care." She still prayed on and on; and although she was like the children of Israel between the waters of the Red Sea and Pharaoh's army, hemmed in on every side, or like old Jacob when he lost his son, and said, "All these things are against me," she believed and hoped, even against hope, that her prayers would be heard, and her son spared.

"The Lord healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds." "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." So it was in this poor widowed mother's case. After rising one morning from her sleepless bed, by which she had wrestled hard with God in prayer, a letter was placed in her hand, the sight of which immediately changed, as if by magic, her pale, care-worn cheeks from an expression of sorrow to a face beaming with unspeakable joy and gladness. It was a letter from her son, informing her of his safety and welfare.

After reading the above, is there a mother who can still doubt the efficacy of fervent effectual prayer? Or is there a poor

widowed mother who, similarly circumstanced, will cease to pray for her absent son? Pray on in faith, and God will surely answer your requests, as shall be most expedient for yourself, and for the promotion of His own glory. Iox.

THE DYING TESTIMONY.

“ You, dear mother, have been more to me than all on earth.”

THIS was the testimony of a dying boy. His mother, being a true disciple of Christ, endeavoured to train up her children in the Christian faith, and her precept and example seemed to have special influence on this her youngest child. When five years old, Johnnie knew many Bible stories, and often asked his mother questions about the Saviour, who was once a little boy like himself; and soon after his sixth birthday, he was sent to a Sabbath-school in the village. The child, young as he was, often spent hours in the retirement of the meadows, where he occupied himself in meditation and prayer; but being shy and reserved, even his mother was long a stranger to the object of his solitary wanderings.

When he was ten years old, his parents sent him to the national school. This, like all large schools, was a miniature of the world. There he met with trials from the careless and wicked. As some of the boys used improper language at their play, he avoided their company, which made them ridicule, and even beat him—persecution which was borne with silence, and would, probably, have remained unknown, had it not been accidentally discovered. Soon, however, the studies and trials of the happy child were to be ended. His eldest sister had been absent from home, and he accompanied his father to a neighbouring town, to meet her on her return. It was afterwards evident that Johnnie was at this time suffering, but was sustained by the thought of meeting his sister; for on their way back he complained of pain, and on the following Sunday it was necessary to call in medical aid.

He had been looking forward to this day as the anniversary of the birthday of his third sister; and also talked much of the next Wednesday, when he would complete his eleventh year; but apprehensions soon seized the hearts of tender watchers around the sick bed, that it would prove the bed of death; and inflammation having set in, the disease progressed so rapidly as to defy all medical efforts, and to leave no hope of recovery.

As the anxious mother was one night lying on the bed, by the side of the sick child, a soft whisper caught her ear, "Mother, God is merciful." The child's lips were opened; all shyness was gone, and freely he talked of Jesus. In reply to one of his observations, his mother said, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and you will ye saved." "Oh, then," said he, "I am saved; I know Christ died for me on Calvary. His blood has washed me clean. You did not know, dear mother, but I sought and found mercy; and many times have I prayed for you all." What consolation for the weeping mother!

His sufferings were, indeed, very severe; but the love, the agonies, and the death of Christ cheered and supported him in the midst of the greatest pain. He said, "The Lord giveth His beloved sleep; Lord! give me sleep." He then slept quietly for several hours, and on awaking said, "The Lord has heard me; I thought He would." His faith ever seemed pure and firm; he clung to his Saviour as a child to his father's hand. Once only did he appear to doubt the readiness of God to hear and answer prayer. Suffering acute pain in every limb, he asked that the whole family would assemble round his bed, and pray for an alleviation of his sufferings; he gave as his reason for desiring their united prayers, "Remember the promise, 'Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.'" Feeling no relief succeeding their prayers he cried, "God will not be gracious. My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me; and art so far from the words of my complaint?" But though bodily ease was not granted, the peace of God soon filled his heart; and when his family thought him dead, he opened his eyes and said, very sweetly, "My Lord, I am ready, quite ready, waiting for thee to take me home. I am going; all of you prepare to

meet me in glory." Seeing his sisters weeping, he added, "Weep not for me, for I am going to glory—made pure by the blood of Christ; weep not, then, but pray for yourselves."

But as the dying child passed through the dark valley, Satan was not idle. He once exclaimed, "Begone;" and raising his eyes, he ejaculated, "Lord, why dost thou suffer him to tempt a little child, who longs to come to thee?" The Lord from this time granted him perfect peace. A day and night before he died, mortification commenced, and he then appeared like a child being lulled to sleep. When too far gone to articulate distinctly, his lips constantly moved in broken murmurs of prayer, and the last word that could be distinguished was "Glory." Thus, with praises on his lips, did this young disciple enter into his rest.

Parents! train up your children for God. This dear child had a pious mother, who sowed in his young heart the first seeds of religious truth. "You, dear mother," he said, "have been more to me than all on earth." O, mothers! will you be tender and careful over the bodies of your children, and neglect the interests of their undying souls? Sunday-school teachers, here is much to admonish and encourage you. Think of your responsibility; great will be your condemnation, if you neglect to sow the good seed, and great may be your crown of rejoicing, if you use your opportunities for God's glory, and the salvation of the youth committed to your charge.

John received his deepest and most lasting impressions in a Sunday school; especially from an address by the minister, in which he most affectionately pressed home the words, "God be merciful to me a sinner." This occurred twelve months before his death; and it was from that time one of his daily petitions. Of his teacher, too, he spoke with great regard, as an instrument of much spiritual good to him. Are there not many now in heaven, who can trace their conversion or growth in grace to the privileges they enjoyed in the Sabbath school? Children! here is a lesson for you, in the early death of this young disciple of the Lord Jesus. You are not too young to die. Would you die as happily as he did? Then, live as he lived, in Christ. The

Saviour invites you to come to Him; "Suffer little children to come unto me," and He gives you a special promise, "They that seek me early shall find me." Come, you are not too young.

S. E.

THE BOY'S PAGE.

KIND HEARTS UNDER COARSE JACKETS.

As the little shivering ragged scholar lay and listened to the wintry winds, whirling and rattling among the shattered slates, and making the old doors and windows creak, as if determined to pull them down, his heart beat with hopeful gladness when he heard the hollow tones of the town-church clock strike the weary hours. But another chill came over him when the old bell stopped short at *four*. "What, is it only four o'clock yet? Oh! I wish it was eight. Another five hours to school time!" But the lazy clock would not speak again until another sixty minutes had passed. He lay, sometimes talking to the angry winds, oftener listening for another chime, until at last he got angry at the "auld kettle," and he thought it wished to deceive him, in order to prolong his misery. Hour after hour passed away; eight o'clock came, and found John standing at the end of the wynd, waiting for his schoolfellows.

On getting up, he found that, sure enough, his shoes had gone away, and how to get along the icy pavement on his bare feet he scarcely knew; but at last he thought that the comfortable school-room, and plate of warm porridge and milk, would compensate for all, and soon make him forget the morning's misery. After a little time, a number of his mates were standing beside him, wondering why he was so soon astir; but when they saw his poor naked feet and ankles shivering in the snow, their hearts were melted to pity. They could not bear to see him limping along, with knitted brows, and hear his sighs when his feet were pierced by the broken ice. But what could they do? No one had got a pair of shoes to lend him; and even if they had, the old clock was going faster now, and there was no time to return. "Let us carry him," said a noble little fellow. "Yes," said

another, "shoulder high;" and in a minute John is placed upon their shoulders, and borne triumphantly through the snow, amid the shouts and cheers of his ragged, but kind-hearted school-fellows!

People stopped in the streets to look at the little company, and prayed that the God of the needy might bless them, when they saw their young hearts leap with gladness, happy in their deed of mercy.

Boys! strive to learn four lessons from the noble conduct of these ragged boys.

I. They pitied a poor unfortunate boy, who was worse off than themselves.

II. They did *all* they could to help him.

III. They did it at once.

IV. They did it cheerfully, *with all their hearts*.

"Go thou and do likewise."

FRAGMENT FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

A CHILD'S THOUGHTS.

A LITTLE child was dipping a shell in the sea, and carrying it full of water to a hollow in the sand. "My child, what are you doing?" asked the father. "I am going to put the sea into this hole, pa!" How many are doing just this in trying to comprehend the depths of God in the narrow limits of their finite mind! Why, if all the archangels in heaven were to tell us all they know, there would still remain an infinity untold.

NOTICES OF BOOKS, &c.

A Saviour for All. London: Wertheim.

A charming little book, full of encouragement and real Gospel truth.

The Chorus Singer of the Peak. Nottingham: Dunn.

A tale of life, to interest young singers and young widows.

The Diamond Wreath. London: Hamilton.

Mothers, buy this interesting little book, and learn the price of a soul.

The Family Treasury for February. London: Nelson & Co.

There are several papers in this number, one of which is worth more than the price.

PUTTING OFF TOO LONG.

"Keep silence, daughter of frivolity—for death is in that chamber!
 Startle not with echoing sound the strangely solemn peace.
 Death is here in spirit—watcher of a marble corpse—
 That eye is fixed, that heart is still—how dreadful in its stillness!"

"PLEASE, ma'am, Miss Mayfield is in the other parlour, and wishes to see Miss Victorine," said Mrs. Alder's servant. "Very well, Jane, I will come directly." This reply was made by a very pretty and a very sprightly girl of eighteen, who was sitting with her mother, a gaily-dressed woman fifty. Victorine was her only child, and greatly beloved; but, alas! trained only for this passing world. "Wait a minute, Vic, dear," quickly rejoined the mother; "I want to speak to you before you go to see Hannah. I hear she has been to these revival meetings. Now, I do not wish my Victorine to become an enthusiast, and mar her dear face with melancholy shadows—carried away by feelings, as many are in this day; besides, you can amuse yourself in some more rational manner than by going to these gatherings for prayer, as they call them." "Well, ma, they do pray in reality; and I rather like their meetings. I never thought about heaven before. You never told me about it, mamma."

Mrs. Alder blushed, and replied, "My home duties are enough for me, Vic; so don't be impertinent, child." "No, mamma, I do not wish to be; only, one of the gentlemen said, the other night, that many young people who refused to listen to God's voice were left to feel the weight of His wrath, just because they refused His offered mercy. But I am keeping Hannah waiting, ma; you won't object to my going with her to-day, if she is come to ask me?" Mrs. Alder made no reply, and Victorine ran into the other room to meet Hannah Mayfield.

"How do you do, dear?" said Hannah; "I was getting restless—for the meeting time is at hand, and I do so want you to go with me. Margaret, and Lucy, and Henry are going to-day—do go." "Are they? Well, I should like to go very much." "Should you? Well, do, dear; come, make haste and put on your bonnet." Victorine ran off without another word, and the

young party were soon among God's worshippers. Victorine's attention was soon riveted on the address to the young, delivered by an eloquent and venerable minister. Affectionately he urged the youthful part of the audience to seek salvation, encouraging them to rest on the finished work of Jesus. On her return home, Victorine remained longer than usual in her room, and a messenger was sent to request her presence in the parlour.

"Where have you been, Victorine?" asked her mother, in more than her usual dignified manner; then, turning to a gentleman seated near, she said, in a softer, blander manner, "Mr. Morecroft, this is our little Methodist I was describing to you—Victorine Alder." The gentleman arose, bowed, and took her hand, saying, "Has there been much manifestation to-day?" Victorine blushed, and replied, "Yes, Sir—great manifestation of the love of Jesus to those who do not care for Him!" It was the gentleman's turn to blush now, and Mrs. Alder rejoined, "I am ashamed of you, Vic. You see, Mr. Morecroft, she has fallen into the snare these people have spread for the young." "I see, I see, madam, but you can easily remove this illusion from her mind." "I dare say mamma could; but I am not determined myself yet as to yielding my heart to the influence and importance of religion, though I have been made to feel my everlasting happiness depends upon it." "Nonsense, child! you talk like a silly person, Vic."

Again and again did Victorine attend the revival meetings, and often she resolved to give up the world for Jesus; but as often refused to yield her heart to the influence of God's word, although she felt it was all-important and the one thing needful. Six months passed, and found Victorine in the midst of the gay world, carried from place to place by her mother, who hoped to drive from her, as she said, the effects of listening to excited people. A violent cold, taken at an evening party, brought on inflammation of the lungs; and, very ill and very miserable, she lay hovering over the precipice between the two worlds. "Tell me, doctor," she said, earnestly, "TELL ME—must I die?" The excellent doctor replied, sorrowfully, "I dare not deceive you, my dear young friend, for I know the

value of a soul; I therefore entreat you to hasten to Jesus, who is the great Physician of soul and body." "Thank you, doctor, for being faithful; please tell my mother to come up; and will you, as you pass Hannah Mayfield's door, tell her to come to me quickly, and bring Henry, and Lucy, and Margaret?" "I will."

Soon her mother appeared, followed by the young friends who had been hastily summoned by the doctor. "Mamma," said the dying girl, "please bring all the dresses you have had made for me to accompany Lucy, and the pearls I was to wear at the marriage." "My dear child," cried the excited mother, "they are of no use here; you are too ill to look at such things." "True, mamma, they are of no use here; but please bring them—I am in my right mind now; please make haste; my hours are numbered." "What can you mean, dear? the doctor has been frightening you. I heard he had been at these revival meetings." "Please do make haste, ma." The distressed mother went, and returned with the dazzling finery. "Look at these fine things, all of you; for such empty vanity I have lost the robe of righteousness and the pearl of great price; and now I die without one ray of hope, finding, too late, the truth of that sentence we heard together—that if we refuse to listen to God's voice when He calls, He will make us feel the weight of His wrath, because we refused His mercy. There is no mercy for me now; I put religion off too long. Now, ma," continued the dying girl, "please put these things in the third empty drawer, and often go to look at them, and think of me and my misery; but do try, mamma, to prepare for a dying bed, and as you see these dust-woven things fading away under the finger of time, ask the question, What shall we gain here or hereafter for listening to the world instead of God? Oh, the offers of mercy which I heard with you, Henry, ring in my ears like the knell of a lost soul, for hope to me is clean gone for ever. Mother! never think of me as in heaven, for I refused to yield my heart to Jesus, and now it is too late." "No, no, my precious Victorine, say not so." "Yes, mother, let me speak—my speech will soon be gone. I obeyed your wishes, fell into your plans,

against my conscience—remember, against my conscience—and now it is too late ; your daughter's soul is lost—lost—lost !”

Victorine, the beautiful and the gay, spoke no more. There she lay, her golden locks smoothed over her marble forehead, and her hands folded ready for the grave. Her feet had run their race, and they cast the dust on that sunny brow. Oh, what did her mother feel as she left the beautiful form under the power of the destroyer !

Mothers ! be careful what part you take in drawing from your children's hearts the good resolutions they may form while listening to God's truth, lest you meet them at the left hand of the Judge, and hear their bitter cry, “ The harvest is past, the summer is ended, but we are not saved.”

“ Death—fell cannibal !—gloateth on his victim,
And carrieth it with him to the grave—that dismal banquet-hall.
Each waiting soul must claim its own when the archangel soundeth ;
They slumber not at death, but awaken, quickened, to the terrors of the judgment.”

LITTLE CHILDREN'S DRESS AND DISEASE.

To the Editor of the “ Mothers' Friend.”

DEAR MADAM,—Permit me to solicit your attention to the accompanying remarks on the clothing of little children.

As your excellent Magazine is read in many cottages of our land, a few remarks on the subject from your pen might do great good, as I believe many loving young mothers err in this matter rather from inexperience or thoughtlessness than wilfully.

I am often pained by seeing infants at cottage doors, in bitterly cold weather, with their little arms and necks uncovered ; and even this winter, when the cold has been so unusually severe as to make adults wrap up in extra shawls and cloaks, it was enough to cause one's heart to ache to meet little creatures with purple arms exposed to its severity.

The effects of such exposure must be injurious hereafter, if even no immediate evil consequences ensue. * * * * *

Hear the words of a very distinguished physician : “ I believe,” says he, “ that during the twenty-six years I have practised my profession, twenty thousand children have been carried to the grave, a sacrifice to the absurd custom of exposing their arms

naked. I have often thought, if a mother were anxious to show the soft white skin of her baby, and would cut a round hole in the little thing's dress just over the heart, and then carry it about for observation by the company, it would do very little harm; but to expose the baby's arms, members so far removed from the heart, and with such feeble circulation at best, is a most pernicious practice. Put the bulb of a thermometer to a baby's mouth, the mercury rises to ninety degrees; now carry the same bulb to its little hand, if the arm is bare and the evening cool, the mercury will sink to forty degrees: of course, all the blood which flows through these arms and hands must fall from thirty to forty degrees below the temperature of the heart; and need I say, that when these cold currents of blood flow back into the chest, the child's general vitality must be more or less compromised; and need I add, that we ought not to be surprised at its frequent recurring affections of the lungs, the throat, and stomach. I have seen children with habitual cough and hoarseness, or choking with mucus, entirely and permanently relieved by simply keeping their arms and hands warm. Every observing and progressive physician has daily opportunities to witness the same simple cure."

We quite concur in the sentiments of our friend's letter, as well as the physician's remarks, and only marvel that many mothers who are now smiling on their pets are not weeping over their graves. One other point we would just briefly advance a whisper on. Often, very often, during the past cold winter weather, have we sympathised with the dear little children in their bodies and frills, instead of frocks, and their little purple legs naked up to their knees, while their mothers have walked by them in warm comfortable dresses, long enough to be called "trains." Is this consistent?

MY MOTHER'S DIARY—No. V.

"*July 10th.*—Well, well, I find it is a good thing to be very busy if one feels inclined to be moody. I have been helping my aunt to copy some of her papers for the press, and now I have another—let me see—Oh! I like the title.

"THE LATE MARRIAGE.

"'And so you are really going to be married, Miss Wray?' 'They tell me so,' replied the maiden of some fifty summers. 'Is it a wise step, think you?' continued Mr. Carson, an old friend of the family. 'Well, that remains to be proved,' rejoined Miss Wray, drawing up her head, and pricking her finger with her needle; 'Mr. Lowe speaks very kindly, and he is so generous, that although indeed I have very little, as you know, Mr. Carson, yet he begs me to have it all settled on myself; and I shall do something like that, for as I have but little I shall keep part of it to myself.' 'I hope you will, Miss Wray; this is the object of my visit, and being your friend, and the friend of your esteemed family for thirty years, I thought I might take the liberty of suggesting a thought to you. It is a very solemn thing to get married.' 'Yes, it is, Mr. Carson; but once, I remember, an old gentleman said this to his daughter, when she replied, "Yes, father, it is a very solemn thing to get married, but it is a great deal solemn thing not to!" So I think; to stand so lonely in the world; with a sneer and a curled lip meeting one everywhere, just because you happen to be a Miss and not a Mistress!' 'Yes, I see all this, you *are* quite alone; but if you will allow me——' 'Pray, speak on.' 'Well, Miss Wray, I have been watching society and individual human nature in all its phases for nearly half a century, and I have often seen wise clever women, when standing in your circumstances, perfectly hoodwinked as to the motives of our sex in marrying late in life; and as I know your favourable opinion of our sex—and, indeed, of everybody else—I could not tell, but you may get deceived; and you see, Miss Wray, sometimes a little soft thing like this you tell me, about keeping your money to yourself, is all very well, but may-be, Mr. Lowe thinks, you will burn the bit of paper that keeps it before the honeymoon is over; eh?'

"'Dear me, Mr. Carson,' exclaimed the alarmed Miss Wray, 'surely you don't think there are any fears as to the character of Mr. Lowe!' 'You see, Miss Wray, I am not at liberty to say
'I think. People generally make up their minds as to what

they intend to do, before they ask any advice about marriage; and then it behoves one to be very careful as to what they say when matters come to such a pitch as this affair of yours. But all I have to say is, I am glad you intend to make a little reserve, and if at any time you need a friend, why you know where to find Simon Carson. But, mind you, your old lover hasn't got a bit of religion, nor does he like people who have; but there, may-be, you will not fall out about that; only sometimes a good mother's prayers are answered, when one is going down the hill of life; and should this be your case, you see, you won't be over-happy. But I wish you well, I am sure, with all my heart, both for this world and the world to come, which, to my thinking, is of the most importance. But, well-a-day, I am talking more than I intended. Good day, Miss Wray.' 'Thank you, thank you, my dear friend, I hope all will go smoothly.' 'Yes, I hope so too; but when men live alone for a long time, attending to their own shirt buttons, stockings, neck-ties, and bread-and-butter, they are apt to get queer, sharp, and selfish, that's all; but I hope all my fears may prove moonshine. Again, good-day; I am glad I have not the trouble of thinking about the marriage ceremony!'

"I must rest my pen now. How I like making fair copies from my aunt's hasty writing; but I must away now, to attend to other matters."

THE "REAPER'S" UNEXPECTED VISIT.

A TOUCHING incident occurred, a few months ago, connected with the accompanying hymn. It was sent in a letter by a lovely young lady, on a Saturday, to a gentleman to whom she was engaged in marriage. She was then in excellent health and spirits; next day, while teaching her class in the Sunday school, she felt poorly—still she attended forenoon service in the sanctuary, and on calling in a medical man she was thought to be suffering merely from a cold. On Monday night she became suddenly delirious, then unconscious; on Tuesday stood "on the

edge of the shore of death;" and on Wednesday passed away, like a fair flower nipped by the cold hand of Death, to bloom for ever and ever in the bright world above.

One sweetly solemn thought
 Comes to me o'er and o'er;
 I am nearer home to-day,
 Than I ever have been before.
 Nearer my Father's house,
 Where the many mansions be;
 Nearer the great white throne;
 Nearer the crystal sea.
 Nearer the bound of life,
 Where we lay our burden down;
 Nearer leaving the cross;
 Nearer gaining the crown.
 But, lying darkly between,
 Winding down through the night,
 Is the deep and unknown stream
 That leads at last to the light.
 Jesus! perfect my trust;
 Strengthen the hand of my faith;
 Let me feel thee near when I stand
 On the edge of the shore of death;
 Feel thee near when my feet
 Are slipping over the brink;
 For it may be I'm nearer home,
 Nearer now than I think.

CAREY.

A LETTER TO MOTHERS.

(Concluded from page 74.)

AFTER some more conversation I said to this poor woman, "Surely, you did not bring up your *child* in such a place as this?" for I remembered that Esther was gentle and modest, the very reverse of her mother. "No, indeed I did not," she said; "when she was too little to leave me, I kept her out of the way as much as I could, and when she got older I spent every penny I could get to pay them for taking care of her as knew how to do it; and now I never let her come here, though I often go to see after her." "But, why," I said, "did you not, for her sake, try to alter your home? Why did you not then give up your wicked

companions, and bring her up yourself in a way you knew to be right?" "Ah!" she replied, "you are a lady, and don't know nothing about such people as me. I have heard God is powerful; but I know Satan is, and we wicked people can't get away from one another as you think we can." I said, "Just now, when you were telling me about your early life, I was thinking you scarcely seemed to have a chance of being better than you are; but I see now that God has not forgotten you. That little child was sent to awaken the voice of conscience and love in you; and if you had only listened to it you might have saved yourself as well as your child."

As we talked in this way she wept much; but said that it was all now too late—that God was her enemy, and there was no mercy for her. I said, "Alice, you keep this window so dirty that the light can scarcely enter, and you never seem to open it, so that the air of this room is almost stifling. But, for all that, there is bright sunshine and pure air if you would let them come in, and God intended them for you as much as me; and in the same way you surround yourself with what is wicked, and must of necessity produce misery, and then complain that God has no mercy upon you." I asked her if she had ever heard of Jesus, who was so sorry for the misery of such unhappy persons as herself that He came into the world on purpose to save them. She said she had; but she was sure He did not mean her.

When I rose to go she said, "It seems to me that yours is the first kind voice I ever heard; but I shall never hear it again—no, never—for you must not come here—indeed you must not, this is not a place for the likes of you." "Then why," I said, "do you not now determine to get such a home for yourself as I could come to?" But she shook her head, and said, "Ah! you don't know nothing;" and so we parted.

I dare say the thought will strike you as it did me. What a wonderful influence for good this little child was intended to have over this poor mother! It seemed to awaken in her a better nature. It was, as the Bible expresses it, her "day of visitation;" and if she had only permitted herself to come entirely under its influence she might have been saved for both time and eternity.

In her earnest endeavours to instruct her child in what was true and right she would have found it out for herself, and instead of being the poor fallen creature I found her, she might have become a useful member of society. God has wisely implanted in our minds such a feeling towards our children that we value and strive to obtain what is good more for their sakes than for our own; and we should feel thankful for this, for *whatever* makes us hate sin and love holiness is a great blessing. If we, my dear friends, truly and faithfully do our duty to our children, we shall have no time for bad company, bad books, idle gossip, or any other of those many temptations which "Satan finds for idle hands to do." Let us be thankful for an honourable and useful occupation, and let it cheer us, in the midst of employment sometimes wearisome and painful, to think that by exercising a right and holy influence over our children we may be preparing them for usefulness on earth, and an eternity of happiness hereafter. I know that some of you have to experience great suffering—that the toil of your lives is excessive. I know of nothing that can so tend to reconcile you to all this, as to remember that whatever your lot may be it is of God's appointment; that He has wise ends to answer by it; and in another world, if not in this, you will know that the course you have had to take was the best for you. When the battle of life is o'er may we all meet in that world where sin and sorrow can never enter. Your sincere friend, &c.
—*From "Ragged Homes, and How to Mend them."*

THERE IS WORK FOR ALL.

THERE is work for all in this world of ours.

Ho! idle dreamers in sunny bowers!

Ho! giddy triflers with time and health!

Ho! covetous hoarders of golden wealth!

There is work for each, there is work for all,

In the peasant's cot, in the noble's hall;

There is work for the wise and eloquent tongue;

There is work for the old, there is work for the young;

There is work that tasks manhood's strengthened zeal

For his nation's welfare, his country's weal;

There is work that asks woman's gentle hand,

Her pitying eye, and her accents bland;

From the uttermost bounds of this earthly ball
 Is heard the loud cry, "There is work for all."
 Look at our brethren toiling in chains,
 There is work for all while a slave remains;
 Think on the waste of human life
 In the deadly scenes of the battle strife;
 Gaze on the drunkard's wife and child,
 List to *his* ravings so fierce and wild;
 Look on the gibbet with shuddering eye,
 As the place where a fellow-man may die;
 Think on the felon, in dungeon dim,—
 He is thy brother; go work for him.
 Look on the outcasts from virtue's pale;
 Pity thy sister, though erring and frail.
 Visit the widow, the orphan, the old,
 When the wind blows keen, and the nights are cold.
 Think of the poor in their low estate;
 The toiling poor, who make nations great.
 Think of the sick as they helpless lie;
 Think of the maniac's frenzied eye;
 And remember the grave with its long repose,
 Which "no work, nor device, nor wisdom" knows.
 Let the motive be pure, and the aim be right,
 Then "what thy hand finds to do, do with thy might;"
 For from every clime on this earthly ball
 Is heard the loud cry, "There is work for all."

THOUGHTS FOR MOTHERS.

DEAR MADAM,—Permit me to direct your attention to the accompanying letter (which may not have met your eye), as fitting for insertion in your valuable Magazine.

Cordially do I, as a Christian mother, concur in the sentiments of the writer. The excellent advice here given it is for mothers to follow; to begin at the very beginning; allowing no *false delicacy* to prevent our warning our sons of this "great wickedness" ere they enter on the temptations of life; and this *can* be done with all a woman's tenderness and modesty.

Let no mother underrate her influence, and say, "What can I do?" and shrink from the task. Mothers have great influence, or *ought* to have. If there is a tender spot in the heart of her boy, sure I am it is where a loving mother's image rests. Possessing influence with our sons, are we not responsible for the use we make of it? Surely, as Christian mothers we ought to feel constrained to use it for God.

Let us, with earnest prayer for heavenly wisdom and guidance,

mine to do all we can to keep our beloved ones unspotted from pollution.
* * * * *

MOTHERS AND SONS.

The following letter, which has appeared already in an English provincial paper, was sent to us with a request to draw the attention of our readers to the subject to which it refers. This, therefore, we do by giving the communication entire, and trust it may have the effect of leading mothers to follow the examples here given, of showing their sons that the only means "wherewithal a young man may cleanse his way," is, agreeably to the Bible's own direction, "by taking heed thereto according to God's Word."

"Sir,—Though deeply interested (as a fellow-worker in the country) in the present remarkable movement in London—namely, trying to lead our fallen sisters by these midnight meetings to listen to the voice of human sympathy, by entreating them to return to paths of purity and peace—yet my heart, as an English mother, asks this question, 'Can we do nothing with our growing-up sons, to prevent them by-and-by adding, by unrestrained indulgence in vice, to the mass of victims thus sacrificed to man's uncurbed passions?'

"My mother, now with Jesus, was left a widow within eleven years of her happy marriage—left with three fine young sons. As each of them grew to years of boyhood, she drew them lovingly to her side, and with all the purity and tenderness of a mother's loving voice, read with those sons the first few chapters of the book of Proverbs, laying before them the sin which would so easily beset them, and showing how God's grace and help, sought earnestly on bended knees, would alone keep them from doing 'this great wickedness,' and sinning against God.

"Forearmed by such words from a mother's lips, each son went forth to the battle of life, to conquer, and not to fall under the power of fleshly lusts, which war against the soul. One in India, two as God's appointed ministers in our own dear land, blessed those maternal warnings, and were kept from the paths of the destroyer. With my only son I did the same, and he told me lately that he owned his power of resisting these temptations (and let none underrate their strength) to his mother's readings on the subject with him, and the purifying thought of 'home.'

"Mothers of England! think not your work ended until you have done this with your boys; and then let us hope and pray, that as another generation springs up, the present demand for unhappy victims may cease, and 'holiness to the Lord' be written on the manly brow of our noble English youths, living to acknowledge by word and deed that their bodies are 'temples of the Holy Ghost'—not their own, but 'bought with a price,' even by the precious death of our Redeemer.

"AN ENGLISH MOTHER."

THE LOST OPPORTUNITY.

A TRUE STORY.

It was a lovely afternoon in the beginning of October, when I accompanied two young friends to the cemetery at Brompton. They had long been residing in the neighbourhood, and were kindly showing me the various improvements which had taken place since I had been familiar with the locality some years ago. The weather was delightful; the trees were still clothed with their foliage of varied beauty, but the leaves held not with their accustomed tenacity. We rambled on, sometimes together, sometimes apart; there were not, that we knew of, any resting there with whom we held communion while in life; still our feelings were deeply touched, for memory brought to us the recollection of some whom we had loved and lost. At length, being somewhat fatigued with our desultory walk, we looked round for a seat, of which several are placed in various parts of the cemetery, and soon found one; as one corner of it was occupied by a lady, we placed ourselves at the other end, leaving room for two between us.

For awhile we were all silent, thought and feeling were busy, and I believe we all three made excursions into memory's land. Presently our reverie was disturbed by a beautiful boy, about seven years old, who came bounding towards the place where we sat. He hesitated for a moment on seeing strangers, but a glance at us appeared to re-assure him, and he advanced with graceful timidity towards our lady companion. "Mamma," said he, "what is this place?" "A cemetery, dear, where people are buried," she replied, in an inanimate manner. "Buried—buried," repeated the child thoughtfully, as with downcast eyes he stood before his mother; but she took no notice of him. In a minute or two he raised his head, and throwing back the auburn curls which clustered over his forehead, he looked wistfully in her face as he exclaimed, "But, mamma, will these people never get up again? Never?" "Of course they will, some day," she answered almost pettishly; "now go away, Walter, you tease me." The boy glanced towards us, and then with a disappointed look turned slowly away.

How I wished to recall him, and tell him in plain and simple language the great truths on which his young mind was pondering. But this, our English bashfulness, and the fear of being considered intrusive, unhappily forbade. The child lingered for a little while, and then, attracted by a flower at some distance, he ran off, while his mother composed herself into the same apathetic state from which he had just aroused her. Presently the boy re-appeared in a different direction from that in which we had lost sight of him; he was chasing a butterfly. On they came gaily together, the pretty insect was now up, now down, now whirling round and round, or settling for a minute on some gay flower; the boy was scarcely less agile, as he bounded after it in all the graceful playfulness of childhood.

Ever and anon he had to check suddenly his footsteps, which twice he was unable to do before he had trespassed on the flower-beds. His musical shout, as he chased his ærial playmate, and his tone of disappointment when it eluded him, and at last soared away out of his reach, once more disturbed the lady's lucubrations, and she even roused herself to call to him. The boy shook his head laughingly at her upraised finger, and again ran off, but soon returned, and slowly approached the place where we were still sitting, for we were too much interested in the little fellow to be in haste to remove. "Mamma, where is the butterfly gone?" asked the child, as he drew near. "Gone away, silly child," replied his mother. "Come here, Walter; I am quite displeased with you for heating yourself so. What a figure you are! Sit down by me," she continued, almost angrily. The child obeyed; then turning quickly towards her, he said, "Mamma, where shall we be when these people get up? Will grandpa, and Lillie, and Harry, be there, and where will they all go to?"

I thought of the butterfly that had just disappeared, and how that beautiful emblem of the soul might aid the mother in explaining to the child that which he was so desirous of knowing; and I was debating with myself whether, at the risk of being thought impertinently obtrusive, I should answer his question if she did not, when as if she divined my half-formed intention, she frustrated it by hastily saying, as she rose to go, "Really, Walter, you are

so troublesome that I must take you home. I shall not bring you to walk with me again."

Which was most to be pitied, the mother for her thoughtless apathy, or the child, meeting at every turn fresh objects for thought and inquiry, and having all his intellectual aspirations checked and crushed by the indolence of one who ought to have hailed with delight these tokens of her child's unfolding faculties of mind? What a valuable opportunity, also, of giving instruction was there lost to the mother by her own culpable inertness! It formed the subject of our conversation as my friends and I bent our steps homewards. We could not quite decide, nor have I to this hour been able to settle the matter satisfactorily to myself, whether I, too, was not in a lesser degree blameable for not supplying the mother's deficiency as far as I could.

During his short sojourn of quietness, the quick, intelligent boy sat by my side; I therefore was the only one of my party who had an opportunity of addressing myself to him, and I believe I should have risked his mother's displeasure by doing so, had she not so hastily called him away. However, the opportunity was lost for ever, for it is not probable that I shall ever meet that child's earnest inquiry again. Mother! have you and I ever seriously reflected what a momentous thing it is to lose an opportunity of doing this good action, or of repressing that improper one, of speaking the word in season here, or checking the incorrect expression there? Let us resolve to be more circumspect for the future, always bearing in mind that an opportunity once lost can never be regained.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

"LAY me with my face to the bright red sunlight, Alan, for then I know I am looking toward *home* and *my mother*," said Jamie Bruce. Poor fellow! no mother's gentle hand to smooth his last resting-place—to wipe the death-damps from his pale brow—to *look* towards his mother and his childhood's home was all the comfort he had in his death-hour. "Alan," and the dying soldier's voice was husky, and his once-bright eye dim, as he

thought of his home so far away among the Scottish hills, "Alan, tell my mother I died like a soldier and a man, and, I hope, like a Christian; and give her these," and with his feeble hand he placed his Bible and medals in his brother's hand, and once more he turned his pale face towards the battle-field, and a sad smile passed over the wan countenance, and, with a whispered blessing for his brother, poor Jamie died. They buried him that night. "No useless coffin enclosed his breast," but they wrapped his plaid around the cold form, and laid him in his grave. Alan's tears alone fell on the clay that covered his brother's brave heart.

Months afterwards, when peace reigned where war had raged, Alan drew near his mother's house. It was the sunset hour, the hour when Jamie died; but now Alan could hear the evening song of the birds, and the distant lowing of the cattle; he could see the blue smoke curling from many a happy home; *then* the groans of the dead and dying were in his ear, the clashing of swords and the loud roar of cannon mingled with the last words of Jamie. Foot-sore and weary poor Alan pursued his way, and, ere long, his mother's little cottage stood before him.

With a trembling hand he lifted the latch and entered, and, in a moment, his mother's arms were around him. "My bairn, my precious bairn," said she; but, with a paling cheek, she asked, "where's my Jamie, my fair-haired laddie, that was sae gude to me? Speak, Alan," she continued, grasping her son's arm, and looking wildly in his face, "where's my Jamie? Dinna tell me he's dead; ah, you are greeting, there's a tear in your e'e, my laddie's dead!" and the stricken mother fell senseless to the floor. "My poor mother," said Alan, as he bent over the prostrate form, and tenderly pressed her withered hand; at length the poor woman opened her eyes, and exclaimed, "Jamie!" and then tears, hot bitter tears coursed each other down her aged cheeks. "Tell me all, my bairnie, tell me of my Jamie; did he die doing his duty to his Queen? but, ah, I ken my Jamie weel, he was a gude laddie."

Alan placed before her the Bible and medals his brother had so proudly worn on his breast. "An' my bairnie gie a' his life

for one o' these?" said she, taking the medals. Oh, did our Queen know how many aching hearts the late wars have caused, how many homes are desolate; many a mother has lost her "fair-haired bairnie," her Jamie, who died for England and her Queen. It's no fancy sketch you have read; how many hearts and homes can attest its painful truth I cannot say. Many that we have known, some near and dear to us, are lying in the burial-ground at Scutari. Oh, if you are a mourning mother, *childless* through the late fearful wars, may God comfort you—earth cannot!

LETTIE LEE.

EARLY TRAINING.

In a former paper we considered the duty of educating the *habits* of tender infants. As they very soon exhibit *temper*, either by passionate bursts or by little fits of impatience or peevishness, *temper* should be most carefully educated, as soon as these indications are manifested. A tender, watchful mother will *discriminate* between a cry of pain or hunger, and a cry of passion or impatience; and while the first is tenderly soothed and alleviated as soon as possible, and the second promptly satisfied by proper nourishment—which, if artificial, should always be prepared and at hand before hunger induces any sign beyond a murmured complaint—the mother, by her gentle, quiet rebuke, will gradually teach her little pupil that, while her duties towards it are not postponed by its impatience or waywardness, that she does not hasten her movements to indulge temper.

We have seen a vigorous, passionate infant, of six or seven months, arrested by the fixed, serious look of its mother, till its little lip quivered with emotion, and it hid its face on her bosom, evidently feeling her displeasure, and thus seeking pardon. A fond embrace will then encourage the little one, as much as her grave look, and her gentle "naughty baby" subdued it.

After this early stage of existence, the child, for a few years, receives its education chiefly through its eyes. It stretches out its little arms to touch objects far beyond its reach; and if taken up to the object on which its eyes are fixed, and permitted to

touch and grasp it, it crows and capers with delight ; so it learns the relative distances and shapes of the objects by which it is surrounded.

Countenances are also the infant's study—countenances, voices, and manner. Certainly, we may reasonably expect from young persons, to the care of whom these tender little creatures are often consigned for many hours in the day, loving and gentle conduct. Quiet, gentle handling—soft, cheerful voices—and kind, loving looks, should be spontaneous from young women and gentle girls towards their helpless, engaging little nurslings ; and unless elder sisters and nursery maids endeavour to carry out the good mother's careful education of her dear child, by treating it, in every respect, as she herself does, they betray their trust, and neglect their duty to God ; for Christ Jesus, who, when on earth, loved and blessed little children, says (Matt. xviii. 10, 14), "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones ; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father who is in heaven. Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish." Luke xvii. 2, "It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones."

When children from four years and upwards are playing about the room, parents are not always careful of their words and actions, until they are sometimes startled into prudence by a question from one of them ; showing that, although the subject of conversation is beyond their comprehension, and was certainly not intended for their ears, they are picking up odds and ends of what is said. Children's questions are numberless ; but when asked for information on subjects which they are able to comprehend, distinct answers, in a few plain words, should be repeated, as long as their attention is awake, until they have gained an idea.

It is astonishing to see how an idea is sometimes worked out in the practice of little children. Children often receive humorous or ridiculous answers, which are believed and acted upon at the first favourable opportunity. We saw an energetic,

active little boy, of five summers, rushing after the birds in the garden with a handful of salt, hoping to catch them; and when his older and wiser companions laughed at him, his cheeks flushed, and, with indignant tears in his eyes, he exclaimed, 'Did uncle tell a lie?'

C. C.

WHO CAN COMFORT LIKE A MOTHER?

IN some of those quiet Sunday moments, when you have taken your Bible down from the shelf, has your eye ever rested on these words, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you?" They are there; you will find them in Isaiah lxvi. 13.

And now let me tell you what I have seen this afternoon. In a cottage, where may be generally found three little ones clinging round "mother," there were only two doing so; the eldest boy lay ill in the crib, which the anxious and loving mother had removed down stairs to a warm corner, where her eye might constantly be upon it. I sat down, grieved, to watch Willie's burning cheek and hurried breath; grieved, too, to think what sorrow his dear mother must feel. The little fellow partly awakened, murmuring "mother;" and as he roused with pain, cried, "mother, mother." Her face was put down to his, and soothingly she repeated kisses and fond words. But still he seemed frightened at the pain and strange feeling, and begged, "Mother, do take me on your knee." Quickly her arms were round him, to gently and tenderly carry him to her low rocking-chair. Ah, and then did not a pain shoot through her head, as her boy hastily raised a hand to his, and did not her blood burn in her veins as she touched his hot parched skin; even her breath seemed to tear through her chest as she heard his fearful cough. "Are you easier, darling?" "Oh yes, mother, you hold me so nicely."

And as I watched her sympathy and loving care, the words with which she cheered him, the tenderness with which she soothed him, I remembered, "Thus saith the Lord, As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

Thankfully I felt, that however sharp my sorrow or my pain

might be, I may have to support me His everlasting arm ; where-
ever I may be, He has promised to uphold me ; yes, He has said,
" Though a mother may forget, yet will I not forget thee."

CAROLINE.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

WHAT histories of individual effort will be revealed when the
multitude that no man can number shall meet before the throne
of God ! Let our earnest prayers and persevering efforts have a
living witness there.

NO LEISURE ON WASHING DAYS.

A little girl, about four years of age, was on her dying bed.
Looking at her mother, she said, " Mother, when I die and go to
heaven, and God Almighty asks me, ' Did your mother teach you
to pray ? ' I will say, ' Yes, except on washing-days.' "

HOME OF THE WEARY.

Home of the weary—how I sigh for thee!
When will my longing eyes thy glory see ?
When will my soul, now sore perplexed and tried,
Rest in the home for which my Saviour died ?

Home of the weary—though it cost a tear
To part with friends beloved, they now appear
Within thy courts ; nor seemed their journey long,
Cheered with the hope of joining in thy song.

Home of the weary—may sweet thoughts of thee
Buoy up my soul till I thy glory see ;
Till I shall rest, no more perplexed and tried,
In the sweet home for which my Saviour died.

A. M.

NOTICES OF BOOKS, &c.

The Rubs of Life. London : Wertheim.

Very interesting tracts, with nice print for aged people.

Agnes Macarthy. By S. Revell. London : Wertheim.

A nice little tale for our young friends.

Nursery Work. By the Author of " Women's Work," &c.

A very useful little book for our little maidens in the cottages.

The Family Treasury for March. London : Nelson & Co.

A very excellent and instructive number.

THE MOTHER AND HER DEAD SONS.

THE strength of a mother's affection is well known—from the moment the helpless infant is placed in her arms, to the last moment of her life, her love is lavished without measure on her child—no matter what the character of her son—where he lives, or how he dies—she will still tell you he is “my child.” During life's day her heart will cling to him—during all the hours of helpless infancy, the waywardness of youth, and the maturity of manhood, the sacred fire burns on the altar of the mother's heart unquenchingly, and when covered from her sight by the sods of the valley, or even when laid in an ignominious grave, you may still hear the mother exclaim, “He is my child!”—not he *was*, but he “*is* my child—mine ever—in life and in death.”

The mother's trials, too, who shall enumerate them? They are in many instances like Ezekiel's roll—all lamentations, and mourning, and woe; they begin early, too, in anxious solicitude as to the perfections and health of the *body*—the gift of reason, and faculties of the *mind*. Some of you remember the deaf and dumb mother's anxiety as to the state of her infant, if it was really a mute like herself;—one morning the nurse saw her approach the infant's cot with a very large stone; terror seized her lest her mistress had become mad, and was about to kill her child; but ere the nurse could reach her, the mute mother had flung the stone with a loud noise by the side of the cot. The infant started at the sound, and seeing this, the mother burst into a flood of tears, but they were tears of joy that her babe had the blessing of hearing.

Hear the tale a mother tells of her dumb child:—

She is my only girl:

I asked for her as some most precious thing,
For all unfinished was love's jewelled ring,

Till set with this soft pearl;

The shade that time brought forth I could not see,
So pure, so perfect seemed the gift to be.

Oh! many a soft old tune

I used to sing into that deadened ear,
And suffered not the slightest footstep near,

Lest she might wake too soon;

And hushed her brother's laughter while she lay—
Oh ! needless care—I might have let them play.

'Twas long ere I believed
That this one daughter might not speak to me—
Waited and watched—oh, yes ! how patiently,
How willingly deceived ;
Vain love was long the untiring nurse of faith,
And tended hope until it starved to death !

Oh ! if she could but hear
For one short hour, that I her tongue might teach
To call me *mother* in the broken speech
That thrills the mother's ear !
Alas ! those sealed lips never may be stirred
To the deep music of that lovely word.

My heart it sorely tries
To see her kneel with such a reverent air,
Beside her brothers, at their evening prayer,
Or lift those earnest eyes,
To watch our lips, as though our words she knew,
Then move her own, as she were speaking too.

I've watched her looking up
To the bright wonder of an evening sky,
With such a depth of meaning in her eye,
That I could almost hope
The struggling soul would burst its binding cords,
And the long pent-up thought flow forth in words.

The song of bird and bee,
The chorus of the breezes, streams and groves,
All the great music to which Nature moves,
Are wasted melody
To her—the world of sound a tuneless void,
While even silence hath its charm destroyed.

Her face is very fair,
Her blue eye beautiful, of finest mould,
Her soft white brow, o'er which in waves of gold
Ripples her shining hair ;
Alas ! this lovely temple closed must be,
For He who made it keeps the master-key.

Wills He the mind within
Should from earth's Babel clamour be kept free,
Even that His still small voice and step might be
Heard at its inner shrine
Through that deep hush of soul with clearer thrill,
Then should I grieve ?—oh, murmuring heart, be still !

She seems to have a sense
 Of quiet gladness in her noiseless play ;
 She hath a pleasant smile, a gentle way,
 Whose voiceless eloquence
 Touches all hearts, though I had once the fear
 That even her father would not care for her.

Thank God, it is not so !
 And when his sons are playing merrily,
 She comes and leans her head upon his knee ;
 Oh ! at such times I know
 By the full eye, and tone subdued and mild,
 How his heart yearns over his silent child.

Not of all gifts bereft
 E'en now ;—how could I say she did not speak ?
 What real language lights her eye and cheek,
 In thanks to Him who left
 Unto her soul yet open avenues
 For joy to enter, and for love to use.

And God in love doth give
 To her defect a beauty of its own,
 And we a deeper tenderness have shown
 Through that for which we grieve ;
 Yet shall the seal be melted from her ear—
 Yes, and *my* voice shall fill it—but not here.

When that new sense is given,
 What rapture will its first experience be,
 That never woke to meaner melody
 Than the rich songs of heaven ;
 To hear the full-toned anthem swelling round,
 While angels teach the ecstasies of sound !

o among us mothers ever feel as thankful as we ought for
 mmon mercies bestowed upon our children ? Then, again,
 ture weal of the child presses heavily on the thoughtful
 r's heart, and she anxiously asks, " Shall my child be a
 g or a curse to the world, during life's journey ? and where
 where shall he find a home when that journey is ended ?—
 e join the angelic beings, and stand among the burning
 im, or be hurled down to dwell among the debased and
 owed spirits of despair, in an existence never to end—
 ing, but never dead !—Aye, amidst all the scenes of disap-
 ent, poverty and obloquy, the mother's love falters not,

and the very dust of the grave, and the green sod which covers it, are precious to her heart.

Who can read unmoved the story of Rizpah, the mother of Armoni and Mephibosheth, who were hanging in chains? They had been given up, it would seem, as a sort of compensation to the Gibeonites, and they are to remain suspended between earth and sky till gradually consumed by the air. They were hung up on the hill at the beginning of barley-harvest, and from March to September the heart-stricken mother resolves to watch the precious remains, and fray away the birds that would dare attempt to devour them. She pitches a tent of sackcloth on the rock at the foot of the gibbets—where, with her servants and friends, she keeps her daily and nightly vigil. Rizpah was now an old woman, and she had hoped, doubtless, that these beloved sons would have been a comfort and support to her as she descended the hill of life, but they are cut off in the midst of their days, and in the very prime of manhood, by a violent and disgraceful death. Their mother was not allowed to stand by their dying bed, making it soft and comfortable as maternal love and a mother's hand could make it—not allowed to offer the draught of refreshing medicine, nor to wipe the death-dews from their brow!—no, the fact of their dying in a usual way would have been distressing, even surrounded by all the comforts of home and love; but the horrors of a violent death added poignancy to her grief, and it would seem as if she felt unwilling that the world should imagine they had died as stubborn and rebellious sons, who had despised the law of their mother, but pitied and lamented. She is unable to see them decently interred, but she determines they shall be lovingly attended, and thus would she testify the undying love which lives in a mother's heart.

Are we not reminded by Rizpah of the poor and widowed Mary, who stood undaunted amid the railing Jews and Roman soldiers at the Cross of her beloved and precious Son, who died that we and our children may live? What did she feel, think you, as she watched that languid eye growing dim by agony and sorrow, such as man never felt, nor ever can feel? How did her heart bleed as she listened to His last dying charge respecting her to His friend,

ing and tender John? Ah!—while we feel for the anguish mother, never let us forget the *Sufferer*, and the *cause* of *stold agony*—*EVEN FOR US—AND OURS!*

o maternal love—can we not all bear testimony that it is ne living, moving, unending feeling in our hearts as it is ed in Rizpah, the Jewish mother? The dark, cold grave from your view the form of your manly son, or your bright, daughter; but you call them yours still, and your heart away after them sometimes; and, it may be, you long to mortality that, in the spirit-land, you may again behold precious ones. Well, they live still—*spirit* can never die,—utiful clay is faded and gone, but the mind which animated s on ever; yes, when the sun and the moon are departed their place, and the heavens are folded up and passed away as d up your garment, even then you and your child shall but commenced a never-ending life.

your son die in early manhood, giving promise of discipline and usefulness in the church? You cannot feel sure he is of to the church *now*—no voice from Heaven has said so; no. u afraid some of your children are gone to mingle their ith the lost?—gone to weep in endless night? One day a was trying to comfort a bereaved mother, mourning the an only son, “You cannot give me any comfort, kind ” said the mother, in an agony of tears, “none can, e I believe, with the Bible in my hand, that my poor boy is ost for ever!—and I wish sometimes it could be of any use r for the dead—but,” she added,—

“There’s no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardon offered to the dead;

ore I must weep as long as life lasts.”

you mourning over neglected duties?—Then, oh see to it ose dear ones who remain to you have all the care and a Christian mother can bestow! The body is precious—but l—the soul—which must live in happiness or woe when the of earth are knocked away—let the soul have the supreme ion!

EDDY'S SIN AND EDDY'S SORROW.

"EDDY, Eddy, you must not do that; ma told you to be a good boy, and not chase the chickens or do any other naughty trick while she was gone. Why don't you mind?" "Because I *don't want* to, Sue. Ma makes me good all the time when she is at home, and now I mean to do just as I please all day. You need not think I'm going to mind you, Miss Sue, for I *won't*." "Well, pa will soon be home, I hope, and I'll tell him how you talk and act." "If you do, he'll tell you to stop telling tales—so you won't make much by that. There's that clock I've been wanting to fix for ever so long, but ma won't let me; I mean to do it now. I know I can as well as anybody." "Oh! Eddy, don't touch it—pray don't! You will certainly spoil it. Come away." "Let that chair alone, I tell you, and get out of the way. I will fix the clock." So up went this naughty boy, and in a few moments he managed to overset his chair, and fell upon the hearth, so as to hurt himself quite badly. He did not try to meddle any more with the clock, but cast about him for some other mischief. There were several large jars of preserves in the closet, and he climbed upon the shelves and helped himself to them, in spite of all his poor sister Susan could say to prevent him.

Many other naughty things he did, which cannot here be told. His sister asked him how he *could* enjoy disobeying their mamma so well. She said, while tears were in her gentle and soft blue eyes, "What if she were never to come back to us, Eddy? where should we find any ma to love us and be kind to us like her? How can you bear to grieve her so?" "I don't mean to grieve her, Sue. You see how it is; I am taking the very best time I can to be naughty when she is not here to see. I can't be good all the time, Sue." "But she will know, and then she will feel so sorry. She will have to punish you, and that always makes me cry." "No, she won't know, unless you tell, and if you do tell her, I'll paint your cat's face black, and cut her smellers off. I will, as true as you live." "Oh! you naughty, wicked boy!" "Well! you remember then. As for ma's dying, no fear of that, for she is as well as can be. You can't scare me so!" More of Eddy yet.

MY MOTHER'S DIARY—No. VI.

rust 16th.—Now, then, I will finish my aunt's account of

“THE LATE MARRIAGE.

ancient pair in sable garb soon appeared as bride and groom, and for a time all went cheerily as a marriage bell. At cottage, a short distance from the town, the gentle Mrs. was seen attending to all her domestic duties, and, in her way, constantly making her house as nice as a ‘new pin.’ He revelled sometimes at her husband's odd ways; he seemed plenty of money, yet he disliked even common food to be spoiled and would rather it remained till spoiled—locking up food from his wife, and only allowing her to see the bread and butter at meal-times. For this purpose he kept a small cupboard always closed, and if she needed an egg for a pudding, she was obliged to ask him for it;—all the plate, too, which belonged to her father and mother's home, gradually disappeared; the nice table-linen evidently was in safe keeping somewhere near her house! She pined a little after these old comforts of days, but she was too gentle and too timid to murmur or to make a wish contrary to her husband's doings—rare quality! He suited to keep the domestic atmosphere free from fire and smoke. The Sabbath was, indeed, a very dull day to Mrs. Lowe, for as the neighbours said, her ‘good man neither believed in nor devil.’ He never attended any place of worship, and he dily fell in with all his ways, and rather than risk his purse—which she now often experienced without any cause—made a blind submission to all he said or did, although he never did or said anything in accordance with the Divine will. He said Mrs. Lowe had reserved a very small portion of her money to herself; this now became a sad grievance to her, for, although he had all things he needed (indeed, often good food by locking it up until it spoiled), he was for preventing his wife to put in his power the small remaining out of this little was all she had to purchase garments, for he would not allow her to look on sixpence of his money. Sad and nights poor gentle Mrs. Lowe passed, and life became

almost a burden to her. At length she thought she would attend a place of worship, and try to get comfort there by laying her burden at the foot of the Cross; she did so, and found peace. But now her domestic troubles were more severe than ever—everything that her husband could do to torment her he did; their circumstances, too, became reversed by the careless use Mr. Lowe made of various kinds of property, and he became cruel and hard-hearted to her he had promised to “love and cherish.”

“Poor Mrs. Lowe became nervous and sad, and the only thing she dared to do contrary to her miserly and cross husband was to attend God’s house whenever its doors were open; this became, in his eyes, a great crime! Many a time has he kept her waiting in the cold and rain on a winter’s night, on her return from the house of prayer, before he would open the door to admit her. Poor soul! many a time, shivering with cold and terrified with fright, has she stood with her little lantern outside the door, or under the bedroom window (wet through), and there begged and entreated to be allowed to enter her home. Sometimes, when she has not had her lantern, he would open the door without any light, and without uttering a word he would go upstairs, leaving chairs and logs of wood in her way, both in the passage and in the room where they sat, to cause her to stumble—hiding all the matches and putting out every spark of fire.

“Poor Mrs. Lowe had kept, as in lavender, one dark silk dress, the remains of her once well-stocked wardrobe, and on very particular occasions it came forth to view. One evening she was going out to tea, and this best dress was put on. On her return home, she was surprised to find her husband and his man sitting by a bright fire, reading a newspaper, with an empty chair near at hand. ‘Come, sit down,’ said Mr. Lowe, ‘and I will read this paper to you.’ ‘Oh yes,’ replied the astonished woman, ‘I will come directly. I shall be delighted. I will just slip off my gown.’ Away she ran upstairs and very soon returned, thinking and hoping some home-sunshine was yet in-store for her; but greatly did she marvel to find the room in darkness and the fire raked out! Mr. Lowe was in his usual *speechless mood*, and he obliged his poor wife to go to bed supperless.

"The next morning the man came into the kitchen, and said in a low voice to his mistress, 'Twas well, ma'am, you didn't sit down in that chair last night, for master had greased it all over, and then put soot off the chimney on it to spoil your best gown.' Poor Mrs. Lowe! Not long after this piece of cruelty she was pushed out of doors, and driven from her home. She took refuge in a stranger's house, with broken health and well-nigh broken-hearted; but she knew *now* where to fly for strength to bear her accumulated trials, and at the Cross she found rest and peace.

"Many friends were raised up for her, but her days were numbered—resting on Jesus she passed from the cruel treatment of man to the songs and sunshine of the better country.

"I have just taken my paper to my dear aunt, and expressing my surprise at the trials of Mrs. Lowe, she said, 'The half is not told yet, my dear child.' How nice it is to have a kind dear aunty—next to a mother's love, I really do think, comes a loving, pious aunt."

"FAR HAPPIER."

MOTHER, do not weep or sorrow as those without hope for your husband and the father of your children, whose spirit has returned to Him who gave it:—"He is far happier." On earth at least his cup of joy would have been mingled with sorrow, but in heaven he enjoys perfect happiness. On earth he would have grieved over the sins of his children, and many bitter cares for them would have filled his heart; but in heaven, though he may see them wandering and erring, he trusts their future, without fear or anxiety, in the hands of a watchful and loving heavenly Father.

Here your cares and trials would have been your husband's also, but now all tears are wiped away from his eyes, and he rests in perfect peace. He is watching over you, when you sigh for the earthly love which once rendered you so happy; he loves you even more now, and he ever ministers to his dear ones. His spirit, maybe, will be the first to welcome you, at the golden portals of heaven; father, then, rejoice that he is removed to

purser, brighter world; and when trials and troubles come thick and heavy, look forward, onward, ever watching for the blessed time when you will see him sanctified and glorified, resting in the bosom of the Saviour, who died for him, and loved him so well, that He took him early from the sin and pain of earth, to be "far happier" in heaven.

MARY ADA.

THE TWO LANDS.

A LAND where sweetest roses fade,
And smiling youth grows quickly old;
A land where sunshine turns to shade,
And beauty takes a different mould;
A land of change, a land of care,
Whose fleeting joys are little worth,
A land whose smile becomes a tear—
That land is earth.

A land of love, where nought can sever,
Where beauty beams with lustre fair;
A land where youth is young for ever,
For time exerts no influence there;
A land where streams of pleasure flow,
And golden harps are given;
A land where we our Lord shall know—
That land is heaven.

A STORY ABOUT A MOTHER'S LOVE.—No. I.

A HIGHLAND widow left her home in order to reach before evening the residence of a kinsman who had promised to assist her to pay her rent. She carried on her back her only child—a boy two years old. The journey was a long one. I was following the same wild and lonely path when I first heard the story I am going to tell you.

The mountain track, after leaving the small village by the sea-shore, where the widow lived, passes through a green valley watered by a peaceful stream, which flows from a neighbouring lake; it then winds along the margin of the solitary lake, until, near its further end, it suddenly turns into an extensive copse-

wood of oak and birch. From this it emerges half way up a rugged mountain side, and entering a dark glen, through which a torrent rushes, amidst great masses of granite, it at last conducts the traveller by a zig-zag ascent to a narrow gorge, which is hemmed in on every side by giant precipices; overhead is a strip of blue sky, while all below is dark and gloomy. From this mountain-pass the widow's dwelling was ten miles off, and no human habitation was nearer than her own. She had undertaken a long journey, indeed! But the rent was due some weeks before, and the sub-factor threatened to dispossess her, as the village in which she lived, and in which her family had lived for two generations, was about to be swept away to enlarge a sheep-farm. Indeed, along the margin of the quiet stream which watered the green valley, and along the shore of the lake, might even be traced the ruins of many a hamlet, where happy and contented people once lived, but where no sound is now heard except the bleat of a solitary sheep, or the scream of the eagle, as he wheels his flight along the dizzy precipices.

The morning, when the widow left her home, gave promise of a lovely day; but before noon a sudden change took place in the weather. Northward the sky became black and lowering. Masses of clouds rested upon the hills. Sudden gusts of wind began to whistle among the rocks, and to ruffle with black squalls the surface of the loch. The wind was succeeded by rain, and the rain by sleet, and the sleet by a heavy fall of snow. It was the month of May—for that storm is yet remembered as the "great May storm." The wildest day of winter never beheld flakes of snow falling heavier or faster, or whirling with more fury through the mountain-pass, filling every hollow, and whitening every rock.

Weary and wet and cold, the widow reached the pass with her child. She knew that a mile beyond it there was a mountain shieling which could give shelter; but the moment she attempted to face the storm of snow which was rushing through the gorge, all hope failed of proceeding in that direction. To return home was equally impossible. She must find shelter. The wild cat's or fox's den would be welcome.

After wandering for some time among the huge fragments of

granite which skirted the base of the overhanging rock, she at last found a more sheltered nook. She crouched beneath a projecting ledge of rock, and pressed her child to her trembling bosom. The storm continued to rage. The snow was accumulating overhead. Hour after hour passed. It became bitterly cold. The evening approached. The widow's heart was sick with fear and anxiety. Her child—her only child—was all she thought of. She wrapt him in her shawl. But the poor thing had been scantily clad, and the shawl was thin and worn. The widow was poor, and her clothing could hardly defend herself from the piercing cold of such a night as this. But, whatever was to become of herself, her child must be preserved. The snow in whirling eddies entered the recess which afforded them at best but miserable shelter. The night came on. The wretched mother stripped off almost all her own clothing and wrapped it round her child, whom, at last, in despair, she put into a deep crevice of the rock, among some dried heather and fern. And now she resolves at all hazards to brave the storm, in order to get assistance for her babe, or to perish in the attempt! Claspings her infant to her heart, and covering his face with tears and kisses, she laid him down gently to sleep, and rushed into the snowy drift.

That night of storm was succeeded by a peaceful morning. The sun shone from a clear blue sky, and wreaths of mist hung along the mountain tops, while a thousand waterfalls poured down their sides. Dark figures, made visible at a distance on the white ground, might be seen with long poles, examining every hollow near the mountain path. They are people from the village who are searching for the widow and her son. They have reached the pass. A cry is heard by one of the shepherds as he sees a bit of a tartan cloak among the snow. They have found the widow—dead—her arms stretched forth as if imploring for assistance! Before noon they discovered her child by his cries. He was safe in the crevice of the rock. The story of that woman's affection for her child was soon read in language which all understood. Her almost naked body revealed her love. Many a tear was shed—many an exclamation expressive of admiration and affection were uttered from enthusiastic, sorrowing, Highland

when on that evening the aged pastor gathered the
in the deserted house of mourning, and by prayer and
exhortation sought to improve, for their souls' good, an
sorrowful.

about the child thus miraculously preserved next month.

Y SON, THOU ART MY HEART'S DELIGHT.

following beautiful and touching lines were written by
Webster, on the death of his son Charles:—

My son! thou wast my heart's delight;
Thy morn of life was gay and cheery;
That morn has rushed to sudden night,
Thy father's house is sad and dreary.

I held thee on my knees, my son!
And kissed thee laughing, kissed thee weeping;
But ah! thy little day is done;
Thou'rt with thy angel-sister sleeping.

The staff on which my years should lean
Is broken ere those years come o'er me;
My funeral rites thou should'st have seen,
But thou art in the tomb before me.

Thou rear'st to me no filial stone,
No parent's grave with tears beholdest;
Thou art my ancestor, my son,
And sound'st in heaven's account the oldest.

On earth my lot was soonest cast,
Thy generation after mine;
Thou hast thy predecessor past,
Earlier eternity is thine.

I should have set before thine eyes
The road to heaven, and showed it clear;
But thou untaught spring'st to the skies,
And leav'st thy teacher lingering here.

Sweet seraph, I would learn of thee,
And hasten to partake thy bliss!
And oh! to thy world welcome me,
As first I welcomed thee to this.

Dear angel, thou art safe in heaven,
No prayers for thee no more be made ;
Oh ! let thy prayers for those be given,
Who oft have blessed thy infant head.

My father ! I beheld thee born,
And led thy tottering steps with care,
Before me risen to heaven's bright morn,
My son ! my father ! guide me there.

THE TWO AUNTS ; OR, THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN INSTRUCTION AND EDUCATION.

WHEN a florist wishes to acclimatize and bring to perfection a rare foreign plant or flower, how minutely he studies its nature and peculiarities ! He learns in what soil it thrives best, and how much sun, air, and moisture it requires, to increase its size, perfect its shape, and intensify its colour. He bestows all this time and care to rear a fragile, fading flower ; but many families possess a group of *human buds*, all precious in the sight of God, created by Him to expand in heaven, and bloom immortal there ; each, in temperament, capacity, vigour and disposition, diverse from the others ; differing from each other as the violet from the rose, or the daisy from the lily, yet *their* peculiarities are often but little studied.

Here a little rose-bud may languish for the nourishing warmth of expressed affection ; pine for the light of encouragement ; but it grows in the cool, damp shade of indifference. Its vigour is hereby checked ; it becomes sickly, and expands very slowly. The loveliness of this child is overlooked, for she is not beautiful. There, a little violet seeking the shade under a mother's sheltering sympathy, is forced into the glare of a noontide sun, till it loses much of its delicate fragrance. This child is talented and beautiful, but its sensitive, timid nature shrinks from the open admiration which it receives, and the injudicious exhibitions which it endures. A word of affectionate encouragement from its parents, a little assistance and guidance from its mother, is all that the mind of such a little one requires.

desire to perfect each little plant, we must labour diligently, as well as pray constantly, and in hopeful faith, who love to study the characteristics of each child, with faithful remembrance of their individual peculiarities, win their confidence. Yes; where children feel that we understand and sympathise with them, they cling to us with intelligent reciprocal affection.

A sensitive, affectionate child may possess a strong will, occasionally, at a tender age, when thwarted, exhibit impulsive behaviour. In rearing these sensitive plants, it is judicious to

check these sudden outbursts, whether in word or act, with silent gravity; watching for the first imploring look, the whispered petition for pardon, and unconditionally to accord forgiveness. After the tender embrace, when the grateful look of the penitent is overflowing, a few words poured into its ear, pointing out clearly the evil of the fault committed, make a salutary and lasting impression on the infant mind.

Words confuse its ideas; and we would never revert to such errors again, for young minds should be stored with pleasant memories; love and gentleness should be their handmaids.

Those who are unaccustomed to the society of children are apt to expect too much from them, or to yield too much, by indulging day by day, without regard to their future welfare or fitness.

Mrs. Abbot was a good wife, and an excellent housekeeper. She had no family; and being herself an only child, received her education at home, and had never had an opportunity of observing children. This lady was between forty and fifty, when her husband received intelligence of the death of a sister, who was nearly twenty years his junior. She had been a widow nearly three years, and left two little girls of the ages of five and three years orphans. It was soon arranged that Clara, the elder sister, should be adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Abbot, and that Annie, their younger niece, should become one of Mrs. Richmond's family. This lady was another of Mr. Abbot's sisters, who had nine children of her own, little Annie taking her place as the youngest, and pet of the family. Mrs. Abbot deeply sympathized with the little orphans,

and earnestly determined to act a mother's part by her niece and namesake, Clara.

Clara Evans was a fine-grown, spirited child, sensitive, affectionate, and impulsive, who had been most injudiciously managed, during her mother's long, painful, and hopeless illness. She felt lonely and depressed at the sight of her mother's continued sufferings. But she looked forward with intense pleasure to her visits to the dear invalid's room; for when folded in her mother's arms, she felt the delight of loving and being loved. Alas! the time arrived when extreme pain made it impossible for poor Mrs. Evans to bear even the tender embrace of her dear child, who stood at the foot of her bed in an agony of suppressed grief, neither permitted, nor indeed able to express half her love and sympathy. She watched for her gentle mother's loving looks and smiles, and asked the nurse many questions; but the good woman's thoughts and time were so much engaged with her suffering mistress, that she seldom had a word but of impatient haste for poor Clara. What a relief it would have been to this little one if she had been taught to breathe a prayer to Jesus for her afflicted mother, but no one led her to the compassionate Saviour. If Mrs. Abbot had been accustomed to children, she might have discovered that Clara's temperamental faults had been fostered, instead of counteracted, during three years of her short life; but she sometimes treated her like an equal, and at others like a piece of wax, to be moulded on the instant to her will.

Soon after Clara entered her aunt's family, when seated at the tea-table, this spoiled child, who had a cup of milk placed before her, asked for tea. "No, my dear, drink the milk," said her aunt. "I don't like milk, aunt." "Then take water," was the reply. "Milk makes me sick," screamed Clara. "Say another word, and I'll whip you," exclaimed her angry aunt. "I won't have milk," replied the passionate child, flinging her cup off the table. But instantly she jumped from her chair, and picking up the broken pieces, added, in a subdued voice, "I am so sorry, aunt; pray forgive me. Indeed, I did not mean to break the cup," and she sobbed convulsively. "Go to your room, and do not let me see your face again to-night, you shocking, violent,

at child," said Mrs. A., giving her a slap on the face. "I don't love you a bit," said the exasperated child, "up stairs, and burying her burning face in the bed-

Mrs. Abbot had calmed her ruffled temper, she felt sorry had lifted her hand to Clara, and regretted that her had been so harsh, but she thought it right to leave Clara, as she had threatened to do; so she did not go near, the servant, who had been sent to put her to bed, came to tell her mistress that Miss Clara was sobbing and crying, that her she could not go to sleep till her aunt had kissed and comforted her. This is a specimen of Mrs. Abbot's discipline, which was intended to increase poor Clara's impulsive fits of passion; these were always succeeded by depression of spirits and a painful sense of loneliness, that made the poor child unhappy, that her aunt, becoming alarmed for her health, petted and coddled her injuriously.

THE MINISTERING CHILD.

A good man was one day sitting at breakfast, when a little girl came to him, saying, "Please, Sir, will you come and pray for my father?" She had a poor little starving babe in her arms, and an tattered shawl round her; and the tears were standing ready to overflow. "Father nearly killed mother last night," she concluded,—“can the Lord save my father? If you will come and pray for him, I think He will, for the Lord will hear prayer.” The child led the friend into a dark cellar, where there was only a small candle to light him down. As they walked along, side by side, she kept constantly asking, "Won't God save my father?—won't He save him to-day?" "Yes, He will," said the gentleman, "if he looks to Him." In the cellar was the poor wife and mother, with both her eyes swollen and black, from the cruelty of her husband. The child went up to her, and told her she had called a gentleman to pray for her father. The poor woman could not see the friend, but she knew his voice, and said,—“Oh! Sir, I have not seen better days, but this is all through drink.” She continued, “I

have seen better days, but through all my poverty I loved the Lord Jesus Christ, and nothing in this world! Though I am so poor, with my six children, nothing in this world would do me so much good as my husband's conversion!" "And do you love your husband now?" she was asked. "If I did not love him, Sir, who would?" was her reply. She was black and bruised with her husband's violence.

The child then said to her mother, "Mother, can't the Lord save my father?" "O, yes,—He can save him, but it is the drink which has kept him back." "Where is he?" asked the friend. She answered, "He is in a drunkard's bed—a bed of straw." The husband heard, and came out of his den and looked around—his eye falling on his poor wife. He took the only seat there was, formed of a brick and a board; and, putting his hands upon his knees, and again looking at her, he said—"I would sooner take that knife and commit suicide, than live another day!" "Oh, my husband," said the poor wife, "don't do that; the Lord will forgive you, and make me happy again yet." And then the little girl cried out, "Yes,—yes; the Lord can save you, and shan't we be happy if you are converted!—won't you give your heart to God to-day, father?" The father looked at his little child, and then at his wife, saying, "What have I done to my poor wife?—I have two pounds or fifty shillings a week, and I might have a happy home, but it is the drink that does the harm." "Give it up to-day," said the friend, "and ask the Lord to bless you. Come to Jesus—He will save you!" He looked at the servant of God, and exclaimed, "Do you think He will save a rebel like me?" He then went up to his wife, and said, "Will you forgive me?" The child then said, "Father, I will pray for you;" and they knelt down, and the little creature said, "Lord, make my father a good father."

The short prayer of this young child was heard and answered; the man began to reflect, and soon went to Jesus, and became a converted man. Was there not joy and sunshine in that home then? and was there not joy in the presence of the angels of God over this repenting sinner? Mother! teach your little children to pray, and over your reckless, unkind, drinking husband hope on ever, and pray without ceasing; "You shall reap if you faint not."

MY MOTHER'S CHAIR.

THAT vacant chair, that vacant chair,
 What loving mem'ries cluster there;
 'Tis where *my mother* used to sit,
 And rest, and talk, and sew, and knit.

Yes, there it is—the dear old chair,
 Just by the sideboard standing there;
 Though vacant now, 'tis dear to me,
 For there I've leaned upon her knee;

And listened to her words of love,
 As oft in duty's path she strove
 My wandering feet to guide aright,
 And pointed to yon heaven bright.

It was beside that dear old chair,
 My dearest mother knelt in prayer;
 It was there she used to sit and sing
 The praise of her Immanuel King.

I love to look upon that spot,
 But, dearest mother, thou art not;
 No more, no more I see thee there—
 That vacant chair, that vacant chair!

MISSIONARY PATCHWORK.

"SHE hath done what she could." These words are to be found in the New Testament; they were spoken by our Saviour in that beautiful account of the poor woman, who, having nothing but a box of ointment, anointed His head with it. There are others to whom these words may be applied. Of one I am going to tell you. I went, a short time since, to spend the day with a friend who has a daughter a missionary in Africa. In the afternoon an old woman called to see my friend. She had brought a large parcel, and what do you think was in it? A large patchwork quilt, made very neatly with small pieces of print cloth. "Now," said the poor old woman, "I have made this for your daughter in Africa. I heard you were getting a box of useful things for the station. You know I have no money to send, and I wish to give what I can to the good cause." You may be sure my friend's surprise was very great; she said, "I do not like to take this from you—could you not sell it?" "Well," said the old woman, "I dr

sell such things, sometimes ; I made one, lately, of very handsome pieces of chintz, and lined it with pink, and that I sold for ten shillings, but this, I hope, you will send in your box." My friend could not refuse this touching request of the poor old woman, who had given all she had—her time—her labour, and her money, too—for she told us she had a long way to go to buy her pieces. After receiving a present of coin from my friend to buy some more pieces, the poor old woman went away much pleased to think her quilt would be sold in Africa for the benefit of the native schools.

Selected by R. B. S.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

THE TWO ANGELS.

There are two angels that attend, unseen,
Each one of us ; and in great books record
Our good and evil deeds. He who writes down
The good ones, after every action closes
His volume and ascends with it to God.
*The other keeps his dreadful day-book open
Till sunset, that we may repent ; which doing,
The record of the action fades away,
And leaves a line of white across the page.*

HERE AND THERE.

Earth for work ;—Heaven for wages.
Earth for the battle ;—Heaven for the crown.
Time for employment ;—Heaven for enjoyment.

"There remaineth a rest for the people of God."

DO WHAT YOU CAN.

Doth not each rain-drop help to form
The cool, refreshing shower,
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?
Then let each child his influence give,
O Lord! to truth and thee ;
So shall its power by all be felt,
However small it be.

Every soul brought to Jesus is a miracle of grace.

Blessed is he that hath found his work : let him ask no other blessedness.

What a beautiful daily petition, "Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?"

LITTLE MARY, THE SABBATH-SCHOOL CHILD.

A LITTLE girl, connected with the Sabbath school, daughter of a medical man, came under the care of a devoted teacher. This teacher was unusually exercised in behalf of this little Mary, who was only ten years of age, and her daily prayer was that she might be converted. Once, after the other members of the class had gone, Mary remained and said, "Dear teacher, I think I have given my heart to Jesus; do you think He loves me?" Mary had a careless worldly father, and she began to reason, "What will become of my father, if he is not converted?" She knew that he would get angry with her if she should speak a word on the subject; she, therefore, sat down and wrote on a slip of paper the words, "Dear father, won't you be a Christian?" and left it on his table. She knew he would see it in the morning as he came down, for it was his first business to attend to the calls that had been left for him. He saw it, read it, tore it into small shreds, and threw it on the floor.

She said nothing about it, and the dear faithful child thought she would try again. So she sat down again, and wrote on a slip as before, "Dear father, do be a Christian." He saw it the next morning, folded it up, and placed it in his pocket, and walked away, thinking of the words of the dear little monitor. THE INSTRUCTIONS OF HIS PIOUS MOTHER IN EARLY LIFE BEGAN TO BE REVIVED. When he returned, Mary was impressed with his thoughtful, changed manner; but he said nothing.

The persistent importunate child was still unsatisfied; she sat down once more and wrote, "Dear father, won't you be a Christian? tell Mary." On the following morning, seeing the third note on the table, the father was overcome; he could stand it no longer. "Where's Mary?" he called aloud. Mary was soon in sight; he embraced her with unutterable tenderness of feeling—his hard heart had been completely subdued, and, under God, his little daughter was the means of bringing him to Jesus.

A CHILD'S FUNERAL.

SEE the sad group approach ; onward they come,
 O'erwhelmed with heart-felt sorrow ; not arrayed
 In the, too oft assumed, *disguise* of grief ;
 Slowly they move, as though beseeching still
 Swift-footed time, who bears their child away,
 To grant a short reprieve, 'ere the cold sod,
 Falling on the lid, which hides from view
 The cherub form, shall, with its gloomy sound,
 Awake all sense to agony and woe.
 Alas ; that life's unsullied, purest joys
 Should prove so oft the fatal harbingers
 Of keenest misery. But thus it is—
 The *love* and *lose*, then know what love has cost.
 But see ! the scene is passed, the little one
 Is resting now within its last lone bed,
 Its mother's loving breast exchanged for clay ;
 Its father's arms for death's chill, cold embrace.
 Dear little slumberer ! thus rest thee now ;
 Death may retain thy angel form awhile ;
 'Ere long his icy hand shall be withdrawn,
 And thou shalt wake, immortal, glorified.
 Alas ! what tongue can speak thy mother's woe ?
 How oft, like music, have thine accents fallen
 Upon her charmed ear ! How oft thy smiles
 Have driven care away, and made her home
 A paradise below ! But *now* she lists
 In vain for the soft cadence ; and her heart,
 Weeping its bitter tears, longs for thy smile
 Again to soothe. In fancy still she hears
 The tottering footstep ; and while she hails,
 The fond illusion stretches forth her hand
 To help the feeble steps, as was her wont.
 But ah ! too soon the sad, sad truth dispels
 The pleasing phantasy, and prompts the cry,
 " This joy is mine no more, my own loved child."
 Poor stricken heart ! look upward to the skies,
 Not to the clay-cold grave,—*there* is thy child,
 Not *here*. Amid the cherub band he lives,
 Basking in heavenly sunshine ; now, from sin,
 And pain, and sorrow, ever free ; he lives
 To swell the chorus of his Saviour's praise,
 Chanted by infants in the realms above.
 He lives ; and when thy weary soul seeks rest
 In heaven, thy child, with outstretched arms,
 Shall stand within the pearly gates, the first
 To welcome thee—the first to greet thee there.

A STORY OF A MOTHER'S LOVE.—No. II.

MORE than half a century passed away ! That aged and faithful pastor was long dead, though his memory still lingers in many a retired glen, among the children's children of parents whom he baptized. His son, whose locks were white with age, was preaching to a congregation of highlanders in one of our great cities. In illustrating the self-sacrificing nature of that "love which seeketh not her own," he narrated the above story of the Highland widow, whom he had himself known in his boyhood. And he asked, "If that child is now alive, what would you think of his heart if he did not cherish an affection for his mother's memory, and if the sight of her poor tattered cloak, which she had wrapped round him in order to save his life at the cost of her own, did not fill him with gratitude and love too deep for words ? Yet what hearts have you, my hearers, if over the memorials of a Saviour's sacrifice of Himself, you do not feel them glow with deeper love and with adoring gratitude ?

A few days after this, a message was sent by a dying man, requesting to see this clergyman. The request was speedily complied with. The sick man seized the minister by the hand, and gazing intently on his face, said, "You do not, you cannot recognize me ; but I know you, and I knew your father before you. I have been a wanderer in many lands. I have visited every quarter of the globe, and fought, and bled for my king and country. I came to this town a few weeks ago in bad health. Last Sabbath I entered your church—the church of my countrymen—where I could once more hear, in the language of my youth and of my heart, the Gospel preached. I heard you tell the story of the widow and her son." Here the voice of the old soldier faltered ; his emotion almost choked his utterance ; but, recovering himself for a moment, he cried, "I am that son," and burst into a flood of tears. "Yes," he continued, "I am that son ! never, never did I forget my mother's love. Well might you ask, what a heart should mine have been if she had been forgotten by me ! Though I never saw her, dear to me is her memory, and my only

desire now is to lay my bones beside hers in the old churchyard, among the hills. But, Sir, what breaks my heart and covers me with shame is this—until now I never saw with the eyes of the soul the love of my Saviour in giving Himself for me—a poor, lost, hell-deserving sinner. I confess it. I confess it!" he cried, looking up to heaven, his eyes streaming with tears, and pressing the minister's hand close to his breast, he added, "It was God made you tell that story. Praise be to His holy name that my dear mother has not died in vain, and that the prayers which I was told she used to offer for me, have been at last answered; for the love of my mother has been blessed by the Holy Spirit for making me see, as I never saw before, the love of my Saviour. I see it, I believe it. I have found deliverance in old age, where I found it in my childhood, in the cleft of the rock; but it is the Rock of Ages!" And, clasping his hands, he repeated with intense fervour, "Can a mother forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? They may forget; yet will I not forget thee!"

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

Written by a Poor Woman, and given to the Directress of a Mothers' Meeting to read to the Mothers.

LORD Jesus deign to listen
To a mother's earnest prayer,
As she comes with a petition
For the children of her care.

The children thou hast given me,
Oh, Saviour, wilt thou bless;
And guide their early footsteps
Thro' this vast wilderness?

For the first—an ardent spirit—
Our own warm-hearted boy,
Seeing in all the future
But dreams of hope and joy.

For him I ask Thy counsel,
Thy breast on which to lean;
Then will he be supported
Thro' every changing scene.

Be with him when temptation
The weaker powers assail,
And by thy help, oh, Saviour,
He surely shall prevail.

Check the far-soaring spirit
When in too lofty flight,
And let his given talents
Be devoted to the right.

Thus shall a noble manhood,
Tho' reaped 'mid smiles and tears,
Fulfil the happy promise
Of his childhood's early years.

By Thee his footsteps guided
In the path his father trod,
He at last will reach the haven,
The dwelling-place of God.

And for my second darling,
Most fervently I pray
That Thou wilt guide him ever
In truth's unerring way.

Subdue each sinful passion,
Break down the stubborn will,
And with kind and gentle feelings
The infant bosom fill.

Give me, his anxious mother,
Wisdom, and power, and grace
To train the young *immortal*
In heaven to take his place.

Oh, give me quiet patience,
And earnest self-command,
To quell the wayward spirit
With a firm and steady hand.

But check th' impulsive spirit
That would in anger speak;
And may I strive to lead him
By counsel mild and meek.

Prepare the ground, oh, Saviour,
For the sowing of the seed,
And let the tree be fruitful
In spite of thorn and weed.

And whilst I sow and water,
Do thou the blessing give;
That in thy presence ever
My darling boy may live.

Once, again, I ask Thy blessing,
Good Shepherd of Thy sheep;
Wilt Thou my little tender lamb
In thy kind bosom keep?

Wilt Thou place him in the shadow
Of the Eternal Rock;
And keep from every danger
The youngest of our flock?

Thou wilt! for thou hast promised
When we ask it shall be given;
And I trust we yet shall meet again
A family in heaven.

In faith, believing ever,
This humble prayer I raise;
And to Thy name, my Saviour,
Be glory, power, and praise.

EDDY'S SIN AND EDDY'S SORROW.—No. II.

WHAT do you think of Eddy, my young friends? I fancy I can hear many young voices crying, "He was a naughty wicked boy; if he had been my brother, I would not have loved him at all." But Susan loved him, and very dearly too; and although he almost teased her out of her life at times, she would never allow herself to be unkind to him. She was a very lovely little girl—not beautiful in feature and colour—but very lovely.

Eddy was like many little boys, running over with ten thousand spirits of mischief; and, like too many little brothers, he loved to play tormentor and tyrant towards his gentle sister. Yet he was a loving-hearted and a truthful boy. He would do wrong and dangerous things sometimes. He would disobey his parents when they were away, and he loved to hear himself talk as if he did not care for them, but he did care. When he was suspected and charged with mischief done, he never denied it; and when punished, and when he saw his parents sad, his heart always ached for their sorrow as much as for his own pain or disgrace. His little sister, too, he loved dearly, notwithstanding he teased and troubled her so. He always waited upon her to school, and called for her on his way home—he always saved the largest share of any

and everything that was given him for "sister Sue." It was a dangerous thing for any one but *himself* to trouble his little sister. His displeasure was aroused by the slightest attempt of the kind.

His parents had tried hard to train Eddy properly. They saw his faults, and often had they told him that, unless he tried *himself* to overcome them, all they could do would fail, and that there would come for him days of great sorrow and of deep repentance for his sinful conduct. Eddy was now ten years old, and he had been for a long time so good a child that his mother was beginning to hope his faults were nearly conquered. That morning she had left her children in her husband's care, and gone a distance of two miles to attend the funeral of one of her intimate friends—a beautiful and dearly loved lady, who had been called from earth in the bloom of her life, leaving several small children. Eddy's mother had promised the dying lady a few days before that she would take her little ones home with her and be a mother to them, until they could be sent to their friends, or until their father could find some one worthy to take charge of them in his own house. She had now gone to see the body of her friend laid in the grave, and to fulfil her promise by bringing to her own home the motherless little children. Eddy knew the sad errand upon which his mother had gone, and yet he could behave so rudely and wickedly. No wonder that in after years he looked back with astonishment as well as anguish upon his behaviour on that fatal day. A little more of Eddy.

THE TWO AUNTS; OR, THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN INSTRUCTION AND EDUCATION.—No. II.

ALL this time Annie was the darling and plaything of her numerous cousins. Mrs. Richmond soon discovered that her little niece was a timid, clinging little creature, gentle and shy; and as he grew older observed that she greatly lacked self-reliance. Annie was a fair, delicately-formed beautiful child, generally and greatly admired.

"My dear children," said Mrs. Richmond one day to her happy

family group, "I am not surprised that dear little Annie is so great a favourite with you all; I love her so dearly." "Will you all assist me to encourage her to help herself? We must not let her become a helpless little girl, *entirely* dependent on others for anything that she can by a little exertion acquire for herself."

Mrs. Richmond resided in Yorkshire, and Mrs. Abbot near London; so the little sisters did not meet for more than three years after they left their mother's roof. These children were greatly changed during these three years. The bright and spirited Clara had become habitually silent and sombre, although occasionally, when pleased, her fine dark eyes beamed with affection and intelligence. Mrs. Abbot sat with her niece during the forenoon teaching and hearing her lessons—consisting of pages of Grammar, columns of Spelling—and when Clara did not repeat the former word for word (although the poor child never had the lesson explained, and therefore learned like a parrot), the book was returned, with an injunction not to present it again until she knew her lesson perfectly. And the spelling was a weary task, over which many tears were shed. Nevertheless Clara learned to read fluently, but understood very little of what she read; for, not being allowed to ask questions till she had shut her book, and being kept too long at her reading lesson, she was too weary at its close to think of anything but a run in the garden before dinner.

Every afternoon for nearly three hours Clara was expected to sit at her hemming or sewing. For half an hour, so young a child might have given some attention to an employment so sedentary, but it was impossible for her to endure it patiently longer, therefore she shrank from needlework with loathing.

After a severe winter, during which Clara had frequently been confined to the house with heavy colds, Mrs. Abbot hailed the return of Spring, hoping her niece's health and spirits would be restored. But the child continued pale and languid, and her medical adviser prescribed change of air, and the society of children about her own age. When seated by her one bright afternoon, her aunt asked Clara if she would go with her to Wakefield. In a dreary tone she replied, "Yes, aunt." "I thought, Clara, you would be delighted to see your little sister." "Oh, yes, aunt,"

said she, "but I am so tired." A pang of remorse shot through Mrs. Abbot's heart as she contrasted the little girl's present manner and appearance, with her bright countenance and sprightly manner three years ago. She must have no more lessons, thought the lady, till she is quite strong again.

A few days after this they were in Mrs. Richmond's house. They arrived one evening an hour before the children's bedtime, and found them all dancing in great glee to their mother's music, as active and happy as children could be. They were received with a shout of pleasure, which brought Mr. Richmond into the room to give them a hearty welcome. The household was then assembled; a psalm was sung, a portion of scripture read, and all bowed the knee in prayer, their host giving grateful thanks to their gracious God, who had brought their dear relatives in safety under his roof, and invoking a blessing on their mutual converse. All the young people then bid them good night, and left the room.

"I hoped to have had the company of your elder children a little longer this evening," said Mrs. Abbot to her sister. "They are putting the little ones to bed," replied Mrs. Richmond, and, by the time they have done so, and placed all in readiness for the morning, it will be time for the dear girls to attend to their own private reading and devotion, and then to betake themselves to their pillows. We rise very early, and I like my young people to have eight hours rest and sleep. Before Annie came to us I dismissed my nurse, for my youngest, you know, is one year older than Annie, and my niece was not then too young for Martha to take charge of. Under my superintendence *now* I have two or three most willing assistants, who each have defined domestic duties daily to fulfil, and I may really call myself "Overseer," for I have little to do besides giving direction and encouragement.

Mrs. Abbot passed three weeks in her sister's family, and during that short period Clara so manifestly improved in health and spirits, that she consented to leave her with her cousins for three months. When she left Wakefield, she entreated Mrs. Richmond not to allow her darling to go into the school-room at all; for, added she, "I am sure it was her daily lessons that caused her late illness." "Leave Clara to me, dear sister; I think I understand her," replied Mrs. Richmond, as with a bright smile she waved farewell.

Clara was, during school hours, placed under the care of Martha; and Marion, the second daughter, offered to teach and assist her cousin to mend her stockings and keep her room and person neat, and her wardrobe in order. Next morning school duties were resumed, and Clara took her place beside Martha in a high chair, before a little painted desk in which her slate and books were neatly arranged. Martha produced a ruled slate and a well-pointed pencil, and Clara sighed as she opened a spelling-book. Clara spelt several words correctly, and received an encouraging smile every time. When a mistake was made, Martha wrote down the word in large characters until she had six on the slate. "Now, dear," she said, closing the book, "you have done very well." "Can you write?" "Very little—very badly," replied the child cheerfully; for the spelling lesson was over, and not a tear had been shed. "You will soon write well, dear, if you are always as attentive as you are to-day. Come, spell these written words from your slate. Very well. Now take the pencil; hold it so, and copy these words again and again, till one side of your slate is full. Good girl. The last line is better than the first; now go round the garden and bring me the prettiest flower you can find; I am so fond of flowers. You need not come in till I ring this little bell, and then you shall see me write these words in a nice new copy book; I will give you my pen, and you shall write them too." Three lines were carefully written by Clara, and, on her dismissal from the school-room, she jumped about in great glee, declaring that she liked lessons, and loved cousin Martha dearly.

There was constant sunshine for Clara at her lessons from this day forward; she improved rapidly in every way, and every one observed how bright and happy she looked, and how beautiful she was growing. Before winter set in, Mrs. Abbot came to take her home. The little girl tried hard to repress her tears, but they would come. Her aunt kissed her tenderly, and said, "Do not distress yourself, dear child; your health is so much improved by your long holidays, that you shall never again be teased with lessons when you do not feel well." Poor Clara could not speak, but cast an imploring look at her aunt Richmond, who said, "Dear sister, Clara has studied regularly with her cousins; she is a good,

attentive little girl, and I have a proposition to make to you this evening, which will I hope please us all."

These sisters had a long *tête-à-tête*, in which Mrs. Richmond proposed that Clara should be educated with her sister and cousins; that the orphans, with one of her own daughters, should as a rule pass six weeks at Christmas with their uncle and aunt in London; and that Mr. and Mrs. Abbot should pass the same time with them at Wakefield at Midsummer. Fully aware of the advantages thus held out to her darling, Mrs. Abbot gladly acceded to this plan, adding, that she hoped her sister would allow her to have both Martha and Marion at Christmas, promising to engage a master for them during their stay in town, to give them lessons either in music or drawing, as their tastes might incline them.

The gentle Annie greatly admired the spirit and energy of her sister—before whom difficulties seemed to vanish—and was encouraged by her example: while Clara's manners were much softened by Annie's gentleness, and clinging trustful affection. These regular visits were delightful to all parties, and the two families were knitted into one in the bonds of affection; and Mrs. Abbot often observed to her husband, that she had never before felt so happy. "Our Clara is our own dear child, and I delight to watch the sisters when they are together." She told all her friends that her sister had a wonderful talent for educating children, and that her's was the sweetest and most promising family she had ever seen, always excepting her own Clara, with whom she fondly thought *none* could compare. The truth was, the void in Mrs. Abbot's affectionate heart was filled; she now had children to love as well as her sister,—children who returned her love, and for whose welfare and happiness she was ever planning.

How devotedly did these orphan girls repay their aunts for their motherly affection during childhood and youth, tending them with tender respect and loving attention in declining years, and how graciously did God fulfil His promise to these orphan children and their parents! "Leave thy fatherless children; I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me."

C. C.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

A SINGULAR COUPLE.

ALONG with my brother, who was collecting matter for a work he was about to publish, I visited the interesting town of Hexham—interesting at least to him, for it was a fine field for historical research, although, for my own part, I found little to admire besides its ancient churches. The circumstance which more than anything else obtained the dingy town a lasting place in my memory, was our taking lodgings with an extraordinary couple—an old man and woman, husband and wife, who lived by themselves without child or servant, subsisting on the letting of their parlour and two bedrooms. They were tall, thin and erect, though each seventy years of age. When we knocked at the door for admittance, they answered it together; if we rang the bell, the husband and wife invariably appeared side by side; all our requests were received by both, and executed with the utmost nicety and exactness. The first night, arriving late by the coach from Newcastle, and merely requiring a good fire and our tea, we were puzzled to understand the reason of this double attendance; and I remember my brother rather irreverently wondering whether we “were always to be waited upon by these Siamese twins.”

On ringing the bell to retire for the night, both appeared as usual; the husband, carrying the bedroom candlestick, quickly answered for her. “Depend upon it she is dumb,” whispered my brother. But this was not the case, though she rarely made us of the faculty of speech. They both attended me in my bedroom, when the old lady, seeing me look with some surprise towards her husband, said, “There’s no offence meant, ma’am, by my husband coming with me to the chamber—he’s stone blind.” “Poor man!” I exclaimed; “but why then does he not sit still? Why does he accompany you everywhere?” “It’s no use, ma’am, your speaking to my old woman,” said the husband; “she can’t hear you, she’s quite deaf,” I was astonished. Here was compensation! Could a pair be better matched? Man and wife

were indeed one flesh; for he saw with her eyes, and she heard with his ears! It was beautiful to me afterwards to watch the old man and woman in their inseparableness. Their sympathy with each other was as swift as electricity, and made their deprivations as nought:

KITTIE, THE CHILD WHO LIVES IN HEAVEN.

"Is it such a hard thing to die, mamma?" asked a sweet-voiced, sweet-faced little girl of her mother, one bright spring morning. "Hard to die; why, my child, do you ask?" replied the astonished mother. "Because, mamma, Jenny Grey is dead; and—is it hard to die, mamma?" "To one who loves God, my Kittie, it is sweet to die; but why do you ask? Have you no other reason than the one you gave?" "Yes, mamma, the minister said, you know, when he turned round to speak to Jenny's playmates, that we must all die. *Why* must we die, mamma?" "Because we have sinned, dear Kittie. Had we and Adam never sinned, we should not suffer and die, but remain pure and sinless as Adam was when placed in the garden of Eden. And, my child, Jesus died to save us from the consequences of sin; through Him we can escape the second death, I mean the suffering which comes after our bodies are laid in the ground. I wish you loved the Saviour, Kittie," said the mother, tenderly clasping the child in her arms, and gazing with awakened sorrows on the sweet pale face. "I want to love Him, mamma; how shall I?" "Suppose, dear, you had never seen me, but that I loved you and cared for you always; whenever you were in trouble that I assisted you and sympathised with you, and wrote you a long letter telling you what to do, and giving you advice as to your future course in life, would you not love me?" "Yes, mamma." "So Jesus has done, dear Kittie; only much, much more. He has died for us. Cannot you love Him, Kittie?" "O yes, mamma, I will, I do," whispered the child solemnly and sweetly, while a new light kindled in her eye.

"Did God ever write us a letter telling us what to do,

mamma?" asked Kittie, after a pause. "Yes, dear, He directed men what to write, as great men often direct their secretaries what to write." "Is this letter the Bible?" asked Kittie, softly. "Yes, dear, the Bible is God's letter." "Is there anything for me in God's letter, mamma?" "Yes, dear, you remember, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven;' that's for you, Kittie." "It is a sweet message to me, mamma; I wish I could answer God's letter." "You can, my dear, by giving him your heart; I mean, by loving Him and praying to Him, and then you will not be afraid to die, for you will be going home to Jesus." A smile lay on the child's mouth, a happy peaceful smile, as she answered, "I would not hate to die, mamma; I want to go to Jesus; I love Jesus, mamma." "I am glad, dear;" and a tear dropped from the mother's eye on the little head; "and I hope, if you love Him, you will always *try* to be good, and do as Jesus would have you." "I will, mamma. O let us talk to Jesus, mamma."

Side by side knelt the mother and daughter in prayer to the Saviour whom they loved; and when the mother's prayer was ended, the child's sweet voice murmured, "Dear Jesus, I love to hear about you, I want to be very good; please make me good; make me ready to die; and, when heaven is ready for me, please let me die." The mother clasped the child closer as they arose. She watched her anxiously, and her eyes were the first to see the little step become languid and slow, the eyes grow heavy, the face purer and whiter, and sweeter, and she murmured, "How can I give her up?"

The autumn leaves were falling, the trees began to look desolate, the last petals of the rose were dropping from their parent stem, when the summons came. The autumn breezes kissed Kittie's fair cheek for the last time; and then they folded her pale hands on her bosom, they shut the meek eyes, and laid her away to rest. Heaven was ready for her, and Jesus had called. She murmured not, but with a sweet smile crossed the wished-for stream, and, upheld by angels' arms, entered the pearly gates. She is gone, and there's no night there. They placed a

slab on her grave, on which was cut, "Kittie, aged eight years. She was called of God. Sleep on, dear little one." How many are there who would be as willing to die as Kittie was? Who could welcome the death-angel with joy? Ah! prepare, prepare to meet Jesus—prepare to meet Him with joy. Prepare for the crown of victory; obey all that God desires in His letter, and so through Jesus shall you enjoy His rest.

SAFE AT HOME.

When angry storms are raging wild and high,
And sweep, dear little one, across thy grave,
'Tis very sweet to know thou art not there,
But far above where storm winds never rave;
Where tempests cannot come.
Safe at home, darling, safe at home!

And when the sun shines warmly down on us,
And in his beams the earth looks fair and bright,
We think how thou once loved the glorious flowers;
Now thou art where they need no sun's faint light,
And where the flowers ne'er die.
Safe on high, darling, safe on high!

Ten thousand times ten thousand pale pure stars
Glimmer and flash upon the brow of night;
Rays of that wondrous glory which pervades
The new Jerusalem with living light.
Oh, city, passing fair!
Thou art there, darling, thou art there!

We look around, and see men bowed with grief;
Some weary, disappointed, sick, and lone;
And then, with joy and gratitude we think
That thou art where such troubles cannot come;
Where grief no more is known.
Safe at home, darling, safe at home!

INCONSISTENCY REPROVED.

In the neighbourhood of Ross, a lady, who was in the habit of visiting the poor for benevolent purposes, took her little daughter with her. The child saw, heard, and was interested, but there was

something which she could not exactly make out; so, on the road home, she said, "Mamma, when you are out visiting the poor, you always talk to them about Jesus Christ, but you don't talk of Him at home."

I need not say how the lady felt; but if the remark had been made to us, how should we have felt? Could it be said with truth in reference to many? I fear it may. Many parents seem to think that, if they take their children to public worship, if they put good books into their hands, and if they have family prayer, they have done all that is necessary. They talk of almost all subjects before their children, and they talk with them on many points; but they do not talk of Jesus. They act as if they thought they heard enough of Him, or knew all that it was requisite for them to know. But is it so? Are you a parent? Have you little ones around you? Do you notice how attentively they often listen to you? Do they hear you speak of Jesus as of the object of your highest love?—as of that Saviour who performed wondrous works, who for you suffered tremendous agonies, who for you achieved most glorious conquests? Do they hear you speak of Jesus, as of a Jesus in which you feel the deepest interest; of a Saviour to whom you feel the warmest love, and a friend in whom you place the strongest confidence? Could they conclude, from the manner in which you speak of Jesus, and the reverence and gratitude that you feel towards Jesus, that He is your all in all.

My friends, I fear the best of us do not speak of Jesus so much or so frequently as we ought. We do not speak of Jesus before our children in the manner that we ought; we so speak to them of our parents and other relatives as to interest them, and often so as to draw out their love; but do we speak so of Jesus? We have been surprised sometimes to find how little the children of some professed Christians know of Christ; but surely, if he had been made the subject of frequent and interesting conversation, they must have known more. It is not enough to say, "I give them the Bible, and put other religious books into their hands." They should hear of Jesus in a father's manly tone, and they should hear of Jesus in a mother's tender accents.

But we ought not merely to talk before them, but we ought to

deal with them personally and closely. Every child should be spoken to separately. We should so deal with our children's consciences on the subject of religion, as to convince them that we desired and sought the salvation of their souls above everything else. Surely, if parents realised the value of their children's souls, if they felt that they must be saved by the Lord Jesus Christ alone, or perish for ever, they would act differently towards them. Could a parent, if he believed the Scriptural representation of hell as a place of torment, and saw that his child hung over that ever-burning lake as it were by a thread, and might at any moment by some accident be plunged into that bottomless abyss; I say, if he believed that, could he let his child go on day after day without the tender expostulation, the affectionate appeal, and the heartfelt prayer with him? I think not. Alas! alas! we do not half-believe the horrors of hell, in the danger of our children, and in the absolute necessity of faith in Christ, in order to their salvation, or we could never live as we do. What anxiety is manifested about their health, their education, and their respectability, and what indifference about their immortal souls! Parents! never let a child of yours be able to say with truth, "You do not talk about Jesus Christ at home;" or, "My father or my mother did not make my salvation their chief concern."

T. E.

A SAD TALE.

ABOUT twenty years ago, a young couple commenced business in the old city of C——, with the most sanguine anticipations of prosperity and happiness; they loved each other tenderly. Years passed away, and they realised even more than they had seen in the visions of hope. To crown their joys, three lovely children graced their home, who in early life began to seek after the God of their parents. Who can describe the delight which filled the heart of both as they witnessed their first-born, who was a son, seeking, finding, and professing the Saviour. When the girls had reached the ages of twelve and fourteen, they, too, were among the

number of inquirers, and might be seen anxiously seeking the society of those from whom they would hear somewhat of the ways of Zion. Their fond mother, wishing to give them every opportunity of cultivating the acquaintance of their young companions, most of whom were decidedly pious, frequently invited select parties to spend the evening with them, when, according to custom, wine must be introduced.

When business was over, the father and son generally joined them; the son was a total abstainer from all intoxicating liquors, but the father did not object to take a little wine. I cannot describe the dreadful scenes which followed; but from wine Mr. W. took to drinking spirits. He fell, and great was his fall. That was a solemn church meeting when the aged pastor, with trembling lips and tears rolling down his cheeks, reminded his church that they were about to receive into their midst two young friends, Emma and Agnes W., but painfully and sadly he reminded them that, 'ere that took place, they must dismiss from amongst them the father, Mr. W., with whose downward career they were all well acquainted. There was not a dry eye among the flock when those lovely girls, hand in hand, with faces sadly pale, entered the room and received their welcome.

At every step of the rapid degradation of the husband, a heart-string broke in the bosom of the loving wife and fond mother. She sank under her griefs, and as she lay on her dying bed, comforting those dear ones whom she felt would soon be motherless and worse than fatherless, the door burst open, and in staggered, with oaths and curses, the drunken father. Although he was immediately dragged out by her attendant, the scene was too much for the dying woman—in agony of soul she exclaimed, as her breath was departing, "I die, I die of a broken heart."

M. C.

HINTS TO MOTHERS RESPECTING THE PUNISHMENT OF CHILDREN.

I HAVE often been struck with the unhappy and too often worse than useless manner in which many mothers administer correction

to their children. I do not now allude to those who mostly use corporeal punishment, and, when angry words fail in their effect, resort to blows, but to those who adopt a milder form of correction and restraint. One of these milder forms has often impressed my own mind, not only as being ineffective in producing any good result, but also as giving children a wrong feeling with regard to the means employed. I allude to that of sending children to bed as a punishment for any slight error or fault at any time of the day.

My objection to this mode of punishment is, that I have always entertained the idea that a comfortable bed, whereon to rest our wearied bodies and take refreshing sleep after the fatigues of the day, is one of the greatest comforts we can have in our possession. This idea I have endeavoured to impress on the minds of my own children from their earliest infancy, and by comparing their comfortable bed with the bundles of straw on which so many little creatures of their own ages, and equally deserving with themselves, are compelled to lie, to make them thankful for their happier lot and superior advantages. How, then, could I consistently convert that into a punishment which I daily hold up to my children as one of their greatest comforts? M. Y.

NOTHING LIKE EXAMPLE!

A BOY went to a ragged school, and there had his face washed; and when he went home his neighbours looked at him with astonishment. They said, "That looks like Tom Rodgers; and yet it can't be, for he is so clean;" Presently, his mother looked at him, and, finding his face so clean, she thought her own was dirty, and forthwith washed it. The father soon came home, and, seeing his wife and son so clean, soon followed their example. Father, mother, and son all began to think the room looked dirty—the mother went upon her knees and scrubbed that clean! There was a female lodger in the house, who, seeing such a change in her neighbours, thought her face and room would look better clean, and she speedily betook to the cleansing opera-

tion likewise ; so that the whole house was transformed and made tidy and comfortable simply by the cleansing of *one* ragged-school boy ! Did you ever see a very neat, clean, orderly mother sitting in a dirty house surrounded by riotous, dirty children ? Did you, eh ? or a very clean, orderly family of little ones around a very dirty mother ? *Example ! Example ! EXAMPLE !*

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

WANT OF SYMPATHY.

NOTHING petrifies more the noblest part of the inward man than intercourse with people with whom one can have no sympathy. This makes the heart desolate, makes one's days bare and dreary, one's nights oppressive, one's behaviour too cold towards the good, too tolerant towards the bad.

THE secret of an effective, holy life in public, will ever prove to be a holy life in private.

LET us ask that our sphere and all in it be allotted to Jesus, whose we are, and whom, if believers, we wish to serve.

FAITH AND PRAYER ! Try to realise and put into practice the powers contained in these words.

NOTICES OF BOOKS, &c.

Teacher's Offering, for 1860. London : Ward & Co.

A charming little present for the young.

Short Sermons to Children. By Rev. A. FLETCHER, D.D. London : Ward & Co.

Rich truths, in an attractive form.

Footprints. By Rev. W. M. STATHAM. London : Ward & Co.

A quarter of an hour's very pleasant reading for the young.

The Family Treasury. April and May numbers. London : Nelson and Sons.

Very useful and attractive readings.

The Temperance Dictionary. No. I. and II.

Alcohol, a Prisoner at the Bar. Lecture by JABEZ INWARDS.

Why have I taken the Pledge ? By Rev. F. CLARE.

"*Temperance Star,*" Newspaper.

"*Temperance Spectator.*" London : Job Caudwell, Strand.

All the above works are useful and entertaining.

SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHER'S REWARD.

FRUIT EARLY RIFE.

OFTEN is the Sabbath-school teacher discouraged by seeing so little fruit from all his anxious seed-sowing, and as he hangs his harp upon the willow he exclaims, "The Divine showers will never fall on my field of labour." Now and then, indeed, there is a little light in the cloud, and hearts are gladdened by the hope of sunshine and harvest. The case of the dear girl of whom we have received a short account, is very cheering to those who work with us in trying to lead dear children to Jesus.

The young Rebecca C—— seems to have been a very interesting but retiring child; amiable and loving, with a heart enlarged by the Gospel truth she had been taught in her earliest days; unlike many, her young heart was enlarged by the love of Jesus to pray for those who were beyond her own household—the Sabbath-school children, and their self-denying teachers, with her beloved minister, were the valued ones for whom she often pleaded at a throne of grace. In this, our young friend might be an example to many. Ah, how often do we hear persons say, "Our minister did not preach so well as usual to-day;" "our minister was rather dull, rather mysterious to-day," when, perhaps, the person who finds fault was half-asleep during the sermon, or counting up his gains and losses during the week; but who prays for him like young Rebecca? Then, again, the poor heathen far away, groping their way in darkness here to eternal darkness beyond, filled her young heart with sorrow, and earnestly she asked that they might have the light of life sent to shine upon their pathway.

Sometimes we have seen young friends droop suddenly, like a beautiful flower blighted in the early spring; looking sorrowfully around upon the beautiful world they have said, "It is hard to die so soon, and leave all earth's gladness;" but young Rebecca took another view of life, and expressed a wish to die young, feeling it would be "far better." Her affection to her relatives was very great, and her anxiety about their spiritual state was often expressed. One sister was very far away, and on being asked what message she would like to send to her, she replied, "Give

my kindest love to her. Tell her, I hope she loves the Lord Jesus. If she does not, I hope she soon will, for she is older than I am, and it is time she loved Him." A beloved aunt, wishing to know how she felt if the sickness should be unto death, asked if she felt afraid to die. She looked up with an earnest gaze, and replied, "Afraid of death, aunt! Oh, no! why should I feel afraid to die?" Then lifting up her thin hand, she continued, "'Tis only this poor body that will be laid in the cold grave, and that will soon go to dust; but my spirit will fly to Jesus." "But," rejoined her aunt, "all who die do not go to heaven; and although you are a child, you are a sinner." "Oh yes, aunt, I know that, but Jesus died for sinners, and for children too, and says, 'Suffer little children to come unto me;' so why should I be afraid to die?" "Would you like to live, dear?" asked her aunt. "I should like to live, or I should like to die, whichever God thinks best."

Sometimes amidst her weakness she tried to sing verses from her Sabbath-school hymn-book. Early one morning, during the last week of her life, she called, "Mother! are you awake?" "Yes, dear." "Oh, mother, I have been thinking about eternity—eternity!—an eternity in heaven. Oh, how beautiful!" The day before she died she asked what day it was. On being told it was Saturday, she said, "I shall try and go to my Sunday-school to-morrow." After a short time she seemed to recollect herself, and said, "I am too weak, dear mother, I shall not be able to go to school." She then sent her love to all, and expressed a wish that she could kiss all the dear teachers and her dear minister. All day she remained very happy; though her cough was most distressing, and she suffered severe pain, she was never heard to murmur.

On being told that it was the doctor's opinion that she might linger for a week or two, she burst into tears, saying, "Oh, I would rather die. I wish to die." Towards the evening she exclaimed, with a most happy look and clear voice, "Mother! mother! I could die this minute, this very moment, I feel so happy!" "But," said her mother, "you are willing to wait God's time, are you not, my dear?" "O yes," she said, "but I am so

happy!" Her mother then asked her, "Is Jesus precious to you?" The dear dying child looked up rather distressed, and replied, "Oh, mother! have I not told you so?" One of the Sabbath-school teachers called to see her, when she said, "Oh, Mr. P——, I am so pleased to see you; I want to talk to you of heaven."

She was exceedingly delighted with that sweet hymn:—

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!"

She and the kind teacher then talked together of heaven, when (he tells us) her countenance seemed lighted up with holy joy. He asked her if she felt afraid to die; in a firm voice she replied "No," and then, weak as she was, she commenced singing—

"How kind was that Saviour to bid those children welcome."

After a short pause, observing a friend in the room, she asked, "What is that hymn you are so fond of? Oh, the 'Gospel Ship.'" She then sang it to please her friend. The kind teacher then spoke to her of Jesus being a friend, and that her dear mother had found Him to be a friend in sorrow. She turned and looked at her dear mother, saying, "He will be your friend." She now became drowsy, but she said, "Go on; I want you to talk, because you talk of Jesus. I shall soon be with Him." Awaking from slumber, she fixed her eyes on one part of the room, saying, "How beautiful!" "What, dear?" asked her aunt. "Can't you see my dear little cousin? He looks so beautiful!" Then, as if talking to him, she continued, "I am coming, dear; I shall soon be with you and my dear father; yes, I shall soon be with you all." She then slept a little, and opening her eyes exclaimed again, "Oh, how beautiful!" and, shading her eyes with her hand, added, "Oh, it is so beautiful I can scarcely look at it." Her nights were often distressing, but as early as three or four o'clock in the morning she would have her "dear Bible" brought to her.

Perceiving her feet were swollen very much, she asked the cause. She was told it was a last sign in consumption, and that God was about soon to send for her. An aunt coming into the room put her hand on her feet and remarked they were not so

She said sharply, "Cold, no;" then in a softer tone added, "Ah, I know now what you mean. No, they are not cold yet." She then took a little book of short prayers, and turning over the leaves she placed her finger on a prayer for a mother who had lost her child, saying to her own dear mother, "That is something for you, but not now, so put it away and talk to me. Do not weep." She then took her Sunday-school hymn-book, and turned down several leaves, saying her favourite hymn was

"We sing of the realms of the blest;"

The next was,

"To the God of all mercy my voice I will raise;
May He help a young sinner to show forth His praise."

After sleeping, she opened her eyes, fixing them on her dear mother, and saying, "Oh my dear mother! my dear mother!" her head gently fell, and she slept in Jesus.

Mothers, Sabbath-school teachers, work on. In the morning sow the good seed of the kingdom—"Ye shall reap if ye faint not."

PRAYING AND WAITING.

A MOTHER had been for years the only Christian in the family—her husband and nine children were all very moral persons; but none of them gave evidence of change of heart. Had this mother been less firm in character and faith, and less resolute of purpose, she might have yielded to the current, pleading that resistance was unavailing; but she was enabled to meet the responsibility of her position. She felt that God had committed to her trust ten unconverted souls, dear as her own life, and that she must so fulfil the obligations resting upon her, that if any were lost it should not be through her neglect of duty. She carefully endeavoured that her own life should be consistent with her profession; and she also improved every propitious season in giving judicious instruction and warning. She used all appropriate means, and, in her various efforts, *love* was the dominant

power exhibited in those acts of kindness which are potent winners of the heart; but her great reliance was upon fervent, unceasing prayer, sent up with unwavering faith in the Divine promises. In her secret prayers the strength of maternal love added fervour to devotion. She used to say that her thoughts were diverted, and her ardour damped, by taking too many topics at a time; she, therefore, presented each child separately before the Lord. In this individual supplication she formed the habit of concentrated prayer—the power of supplication was expended upon *one* child, as if it had been an only one; and intense became the earnestness thus fixed and kindling upon a single object. This was indeed prayer, and it prevailed with God; but long had this mother seemed to pray in vain, and her faith was sorely tried through years of “hope deferred.” Yet, now the reaping time was near; she, who had gone forth weeping bearing precious seed, was to return again bringing her sheaves with her.

The first convert was the eldest daughter, the two eldest sons soon followed, and successively, at intervals, the whole of the nine children were brought into fellowship with God. Unbounded thanksgiving and joy filled the mother's heart; but one sorrow remained—the husband and father was still far from the cross. There was deep sorrow on his account, for he was now advancing in years, and he had formed the habit of intemperance. For him the many prayers remained unanswered. Had the supplicating wife and mother received all the blessings that her God was willing to bestow? Must the father see all his family in the kingdom of heaven, and be himself shut out? This thought was too dreadful to be borne, and yet she feared for him; might not the harvest be passed? After much painful reflection, the faithful wife resolved to make one final effort, and then leave it with God. She spent a night of anguish, with a fervour of supplication she had never before experienced, and in the morning she thus addressed her husband:—

“I have offered for you, my husband, many prayers, and have entreated you, again and again, to attend to your salvation, but it has been all in vain. God has given me my children, but you

are living without hope. I can do no more. We have lived happily together in this world; but I fear we must be separated in eternity. I have but one request to make, and then I must leave you with God. Do this moment seek the salvation of your soul!" This message brought down from the mount of God was irresistible—the husband seemed for a moment paralysed and speechless; finding utterance, he simply replied, with significant emphasis, "I will." He immediately left his work, and retired to the fields, resolving (as he afterwards said) never to return until he had become a Christian. The whole long summer day, down to the deep shades of night, was he absent, to the alarm of his family, who sought but found him not. Thinking himself that they would be distressed at his absence, he returned—not indeed a converted man, but deeply laden with the burden of sin.

Some days passed away, and then he experienced a change from death unto life. He dared not at first trust the evidences of conversion; but the light increased as he followed on to know the Lord, and fear was turned into joy. A revival of religion had commenced at the time, and the aged convert attended the evening service; he supposed that none had heard of the change in his character—but there was joy on earth, as well as among the angels; for the tidings had spread abroad—the young converts gathered around the new disciple after the service, taking him by surprise; it was a moving scene, and all wept together. The joy of the praying mother was full. God had granted all that she asked, and she could now hope to sit down at last with all her family in heaven. Oh, infinite reward of faith and prayer! What glory of earth can be named with this?

The praying mother still lives, extremely aged, blind, and infirm, but retaining all her mental faculties and her spiritual vigour. She has seen all her children connected with pious families, and listened to some of them as they preached salvation by the cross of Jesus. Most of her grandchildren are pious; and one is a missionary to a foreign land. For each of the unconverted she continues the daily prayer—she now patiently waits, but longs to depart. Often she turns her sightless eyes towards heaven, as if asking the Lord how long? but long as her life has

been protracted, she has not lived in vain. Mothers! see in this example what power God has granted you! Use it faithfully and well, for great is the "recompence of reward." Determine, with God's blessing, that every member of your family shall appear with you at God's right hand.

THE GRATIFIED WISH.

A LESSON TO PASSIONATE MOTHERS.

ONE evening, a rough, unruly boy, some fourteen years of age, was teasing an afflicted brother, when his mother, an extremely passionate woman, uttered the impious but oft-repeated wish, "That he were in his grave." Heaven, righteous heaven, heard the utterance of those sentiments, that could only come forth from a heart sunk almost to the lowest depths of depravity. Behold! ere the faithful hand of the recorder of our flitting hours told that the same hour on the morrow had arrived, that boy lay a cold and stiffened corpse, waiting to be carried to the place appointed for all living, where his—shall we call her mother?—had so often wished him. He went out at four o'clock, full of life and vigour, to bathe, but ere the strokes of the clock told that another hour was gone, he had breathed his last, and his mother's wish was fulfilled.

With such facts as these on record, who shall say that heaven hears not prayer, even though made in the thoughtless moments of passion? God heard and answered the petition of this poor woman to her sorrow; He evidently designed it as a warning to lead her to reflection and repentance; but, alas! it passed unheeded. As the grief occasioned by such an event passed away, that mother exhibited none of those good and enduring feelings that would have resulted from a personal application of the solemn lesson such an event ought to teach us.

Mothers! set a watch over that unruly member the tongue, or you may utter sentiments, when under the intense excitement of passion, that you may have cause to mourn over all the rest of

your days. "With the multitude of words there wanteth not sin." One of the greatest curses the earth contains, is a passionate, vicious mother, in the midst of a family of children. Children reared under such unfavourable circumstances cannot be expected to reveal that courteous and engaging disposition necessary to make them an ornament to society around them. Remember, those children you call your own were only lent to you on trust, to train and nurture for His purposes who retains the lawful possession to Himself, and who will call you into strict account for the use you make of the hallowed trust. That awful day is fast approaching, when each one of you will have to stand at the bar of the Almighty, where the true state of your accounts will be revealed to you by Him who can make no mistake.

It is an awful fact, that the mother above cited never so much as told that boy he had an immortal soul, much less of the plan adopted for its salvation. Had she spent half as much breath in preparing him for his grave, as she did in wishing him there, how much better would it have been for both. Mothers! take warning from the sad experiences of this poor woman; beware of passion, that mortal enemy to all domestic peace—you know not what may be the consequences to you and to yours; desist from a vice at once sinful in the sight of God, degrading to yourself, and detrimental to all that ought to be the adornment of humanity.

S. S.

MY MOTHER'S DIARY.—NO. VII.

November 10th.—Another paper from my Aunt, and on a very interesting subject, too! Well, I will make as fair a copy as I can for her, that she may have little trouble with the proof-sheet.

"SPECIAL PROVIDENCE; OR, LITTLE THINGS AND MIGHTY RESULTS.

"The subject of Special Providence, so consoling to the Christian, became the theme of conversation among some friends recently, when a lady narrated the following circumstances:—

"She was just recovering from a solemn visitation of the Lord's hand in the removal of a beloved husband; suddenly, unexpectedly, in the prime of youth and usefulness, the idol of his congregation, the Great Master had summoned him away. Some young friends and relatives were spending a few weeks at her house, two of whom had arranged to take their departure by a morning packet succeeding the evening when my tale begins.

"An appointment had been made with the brother of one of the young ladies to put off on the morrow in a boat from a watering-place in the way to take her to her family, who were staying there; and the other young friend was to proceed on to the end of the packet's voyage. The two had retired to their chambers, intending to leave at an early hour. The lady had spent a short time alone, when her mind became deeply impressed with the thought that the young ladies must not leave her house on the morrow. She resisted the feeling, but it gained strength, and would be entertained. She returned to the dining-room, to a dear friend who intended to remain with her, and said 'She could not allow those girls to leave in the morning.' 'Not leave!' the friend replied, astonished, 'what do you mean? Some of your presentiments again, dear. I am half afraid to say a word, but really they must go; for you remember Mary's brother is to meet her with a boat—only fancy his disappointment!' 'No matter, it is laid upon my conscience they cannot go,' rejoined the lady more determinedly; 'I cannot help it. I know not why, but it is so; and spite of all reasoning they must stay.' 'Impossible!' exclaimed the friend, 'Mary will not be kept back. You know her anxiety about her brother, and no persuasion will prevail.' 'I know it,' said the lady calmly, 'and mean to take effectual means to secure them.'

"The friend still remonstrated, but could not move her. She went to the room of the girls, removed some essential articles of dress, gently locked the door and took the key, then retired for the night, but not to sleep as usual—the body was weary, but the mind would not sleep. The ringing, loud and long, of the packet bell in the early morning made her heart palpitate; and soon the bed-room bell, and the rattling of the bed-room door of the

young friends, alarmed the house, as had been anticipated, and made it necessary for the lady to go to them. They were dreadfully alarmed at finding themselves incarcerated, implored to be allowed to leave, and were astonished at the resolve, and declared their determination to escape by the window; they reminded their friend of the disappointment and intense anxiety of Mary's brother, and used every possible argument to induce her to let them go. She could not. Why, it was impossible to say. She could only say—'To-morrow you shall go, but *not to-day*.'

"Eventually they were quieted, and agreed to remain, not doubting but that some solution would be reached another day. Nothing particular transpired afterwards, and on the morrow they took leave of their friend and departed. The brother had come, was disappointed, returned, and the next day put forth again to meet the packet, and met them as had been arranged for the previous day. They told him of their friend's strange conduct; he pondered, and was silent. The other young friend and relative went on to the destined place; and on arriving found a vehicle waiting to go ten miles into the country, with one seat only remaining not filled, and that kept for her. When on the point of starting a young man, in apparently failing health, came hastily to the door, and found to his dismay every seat occupied. With an earnest plaintive voice he said, 'Can you make room for me? Now three times have I been unable to procure a place in this omnibus. It is of great importance to my health that I should leave this place; do, if possible, allow me a seat.' The young relative was struck with him as bearing a remarkable resemblance to the husband of her relative, and felt a sympathy for him. She appealed to the ladies who sat near, and they contrived to receive him amongst them. His conversation was pleasant and profitable. He was a student for the ministry, and was out in search of health by change of air and scene; and with that object was desirous of reaching the town to which the omnibus was destined. During the ride he had made a favourable impression on the father of the young friend who had been ready to receive her from the packet; and when they arrived at the end of their journey he invited him to take tea, and interested himself

to procure for him a suitable family with whom to board and lodge.

"An intimacy commenced. The earnest piety of the young man was fully developed, and in a few weeks he became the accepted suitor of the young lady. This seemed to reveal one important reason why the mysterious determination had been carried out. Had the young ladies gone the day before, none of the events could have happened ; but it did not end here."

WINGED CHILDREN.

A poor crippled boy, whose body has grown to almost man's size, but whose limbs, withered and helpless, are still those of a child, may occasionally on bright warm days be seen near a ferry-boat, playing on a "concertina." He has no mean degree of musical skill, and many a penny is bestowed upon him without asking by the strangers passing, and they receive thanks which shine in the boy's blue eyes.

One day, a gentleman observing his shabby shoes asked, "How is it that your shoes are so worn out, seeing you cannot walk?" A blush came over the boy's pale face, but after a moment he replied, "My mother has younger children, Sir, and while she is out washing, I amuse them by creeping about on the floor and playing with them," "Poor boy," said a lady standing near, "what a life to lead ! What has he in all the future to look forward to?" The tear that started in his eye, and the bright smile that chased it away, told that he had heard her, and as she passed by him to step on shore, he said in a low voice, but with a smile that went to her heart, "I'm looking forward to having wings some day, lady." Ah, but when that suffering boy gets his wings, how will his mother weep !

Death has brought wings to many a home lately, and the little son, the young sister, and the interesting young wife, have flown away to a purer and more congenial atmosphere ; but hearts are sad, and tears are falling from the mother's eyes, and over the manly cheek ; and the thought sometimes will come that the sun shines too brightly now the homes are clouded. We have lately

seen a beautiful boy take wing; one who seemed ready, quite ready, to fly up among the angels. With lustrous eyes he listened while his friends spoke to him of Jesus; and although distressingly wasted and faded, and evidently suffering extreme pain, he was beautifully patient and calm. "Mother!" said he one night, "I am going to heaven. Jesus is here, but you can't see Him. I will say my prayer to Jesus.

'Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to thee.'

Jesus has suffered him to go to His arms now. He has taken wing, and flown from the world of prayer to the world of praise; and now he is singing up among the bright winged angels, and the voice from his little grave says, "Mother! father! come up to live with me." Alas! how often we try to take a view by faith of the land that is afar off, where the loved ones dwell with the King in His beauty; but there seems a mist hanging over the heavenly hills, and we turn to our own earth to rest again; but where shall we fly if we forget God?

A poor inhabitant of the northern isles of Scotland was travelling. A passenger mocked the simple-hearted man with tales of the magnificence of other lands, and ridiculed the poverty of the son of the rock. At length he asked, "Heard ye ever of God in that bleak island of St. Kilda?" "From whence came you?" inquired the taciturn and grave Highlander. "O, from a beauteous land, where the fields give us wheat before we ask it—where rich fruits make the air fragrant, and honey fills every flower." "Came ye from so fair a land? man *might* forget God *there*. In my own St. Kilda he never can; building his home on a rock suspended over a precipice—chilled by the wintry blast—tossed on the wild ocean—he *never can forget his God*. No; he hangs every moment on His arm." This is the only resting-place; bereavements may be so bitter and so entire that none shall be left to comfort the lonely survivor. Some tell us Time is the physician of grief; but there are some afflictions felt more deeply as Old Time marches along. Where can the stricken heart

look for solace in the hour of deep anguish? only in the love of Him who gave His Son to die for us. Sometimes, early in life, when the tendrils are stricken from one prop, it is just possible to clasp another, and cover it with blossoms; but in the wane of life the heart, often bruised, often smitten, clings with a more rigid grasp to its diminishing joys.

It seems very sad to behold the young and blooming descend into the grave before the grey-haired pilgrim; it seems to contradict the course of nature; we expect to see the unfolding of a bud which we have watched till it had burst its sheath, trembling with joy and beauty as it first met the sunbeam. The death of a babe creates no common sorrow to the mother who has wept and knelt over its vacant cradle; even the burial of one who has never breathed brings a keen pang to her heart. The scales in which a mother weighs her treasure are not the same as those in which the rich man weighs his silver and gold. Many a mother has felt that when her precious ones are housed in the great Shepherd's arms, her thoughts and affections are drawn upward—the glorified spirit of her child acts as a star to guide the mother to its own blissful clime, and her imagination hears a voice, "Oh, mother, come up to me."

"I saw once," says a mother, "a sight mournful, yet beautiful; twin infants in the same coffin. Their waxen brows had been so much alike, it was difficult to distinguish them; one was suddenly called to fly away; the other moaned and cried incessantly for its companion; nothing could divert or soothe him, but death united them, and there they lay in one little coffin, side by side, with bright rose-buds in their tiny hands. Together they entered life—mortal life—together they flew away to the heavenly home—together they spend eternity." Let us teach our children bright thoughts of heaven; it is possible to train them to look at the dreaded messenger, Death, as one sent by a heavenly Father to open a door of beauty and delight.

"Ma," said a dear child, "let us go to heaven to-morrow and see Pa; he has been gone so long now, I want to see him." The mother wept, and folded the darling to her bosom, for the words opened afresh the wounds of bereavement which were not yet

healed. "Don't cry, Ma," continued the dear child, "we will go and see Pa to-morrow; and won't he be glad to meet us?" And then the little face grew bright with joyous anticipation; but the mother wept more, for she lacked the sublime faith which gave the child so much gladness. Then the little face grew clouded; a chilling doubt crept into her mind, and the sweet voice tremulously asked, "Ma, shan't I see Pa any more?" The mother felt rebuked, and replied with a calmness that re-assured the questioner, "Yes, yes, darling, we shall certainly see Papa in the bright, beautiful heaven where he lives now with the angels, although we cannot go to-morrow unless God pleases to call us." "Then, Ma," rejoined the child, "please won't you let me ask God to-night to call us to-morrow? for I want to see Pa so bad; please do, mother."

It will not do for us, when we lose our dear ones, to think of the dark, lonely, cold grave—where the dust, and the worms, and the fading forms are laid. No! the bright spirits have winged their way up to the regions of the blest. Some of our flowers which the Reaper cut down could not bear the rude storms of our inclement atmosphere; they were blighted here, and are gone away to unfold in eternal fragrance, beneath the beams of the Sun of Righteousness. Are we following in the bright track their footfalls have made? We shall surely meet them again; for there is a day coming when the graves shall give up the dead, and *they* and *we* shall fly up to meet the Lord in the air. At the right hand or the left shall mothers and children be marshalled? Where shall we stand?

THE DEAD TWINS.

'Twas summer, and a Sabbath eve,
And balmy was the air,
I saw a sight which made me grieve,
But yet the sight was fair;
Two lovely babes, as sweet as May,
Within a little coffin lay.

Like waxen dolls in infant dress
Their little bodies were,
And looks of placid tenderness
Did on each face appear,
As in the coffin short and wide
They lay together side by side.

A rose-bud newly plucked I found
Each little hand within,
And many a pink was strewed around,
With sprigs of jessamine.
But yet the flowers which round them lay
Seemed not to me so sweet as they.

Their mother, like a lily pale,
Sat by them on a bed,
And, leaning o'er them, told their tale,
And many a tear she shed;
And oft she cried, amidst her pain,
"My babes and I shall meet again."

TRACTABLE CHILDREN.

"YOUR children all seem to be very tractable," said a medical man to the mother of a large family. "I very seldom see children so remarkably loving and tractable; I suppose you do not follow the old plan of whipping your children into obedience. The old adage is—Spare the rod and spoil the child." "No, Sir, I rule by love," said the mother; "and I do not think that any mother has reason to be more thankful than I have, for I am truly blest in my children. They never needed much punishment; and now all they require is a little quiet talking to." But I believe the secret of that mother's influence was prayer. Earnest prayer for them from their birth, and earnest prayer with them as soon as they could kneel by her side. At an early age she taught them the value of prayer; and many a sweet tale she could tell of the little ones' faith in prayer, and of their earnest supplications at the throne of grace, by which they learnt lessons of confiding love and trust in their heavenly Father, to strengthen them in their future battles with trials and temptations, as well as in the difficulties and perplexities of life's struggles.

Mothers, try this secret charm with your children. Much wisdom and patience you need in the noble task entrusted to you. Oh! then seek both, and every other help you require, from Him whose pitying eye is ever upon you while engaged in your wearisome, toilsome journey. Remember that the same dear friend who says to each of you, "Take this child and nurse it for me," says also, "My grace is sufficient for you." I have received an impetus to importunate prayer from a little tract called, "Only Try It," and I would advise all mothers to read it, in which the writer says, "Pinning the faith which the Lord has given us to His precious promises, knowing them to be the word of God himself, and relying upon Him for the fulfilment, let us draw near to the throne of grace in importunate, believing prayer, that will take no denial; heeding not any impossibilities that may appear in the way. Let us beseech, implore, entreat the Father, in the name and for the sake of our precious Saviour, to fulfil the desires of his children according to His word; and He who is a God, and cannot lie, will grant; for hath He said, and shall He not do it; or hath He spoken, and shall He not make it good—Only try it."

Acting out these suggestions, mothers cannot fail in bringing up their children aright. Their efforts must be crowned with success, for their weakness is linked on to an Omnipotent power that will bring out in bold relief the beautiful outlines in the characters of their children, which they in secret chiseled out with much care and with many tears.

A SUCCESSFUL TEACHER'S WELCOME INTO HEAVEN.

My fancy (says the Rev. J. A. James) has sometimes presented me with this picture of a faithful teacher's entrance to the state of her everlasting rest. The agony of dissolution is closed, the triumph of faith completed, and the conquering spirit hastens to her crown. Upon the confines of the heavenly world, a form

divinely fair awaits her arrival. Rapt in astonishment at the dazzling glory of its celestial inhabitant, and as yet a stranger in the world of spirits, she inquires, "Is this Gabriel, chief of all the heavenly hosts? and am I honoured with his aid to guide me to the throne of God?" With a smile of ineffable delight, such as gives fresh beauty to an angel's countenance, the mystic form replies, "Dost thou remember little Elizabeth, who was in yonder world a Sunday scholar in thy class? Dost thou recollect the child who wept as thou talkedst to her of sin, and directed her to the Cross of the dying Redeemer? God smiled with approbation upon thy effort, and by His own Spirit sealed the impression upon her heart in characters never to be effaced. Providence removed her from beneath thy care before the fruit of thy labour was visible. The seed, however, had taken root, and it was the business of another to water what thou didst sow. Cherished by the influence of heaven, the plant of religion flourished in her heart, and shed a fragrance upon her character. Piety, after guarding her from the snares of youth, cheered her amidst the accumulated trials of an afflicted life, supported her amidst the agonies of her last conflict, and elevated her to the mansions of immortality; and now behold before thee the glorified spirit of that poor child, who, under God, owes the eternal life on which she has lately entered to thy faithful labours in the Sunday school, and who is now sent by our Redeemer to introduce thee to the world of glory, as thy first and least reward for guiding the once thoughtless, ignorant, wicked Elizabeth to the world of grace. Hail, happy spirit! Hail, favoured of the Lord! Hail, deliverer of my soul! Hail, to the world of eternal glory!" I can trace the scene no farther. I cannot paint the raptures produced in the honoured teacher's bosom by the unexpected interview. I cannot describe the mutual gratitude and love of two such spirits meeting on the confines of heaven; much less can I follow them to their everlasting mansion, and disclose the bliss which they shall enjoy before the throne of God.

THE BROTHERS' AND SISTERS' PAGE.

How many and various are the duties of brothers and sisters! Our paper would be too long to mention even a few in detail. They may perhaps be comprised under the three following great divisions :—

1. Mutual concord and affection.
2. Mutual sympathy and aid.
3. Mutual prayer.

Mutual concord, or agreement with one another, is as natural as it is right and proper, and attended with lasting benefit alike to all concerned. "Behold!" says the Psalmist, "how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity;" and on it is based the other elements of affection, for where there is no agreement there can be no true and heart-felt affection; and, O how much the happiness of a family depends upon the right and due performance of this great duty. Seek then, young friends, to cultivate it more and more, so that you may be thereby blessed yourselves, and also prove a blessing to those with whom you are so nearly and dearly connected.

Mutual sympathy and aid are also enjoined upon those who bear the endearing names of brothers and sisters—fellow-feeling for one another, to enter into and participate, as it were, their very thoughts and desires in every state, circumstance, and position of life in which you and they may be placed. Remember the apostolic precept to rejoice with those that rejoice, and weep with those who weep; and more especially is it applicable to those of the same household. Cast away, then, every envious, selfish, and unbrotherly feeling, and seek to be knit more and more closely together in the happy and endearing bands of a brother's and a sister's love, and show it by your deeds as well as sayings. It is easy and common enough to say the kind and flattering word, but, alas! it is not so customary to confirm and realize by action—to give the kindly and more certain proof of loving by *deeds*. By their fruits ye shall know them. Again,

Earnest and mutual prayer is also enjoined upon members of the same household; aye, and as far as is practicable, to pray *with* as

well as *for* one another ; and O, how sweet is this exercise ! Perhaps there is not a more delightful and pleasing scene on earth to the Omniscient eye of Him who reigns above—but who looks down to behold the children of men, and who is everywhere beholding the evil and the good—than to see those, united by natural ties, more sacredly and surely united by loving heartfelt prayer ; and rich is the blessing pronounced upon the families who call upon the name of the Lord. How delightful to draw near the throne of our Heavenly Father with our beloved parents around the home-hearth, offering up the willing sacrifice upon the family altar ; how sweet the recollection of such seasons, when the family are separated by time and space—it may be on a foreign shore ; and how soothing the thought that though distance severs them, they are still one in mind and spirit, as when they met around the same family-hearth, and their voices mingled as they prayed

“ Around one parent’s knee,”

praying yet, it may be, more ardently and sincerely for one another. Happy are the families thus united ; yea, happy are the families whose God is the Lord.

A. M.

THE VIOLET.

As a nosegay of blue violets was presented to Gotthold one March, he was charmed by their lovely perfume—thanked his God who had bestowed such manifold means of refreshing on man—and took occasion therefrom for such thoughts as these:—“ This fair and fragrant flower doth very agreeably represent to me a humble and God-loving heart. It grows and creeps a lowly plant upon the earth ; but it is pranked in most heavenly blue, and far exceeds, because of its nobler colour, many higher and gaudier flowers—such as the tulip, the crown imperial, and many others. And so, too, there are hearts, which in their own and others’ eyes seem worthless and mean, but it is the image of the lowly-hearted Jesus they bear ; it is the right heaven’s colour they are adorned with ; and in the sight of God they are of much higher esteem than others, who, on account of their endowments, do highly exalt themselves. And even as the apothecary mixes the juice of this

plant with melted sugar, and therefrom prepares a cooling and strengthening refreshment for the heart of man, so does the Highest let the sweetness of His grace flow into the hearts of the lowly, to the comfort and rebuilding of many more. My God, let it ever be my desire not to seek mine own honour, but thine: I have no wish to be any gaudy flower, if I may only please thee and be of profit to my neighbours."

FRAGMENT FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

WORK WHILE IT IS DAY.

EVERY hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passion's hour despond;
Nor the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven, but one by one;
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Family Treasury. June and July Numbers. London: Nelson and Sons.

Very valuable and attractive reading. .

The Irish Scholar. London: Ward & Co.

A charming little book we have noticed before.

Buds and Blossoms Early Nipped. London: Ward & Co.

Folded lambs from the missionary field.

The Natural History of the Year. By B. B. WOODWARD. London: Ward & Co.

A very useful little book for children.

The Light of the Village. By a PASTOR'S WIFE. Ward & Co.

Sketch of a good old pilgrim in humble life.

THE MATERNAL MEETING.

THE YOUNG MOTHER PASSING AWAY.

We often read together of a mother's living work, and of her deep responsibilities while she moves among her household band; but as we live in a dying world, and many a mother is called away from the midst of her important duties, it may not be vain now and then to assemble around a mother's dying bed. Come with us this evening to visit the last acts of a young mother, whose life had been early devoted to God; and may we all learn, while we wait around the death-scene, how a Christian mother can die.

When a mother who feels aright her responsibility looks upon the group gathered around her bedside, how anxiously does she sometimes ask—"Will my children, as they grow up and pass away from under my care, prove blessings or curses to the world on which they enter?" And if she thinks the dark wing of the angel of death is hovering near her, how earnestly she exclaims—"Who will take charge of my precious children? who will attend to their wants? who will care for their souls?" And then how fervently does she send up the prayer, "Oh, let my children live before thee!" She ponders often on the thought that it must be very difficult to pass away over the river of death JOYOUSLY, while these dear ones are weeping around. Yet this is possible—this has happened. Such scenes have often brought glory to God, by showing how the religion of Jesus can sustain a dying mother when she bids a last farewell to those to whom her heart was fondly clinging, while surrounding friends are led to wonder and admire as they hear her tell her children that she is going to live with Christ, which is "far better."

Our heavenly Father has surrounded death with many circumstances of dread, that the rash and thoughtless may not rush upon it when harrowed up by disappointment, or disgusted with the world and its surroundings. The heathen in ignorance and the sinner in his guilt alike tremble at its approach; but the real Christian, who has nothing to fear from the *consequences* of death, is often known to pass into the shady vale cheerfully committing all her precious ones to the care of her Father who is in heaven.

And when her heart's treasure has been taken from her in the midst of her happiness, she does not always grieve bitterly that she may behold them on earth no more. Nature's tear at parting cannot be restrained; even Jesus wept at the grave of His friend. It will not do, when we mourn for our dead, to dwell on the dark grave, and the beautiful body passing to "dust." No—we are writing for some mothers, we know, who are weeping for the beautiful household flowers lately adorning their happy home; try to think of them as blooming in the better land, where everlasting spring abides, and where blight shall never come. While you mourn, the happy, unfettered spirit traverses a celestial region—it has attained a purer existence. By a voice which you might not hear God called it, and it arose and put off its cumbrous garments, that it might perfectly do His will. An invisible hand drew it within the veil, and now, without a shade of sorrow, it stands among the white-robed company, where tears are wiped away and happiness is perfect. The dead in Jesus dwell in

A glorious world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere.

Let us go down to the border-land, and see how a Christian can bid farewell to earth. There she lay—the loving young wife and mother—on her curtained bed. On her pale brow was written—"Passing away." The time of her departure was at hand, yet was her face radiant with smiles, for her heart was full of faith in Jesus the crucified. Her own revered mother, with blanched cheek and moist eye, rested on an easy chair by the side of the dying bed, with a heart sick with the thought of parting with the dear one who once nestled in her bosom. The young mother was ready to resign this life's happiness with cheerfulness, for she knew in whom she had believed, and she knew also that Jesus was able and willing to take good care of the precious ones now soon to be written motherless. Her life had not been all sunshine, for she had been called to weep over an infant's

grave, when the good Shepherd took her lamb up to the better fold.

“And the mother gave in tears and pain
The flower she most did love;
She knew she should find her boy again,
In the fields of light above.”

And now she was going to him who could no more return to her. “Mother dear!” said she, as she turned her bright eye upon the loving watcher; “mother, I once thought I could be a Christian without making any profession of religion; but when God took my little Burnet from me, I knew He did it to subdue the pride of my heart, and bring me to the foot of the Cross. Satan has been permitted to tempt me, but the Saviour has always delivered me from his snares.”

Her mother left the room for a short time; on her return, she looked up with a heavenly smile, saying—“Mother, I thought just now I was dying; I went to the foot of the Cross with my burden of sins and sorrows, *and left them there*; now all is peace—I am not afraid to die!” Glorious religion of the Cross, to enable a young, happy wife and mother to exclaim thus. She was in the very sunshine of life—not weary with its losses and crosses, having outlived all who were dear to her, and longing to go up to those who had gone before. No; a happy home—a loving group of dear ones needing her among them, with all that made life joyous, was hers. Yet she is ready to do her Master’s bidding, as she felt “He was calling for her.” When her father entered the room, she took his hand, saying, “My dear father, if I have prayed for one thing more than another, it has been for your salvation; but God, doubtless, saw that my death—which will, I know, be one of the greatest trials you ever met with—is necessary to save you; and, although I love my parents, husband, and children as dearly as any one ever did, and have every thing in this world that I could wish for, yet *I am willing to die*. Here, Lord, take me.” Soon after, her sister came in; she said to her, “My dear sister, you see what a solemn thing it is to die—what an awful thing it must be for those who have no God! Dear sister, learn to love the Saviour—learn to pray—do not be so much taken up with the world, *it will disappoint you*.”

After saying something to each one present, turning again to her mother, she said, "My dear mother, I thank you for your kind care of me—for keeping me from places of dissipation. I thought once you were too strict, but now I bless you for it. I shall not be permitted to smooth ~~your~~ dying pillow, but I shall be ready to meet you when you land on the shores of Canaan. Dear mother, come soon." It is natural that we should expect our precious children to go with us down to the gate of the shadowy vale, and wipe the death-dew from our brow; but our heavenly Father sometimes orders it otherwise, and we mothers are left to tread the rough path of the downhill of life alone. Oh, then, we think it must be a comfort to feel that they are away up in the heavenly sunshine,

"Where the eye is fire, and the heart is flame,"

and where they shall never grow old or grey; and as the storms and tempests beat upon our bending heads, to feel they are safe, where there is neither sickness, weakness, sorrow, pain nor tears, and where there shall be "no more sea." Turn we again to look at the dying saint. When her husband drew near, she said—"My dear husband, you were the loadstone that held me longest to the earth, but I have been enabled to give you up at last; I trust you are a Christian, and we shall meet in heaven. Take care of our children—train them up for Christ—keep them from the world." She then prayed for them. After lying still for some time, she said—"Mother! I thought I was going just now, and I tried to put up one more prayer for my husband, children, and friends, but—(looking up with a heavenly smile)—would you believe it? I could not remember their names, and I just said, 'There they are, Lord; take them and make them what thou wouldst have them be, and bring them at last to thy kingdom.'"

When she was almost cold, and her tongue stiffened, she motioned her mother to put her head near her. The loving mother said, "My dear child, it seems to distress you to talk—don't try." "Oh, mother," she whispered—a last faint whisper—"oh, mother, let me leave you all the comfort I can—it is you who must still suffer—my sufferings are just over. I am passing over Jordan, but the waves do not touch me—my Saviour is with

me and keeps them off—never be afraid to go to Him—farewell! And now, Lord Jesus, come—O come—quickly; my eyes are fixed on the Saviour, and all is—peace. Let me rejoice!—let me rejoice!”

The last word had been spoken by the dear young mother, and before the death-bands were placed around the fair young face, her spirit was rejoicing among the angels and the saints in light. Mothers, would you die the death of the righteous, you must first live their life; what ye are now sowing, that shall ye also reap. We shall close with Longfellow's beautiful poem:—

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

There is a Reaper whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

“ Shall I have nought that is fair?” saith he;
“ Have nought but the bearded grain?”
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again.”

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

“ My Lord has need of these flowerets gay.”
The Reaper said, and smiled;
“ Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where He was once a child.

“ They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care;
And saints upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear.”

And the mother gave in tears and pain
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again,
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
’Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

THE BABY AGAIN.

ANSWER TO A YOUNG MOTHER'S QUESTIONS.

To an interesting young mother, who is anxious to know what to do with a wee boy of some months, who likes his own way, we say,—Begin *now* to make your darling obedient; let *your* will be the law to him. This must be done *very early*; docility is impaired by delay. It is really true love, never to doubt for a moment who is to rule; the obedience of your little one must be entire and unconditional. Baby will soon understand this, when you speak the firm “No, baby!” and *look* what you mean; not saying “No,” and then smiling “Yes.” Love and kindness must be blended with firmness. When the little fellow kicks on your lap, just lay a firm hand on the tiny active limbs, saying, “Naughty baby!” not yielding for his crying. Do not allow him to dash anything from your hand again on any account without making him feel your displeasure; give him a gentle pat on the arm, looking very grave, saying, “Naughty, *naughty* baby!” On no account allow him to slap you in his pet;—in a word, he *must* be made to feel *you* are to be the guide and ruler, *not* baby. Great firmness is needed, but Master Baby will very soon find out who is to yield.

A baby-girl one day in her mother's arms stretched out her fat chubby hands for some ornaments in the parlour; the mother said, “No, baby, no!” in a firm voice, with a grave face: baby looked up very solemnly into her mother's face, as if to see if she meant what she said. The next day the little hands were again stretched out for the pretty things; again the grave “No, baby!” caused the same inquiring look as before. The third day, when glancing at the prohibited things, the dear little creature kept her tiny hands in her mother's neck, and turned away her little head, as if she would rather not venture another look on what she began to understand must remain in its place. All babies will very soon understand this treatment, if the mother is loving and *firm*.

Some people would have said, “Oh, she was such a mere baby,

ought to have been gratified." No—we say—no! this would be false kindness, and the beginning of evil; evil to itself, evil to its mother—evil to the household—evil for ever, in all probability. Mothers must fight these early battles with *their* hearts first; must conquer themselves; then, after asking for strength, rule and reign baby's queen, in order to its future happiness.

The same dear young mother tells us she thought her infant a beautiful emblem of a Christian, when one morning he would not be persuaded to walk or move a step without his mother's hand, lest he should fall. Let us, as mothers, ask our only Father's leading hand, and in our most important and our duties, fear to take a step without His guidance.

While we are writing on this baby subject, let us say a word of the fat, chubby, Moloch pets. Do not, mother—if you have a treasure—do not, we entreat you, allow him to be put on his feet too soon, or rest his ponderous weight on the frail legs; they will surely *bend* beneath the load, and pain your child in future years by looking at his crooked limbs, when they have been beautifully perfect, but for this early resting on the heavy, fat little body; aye, and he may blame you—his mother—some day for what he will call "bad nursing."

We often entreat young mothers to accustom their little ones to lie on the back from their earliest days; they will soon find the use of their legs, when strong enough to exercise, and many a weary hour of nursing the mother will be

and it will give her more time, too, for making and mending her children's wardrobe; she will have a more happy mood, to cheer her heart. We are sometimes pained beyond measure to look on a frail, slender young sister, with weary steps going from side to side, under the heavy load of one of these babies, up and down the dusty streets in a hot summer. Did you ever think, mother, that the comfort and even the health of your dear girl may fall a sacrifice to the hourly load she carries on her aching side? Take care—you will be sorry to see her going into a premature grave. How much better it would be if this elder sister taking her seat on the floor, with a bit

of work in her hand, while baby is turning from side to side amidst his empty cotton-reels, and other harmless playthings that may come in its way. This plan, however, must be commenced very early—within the first month of baby's life, if possible, so that it may be accustomed to recline on its back; then it will learn to like the position.

Another thought as to the little one walking. Pray do let the dear baby have shoes *large enough* to be comfortable, as soon as the soft cotton ones are left off; little, roomy, square, soft, leather shoes, large enough to patter about in, without pressing the tiny toes one into the other, as we have sometimes seen with regret. No marvel the trot-about baby sometimes sits down and gets a crying fit, when the tender little feet are squeezed into a compass of leather that, in the same proportion, would give corns to its mother. Think of this, dear young mothers, when you purchase your little one's shoes or boots. Remember they cannot tell you where the "shoe pinches," but they feel the pain nevertheless.

THE TINY SHOES.

Two little rough-worn stubbed shoes,
A plump, well-trodden pair,
With striped stockings thrust within,
Lie just behind my chair.
Of very homely fabric they;
A hole is in each toe:
They might have cost, when they were new,
Some half-a-crown or so.

And yet this little worn-out pair
Is richer far to me,
Than all the jewelled sandals are
Of Eastern luxury.
This mottled leather, cracked with use,
Is satin in my sight;
These little tarnished buttons shine
With all a diamond's light.

And why? Because they tell of her,
Now sound asleep above,
Whose form to me is beauty rare,
Whose heart is beating love.

They tell me of her merry laugh,
 Her rich whole-hearted gleam,
 Her gentleness, her innocence,
 When prattling loud to me.

They tell me that her wavering steps
 Will long demand my aid;
 For the old road of human life
 Is very roughly laid.
 High hills and swift descents abound,
 And on so rude a way,
 Feet that can wear these coverings
 Would surely go astray.

Sweet little girl! be mine the task,
 Thy feeble steps to tend;
 To be thy guide, thy counsellor,
 Thy playmate, and thy friend.
 And when my steps shall faltering grow,
 And thine be firm and strong,
 Thy strength shall lead my tottering age
 In cheerful peace along.

THE MARKED BIBLE.

SEQUEL TO "THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT."

(See "*The Mothers' Friend*" for 1860.)

EDWARD R—— was a young man of great promise. He had been well brought up and liberally educated; but, like too many, religion had formed no part of his early training. His parents were fashionable people, and the god of this world was the only one they knew. They did not even keep up the semblance of religion; of the mighty God of heaven they knew little, and cared less. Clifford, their eldest son, died in early manhood, after a career of dissipation and profligacy; died too, as he had lived, "without God and without hope."

The death of their heir brought no change to Mr. and Mrs. R——; after the term of mourning had expired, they resumed their usual round of sin and folly, with scarcely a thought of the soul of the child who had passed to the judgment-seat of Christ with all its weight of guilt unrepented of and unatoned for. Two fair

daughters had grown up in this godless home, and were bidding fair to follow in the footsteps of their worldly, frivolous mother. After leaving college, Edward had immediately entered the army, and so far he had acquitted himself honourably; his conduct was marked by strict integrity and fixedness of purpose, but as yet he remained a stranger to the blood which bought his pardon. In Harry St. P—— he had found a sincere friend, and they appeared mutually pleased with each other. At first, Edward seemed inclined to ridicule what he called Harry's "strait-laced notions," but the natural nobility of Harry's character soon revealed itself, and after the night of his triumph he became to Edward R—— almost the day-star of his existence.

Lieutenant St. P—— was no idle Christian (if such a thing can be); he had obtained the salvation of his own soul, and now every effort was put forth for the salvation of the perishing souls around. He established little prayer-meetings for the men after the day's work was over, and three times a week his little room in the barracks was filled with anxious inquirers after the truth; and many an old veteran, who had braved the fiercest fire of the battle-field, and had stood unmoved amidst thousands of dead and dying, had learnt in his heart to bless the name of Harry St. P——. He was universally beloved and respected, and was known both in the barracks and neighbourhood as "the good young officer." His most earnest wish was for his friend Edward R——'s conversion, but as yet it seemed as if his most earnest solicitude was of no avail; but the Lord was working in His own mysterious way in the heart of Edward, all unknown to his friend. Conviction had already found its way to his bosom; and, as we shall see, in due time conversion was to follow.

It was a Sabbath evening, and a holy stillness pervaded all around. In the streets might be seen flocks of fashionably-dressed people wending their way to the various houses of prayer, but Edward R—— felt in no mood to be one of the number, although Harry had done his best to try to prevail upon him to go; reluctantly he left him, and went to his place in the sanctuary alone. After he had gone, Edward, who had taken tea in Harry's room, paced up and down in a sad state of disquietude. They had

been talking of the duty of decision, and Edward longed to unburden his troubled conscience to his friend; but something held him back, and Harry left, quite unconscious of the conflict going on in Edward's breast. Upon the little table, before the chair in which Edward had thrown himself, lay Harry's Bible—the same which his sister had exchanged with him at parting. It was open at the eleventh chapter of Matthew, and the three last verses being deeply underlined, immediately caught his eye. "Come unto me!" How he longed to come and taste of the promised rest! "Learn of me!" this he earnestly desired to do, "and ye shall find rest unto your souls." He wanted rest, for he was weary of the world—unsatisfying as it was, and he was groaning to be set free and at rest.

On and on, chapter after chapter, he read—without feeling much happier; leaf after leaf he turned over, until one verse especially arrested his attention. It had evidently been often read, for it was marked under every line once or twice; he repeated, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him might not perish, but have everlasting life." He dropped his head on his hands, and thought deeply on the precious words; but "he had always been such a sinner," he said, "could it mean that he should have everlasting life?" He raised his eyes once more to read the verse again. Yes, there it was; "*whosoever*" was deeply marked, as if the person who had marked it had felt the preciousness of the word. "*Whosoever*;" then he was included; he did desire to believe, and he fell on his knees with the open Bible before him, and prayed to be taught with his whole heart how to believe and to have his burden of sin removed, and God heard him, and spoke peace to his troubled soul; he was filled with joy in believing.

Oh! you who have been brought out of the pit and miry clay can tell something of what Edward R——felt when he arose from his knees "a new creature." With the holy book still in his hand, he opened it at the fifth chapter of the 2nd of Corinthians; the fifteenth and seventeenth verses were marked, and he read them first:—"They which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him who died for them and rose again;"

and he resolved, in the new strength which was given him, to live to God alone. "A new creature!"—he knew what that meant now; was it possible that he was the same being who, but an hour ago, was groaning in the bitterness of his soul? "Old things were indeed passed away, and all things were become new." It was a happy hour when Harry returned; they were both filled to overflowing with joy unspeakable, and the sound of prayer and praise might have been heard from that little room in the barracks until far into the night.

THE SCHOOL OF INFANCY.

CULLINGS FROM JOHN AMOS COMENIUS, WRITTEN IN 1633,
IN LATIN.

CHILDREN being most precious gifts of God, and an inestimable treasure, should claim our most vigilant attention. This the Spirit of God tells us by the lips of David—(Ps. cxxvii.) When God purposes to testify His love to us, He calls us "children;" as if there were no more excellent name by which to allure us; moreover, He is greatly incensed against those who deliver their children to Moloch—(Lev. xx. 2; Jer. xxxii. 35.)—Hence children are called "the seed of God," (Malachi ii. 15); whence arises "the offspring of God"—(Acts xvii. 29) For this reason the eternal Son of God, when manifested in the flesh, not only willed to become a participator of the nature of children, but likewise deemed children a pleasure and a delight—taking them in His arms as little brethren and sisters. He carried them about, and kissed and blessed them—(Mark x. 16.) Not only this: He likewise uttered a severe threatening against any one who should offend them, even in the least degree; commanding them to be respected as himself, and condemning with severe penalties any who offended even the smallest of them—(Matt. xviii. 5, 6.)

Should any one wish to inquire why He is so delighted with little children, and so strictly enjoined upon us such respectful attention to them, many causes will be discovered. If at present the little ones seem unimportant to you, regard them not as they now are, but as in accordance with the intention of God they may and ought to be. You will see them, not only as the

future inhabitants of the world and possessors of the earth, and God's vicars amongst His creatures when we depart this life, but also equally participators with us in the heritage of Christ—a royal priesthood—a chosen people—associates of angels—judges of devils—the delight of heaven—the terror of hell—heirs of the more excellent dignities throughout all the ages of eternity; what can be imagined more excellent than this?

Philip Melancthon, of pious memory, having upon some occasion entered a common school, he looked upon the scholars therein assembled, and began his address to them in these words:—"Hail, reverend pastors, doctors, licentiates, superintendents! Hail, most noble, most prudent, most learned lords, consuls, pastors, judges, prefects, chancellors, secretaries, magistrates, professors!?" When some of the standers-by received these words with a smile, he replied—"I am not jesting; my speech is serious, for I look on these little boys, not as they now are, but with a view to the purpose in the Divine mind, on account of which they are delivered to us for instruction; for assuredly some such will come forth from among the number, although there may be an intermixture of chaff among them, as there is among wheat."

Such was the animated address of this most prudent man; but why should not we with equal confidence declare, in respect of all children of Christian parents, those glorious things which have been mentioned above—since Christ, the promulgator of the eternal secrets of God, has pronounced that of such is the kingdom of God? (Mark x. 14.) Then they are the purest and most dearly-purchased possession of Christ; since Christ, who came to seek the lost, is said to be the Saviour of all except those who, by incredulity and impenitence, shut out themselves from being participators in His merits—for the right of children to the purchased salvation remains, since they are not yet so repelling Christ, and "there is the kingdom of heaven." These are the purchased from among men that they may be first-fruits unto God and the Lamb; having not yet defiled themselves with the allurements of sin, but they follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth (Rev. xiv. 4); and that they may continue so to follow, they ought to be led, as it were, with the hand by a pious education. More of this wise old father yet.

CONSISTENT, FERVENT, AND HABITUAL PRAYER OF PARENTS.

A BEGGAR once knocked at a door for alms. He made out a very piteous case. He had travelled, he said, very far, and was so faint as hardly to be able to stand through want of food. A trifle was given him. Scarcely had the door been closed, when he started off running with all the vigour of a strong man. Was this conduct consistent with his words? Should anything have been given him had the truth been known? No! well so with us and God. If He sees inconsistency in our walk or secret ways, He will hide His face from our cry. Our conduct must be both *secretly* and *openly consistent* with our petitions. For instance, if we pray for the conversion of our children, and yet act towards them as if this were not of the first importance, our prayer is inconsistent. If we ask and at the same time neglect the use of means; if we do not all we can to keep them out of danger; if we let them go uncorrected, when they have run into danger, our prayer is inconsistent, and if we receive not it is because we ask amiss.

Christian parent! have you ever had a dear child laid upon a bed of sickness, with little hope of recovery? How have you felt? You have been anxious—very anxious. Often have you knelt in prayer, and poured out your petitions with a tearful earnestness and a deepness of feeling that nothing could keep down. This was *fervent* prayer. Should you not feel as deep—nay, deeper—for the lost souls of your children? Oh! let there be an ardour, a warmth, a reality, a deep earnestness in your petitions, and they will reach the “ears of the Lord of Sabaoth.” “The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.” Do you wish God to make your children His own in the spring-time of life? then lose no time, but from their very birth be *constant, incessant, habitual* in prayer.

A mother of a large family, all of whom gave proof of being early converted to God, was asked by a friend to what she attributed such a pleasing circumstance. She replied, “When my children came into the world, I considered that perhaps upon me

depended their future eternal welfare; I therefore gave them up to God from the womb, and prayed for them at all times. When I washed them, I prayed that they might be washed from all sin in the blood of Christ; when I dressed them, I prayed that they might be clothed in the spotless robe of a Saviour's righteousness; when I fed them, I prayed that they might be fed with heavenly manna, and drink of the streams of salvation. Everything seemed to suggest some subject of prayer. I continued, and God heard and answered."

There is something beautiful in this statement. It is a good instance of doing everything by prayer. Let the spirit of prayer be present with you at all times; let it enter into all your thoughts, all your plans, all your feelings towards your children. "*Pray without ceasing*," and God, even our own God, shall give His blessing.

GLEANINGS BY R. B.

ANNA W.; OR, A CAUTION FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS ON PROCRASTINATION.—No. II.

ANNA was not dying; it was only the turning point of her disease. The prayers of her friends were answered, and from that time she gradually mended. Soon she could talk a little, and was in great distress of mind in regard to her soul. She could not look to God as a Father who loved her; she felt that she had been and still was a great sinner, and had forfeited His love. "Ah!" said she, "you know not what a wicked heart I have. I have been very proud and vain; I had almost forgotten God, and had I been summoned into His presence the day I was thought to be dying, I am sure I could not have entered into that rest which God has prepared for His people." Her friends endeavoured to direct her thoughts to the blessed Lamb of God, who "taketh away the sins of the world," telling her to look to Jesus—to cast her care on Him, and to draw near to God through Him, and then her sins would be forgiven and she accepted.

One evening she was so distressed and unhappy that she could

not sleep, and on being asked why she did not try to sleep, said, "I cannot sleep—God does not love me. I see nothing but a sword." Poor Anna! God's power and justice were very terrible to her; the sword of His just wrath seemed hanging over her. Satan was ever at her side, telling her that it was no use for her to try to get a good and new heart, and that God would not receive nor love one so wicked. She was told that she was tempted of the devil, who did not mean to lose his hold of her, nor allow her to trust in Jesus; and that she must submit her will to God, trusting *only* to the merits of Christ, and then God would certainly receive and love her. Some passages of Scripture were repeated to her, when she seemed soothed and quieted, and directly fell into a gentle slumber which lasted some hours.

When Anna awoke she looked up with a sweet smile and said, "I know that God *does* love me *now*. O, how glad and thankful I am that my life has been spared! I did try to trust in Jesus, and *now* God loves me and has forgiven me, I am sure I only wish to live to serve Him. How dreadfully I have felt the sword of His justice raised over me. I used to think I was quite good: I daily read my Bible and said my prayers, but I did not pray from my heart, and now God, notwithstanding my great unworthiness, has forgiven it all. I fear I should have forgotten God entirely and always, if he had not afflicted me, and brought me to see my true state as a sinner. A sick-bed is no place for repentance; not until my health began to return have I been able to think and repent to the conversion of my soul."

Anna is now a woman and a mother, but she has not forgotten her wicked and dreadful procrastination. She often looks back upon that hour, when she thought herself entering the unseen world unprepared, with mingled feelings of awe and thankfulness. Then, she says, she realized what *death* is; then she felt its sting; for "the sting of death is sin." Her greatest desire now is to be good and useful; and she is training up her own child in the fear of the Lord, praying daily with and for him, and trying to impress upon his young mind the infinite value of his soul, and the danger of putting off the time of repentance and faith in our blessed Saviour.

We hope that this true and simple narrative, showing the sinfulness and danger of procrastination, may be a solemn warning to other young people; and that if any are putting off the time of obeying and loving God, the Father who loves them, and has given His only Son to die for them, this story of poor Anna's sufferings, and narrow escape from death, may arrest them in their course, and cause them to realize their danger. May all such flee to Jesus, and pray to have their young hearts renewed by divine grace, and be made such characters as God loves; for you may be taken sick and not live, but die in the midst of your thoughtless procrastination, and then where will your undying souls be?

WATER ON FIRE.

MR. GOUGH, in delivering an address, said, "When I was in Dundee, a woman sat at my feet, and the place was so crowded that I touched her; her nickname for years had been 'Hell-fire.' The boys called her 'Fire,' and she was known by no other name in the vicinity of her wretched residence. Fifty-six times had she been convicted of crime. The ex-Provost of the town said to me, 'I never send *one* policeman to take her; she was never mastered by one man. She is a muscular woman, and she will hit right and left. She has been dragged before me, time after time, with the blood streaming down her face.' Two friends said to me, 'If she kicks up a row, as she probably will, you will see one of the most comical rows you ever beheld. It is dreadful, but there is a comicality about it; she has such power with her tongue, that it is amazing. We have seen men who could stand any amount of common swearing run when "Fire" began to blaspheme.'

"She sat there at my feet, and as I went on she interrupted me a little. I told that audience what they had been, and what they might be. I showed them that they were thwarting God's good designs towards them. I asked that mother if she did not remember sending that half-starved child for a pennyworth of oatmeal and four-pennyworth of whiskey. I asked that young man to remember what he promised when he married that girl,

and to go and look at that bed of rags to which he had brought her. Some of them lifted up their naked arms, and said, 'Oh, that is all true.' By-and-by the woman at my feet looked up and said, 'Where did you learn that?' Then she looked as if she had some communication to make to the people, and said, 'The man kens all about it; would you give the like o' me the pledge?' 'To be sure I will,' said I. 'Oh, no, no!' said some; 'it won't do for her to take the pledge.' I said, 'Why not?' 'She can't keep it.' 'How do you know?' 'She'll be drunk before she goes to bed to-night.' 'How do you know?' 'Madam,' I said to her, 'here is a gentleman who says you cannot keep the pledge if you sign it.'

"The woman flew into a rage. Said I, 'Before you fight about it, tell me *can* you keep it?' The reply was, 'If I say I will, I can.' I said, 'Then you say you will?' 'I will.' 'Give me your hand.' 'I will.' 'Then,' I said, 'put down your name.' She did so, and said, 'I will keep it.' 'I know you will,' I said, 'and I shall come back again to see you.' 'Come back when you will,' said she, 'and you will find I have kept it.' Some three years afterwards I went back and attended a meeting. The woman was there. She had on her white cap, and her shawl pinned across her breast. I went to her house. I wish I could tell you what she told me. 'I am a poor body,' she said, 'I dinna ken much, and what little I did ken has been knocked out of me by the staves of the policeman. I dinna ken how to pray; I never went to God's house these twenty-eight years; I canna pray, but sometimes I dream,' and then her eyes filled. 'I dream I am drunk, and I canna pray; but I get out of my bed, Sir, and I kneel by the side of it, and never get back to it until the morning dawn, and all I can say is, 'God keep me!' I canna get drunk any more.' Her daughter said, 'Aye, mon! and I have heard my mother at dead of night on the bare floor, in the bitter winter-time, cry out, "God keep me!" and I said, "Mither, go to bed;" and she said, "No, no, I had a dream, and I canna go and drink any more." That woman is now to be seen going every Sabbath to hear God's word preached. She who had not entered God's house for twenty-eight years. Teetotalism is not religion,"

said Mr. Gough, "but I thank God it has removed a hindrance to many a man and woman hearing that truth which must be believed, and must be heard before it is believed."

LETTING THE HEART DOWN.

A POOR widow lies helpless upon her bed. She has worked at her tubs and ironing-table as long as she can stand, for her children depend upon her labour. At last her health has given out, and she is obliged to surrender. With her work half done, and knowing not how she is to feed her family, she stops from stern necessity. The luxury of sickness she cannot afford, or she would have stopped a year ago. Now she must suffer and wait, whereas before she suffered and worked. It is surely a hard case. How easily may she be gloomy and despairing!

In this state of things I visited her. I was prepared to hear a sad story, and to meet a downcast countenance, but to my surprise she was cheerful; hoped she would get at her work in a few weeks; the people she worked for would put up with her sickness for a while, and then she would go on again as before. Her feet were not quite so swollen; and if she could get so as to stand, she could work very well at the ironing-table. Meanwhile the doctor was so kind as to charge her nothing for his services, and her eldest child got along pretty well with the scanty cooking she required.

Astonished at such a cheerful tone, seeing that she made the best of everything, and somehow covered the darkest places with smiles and hopes, I asked her how she could keep such spirits in such discouraging circumstances. She spoke of her Christian consolations, and said, "There's no use in letting the heart down." I wondered at the pithy lesson I had received in the home of poverty. As I went away, my burdens somehow grew lighter; my vexations vanished; my complaining spirit gave place to gratitude, and I resolved to write the Christian philosophy of the widow on my heart. What would such a habit of holding the heart up do for all earnest workers, as well as patient sufferers?

Only let the soul be sustained and guided by such a faith; the countenance lighted up by such a cheerful glow; the imagination busied in the paths of hope rather than of despair; and how much stronger we should be in every holy service. Tell it to the tempted minister, to the troubled Christian, to the perplexed statesman, to the earnest worker in every land—"Be joyful in God, for 'there's no use in letting the heart down.'"

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

HINTS ON HOUSEKEEPING.

THERE'S a use for everything—
 Never throw a thing away;
 Save your corks and bits of string,
 They will all come in some day.
 Keep half-sheets of letters fair
 For your answers; into spills
 Cut the others; never tear
 Up or burn, but file your bills.

A LITTLE REPROVER.

The modest freedom of a little boy once offended a mother he tenderly loved. On one occasion, when she was expressing herself in too warm a manner to one of the family, he turned his eye upon her with a gentle reproof. She was displeased, and repaid it with some severity, which he received with great submission, making only this reply, "When I am smitten on one cheek, and especially by a hand I love so well, I am taught to turn the other also." This expression was not used with an air of bravado, but with a look of so much tender affection, that the indignation of his mother was instantly turned into a look of pleasing admiration.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Family Treasury of Sunday Reading. London: Nelson and Co.

This number well sustains the deserved popularity of this charming periodical.

LIFE'S JOURNEY ENDED.

"So when a ship, well freighted with the stores
 The sun-matures on India's spicy shores,
 Has dropp'd her anchor, and her canvas furl'd,
 In some fair haven of the western world,
 'Twere vain inquiry to what port she went—
 The gale informs us, laden with the scent."

Does it not seem almost impossible that we are come to the last month of another year! The last number of the fourteenth volume of "THE MOTHERS' FRIEND" greets you, dear mothers, and friends! Not long ago, it seems, we began to learn together of our momentous duties and responsibilities; now some of our dear ones are far away from us, fighting the battle of life. Let us get a stand-point—hold hands together, and try to stop Old Time, while we look back over the last year—to many of us, alas! a sadly sorrowful one. Let us allure him to wait for us—no, he will not—away he rushes, crying, "On, on!"—never resting for a moment till he reaches the place where time has no power over the fadeless frame.

The narrow limit of the longest life is every day becoming narrower still. We have read of an Italian state-prisoner who, after some weeks' confinement, became suddenly aware that his apartment was becoming smaller. He watched, and saw with horror that a moveable iron wall was gradually encroaching on the space, and that as the movement came on, it must soon crush him to death. And he could calculate it to a day; but we have not even this advantage, for to-morrow is not ours; narrower and more narrow is the ledge on which we stand; it is sliding beneath our feet—onward we must go, willing or not. A great and good man compares our time to a sealed reservoir, from which issues daily a certain small quantity of water, and when the reservoir is exhausted, we must perish of thirst; but we have no means of sounding it to ascertain whether there be enough remaining, even for to-morrow.

Oh, how many have fallen over the narrow ledge of time in the past year! Some we thought would live to grow old and grey in

our world, so full of life and vigour they seemed a few months since. "Uncertainty" is written upon everything earthly and human. Who has forgotten the fearful accidents and loss of human life during the past year? How suddenly did life's journey end to them! The Reaper came, "to reap the bearded grain at a breath, and the flowers that grew between." How many left their homes in the morning sunshine to return no more for ever! Mothers, fathers, and little children "lay side by side, yet none saluted and none replied;" an icy hand had frozen up life's stream without warning.

There was the man of pleasure, revelling in prospective enjoyment; the financier, with his golden visions of the future; the merry-hearted maiden, with beating heart and flushed brow; the old man, with the frosts of many winters silvering his head: the little ones just commencing to tread life's pathway; the young men hastening to the home of their affections. A few moments, and life's journey is ended; the glow of health suddenly gives place to death's paleness. Alas! the loved ones wait in vain for the anticipated greeting; where are they? where? Echo asks, where?

Again we call from memory's storehouse the beloved young wife, moving about her happy home with us as we entered on this year's first morning—her soft eyes beaming love on all around, and her heart ready to sympathise with sorrow or suffering—kindly attending to all the duties of life, but anxious, above all, to be meetening for her better home. She is missed in the family, in the church, and the world; but the greatest loss, we think, is the earnest prayers of her heart going up for those she dearly loved: but

"Her languishing head is at rest."

Earth has another vacant chair, but heaven has gained another redeemed one to sweep the chords of a golden harp. Alas! that her life's journey should be so soon ended!

Then there was the bride of a week, with whom life looked all sunshine. How soon her journey was ended, and the bride!

robes and orange blossoms exchanged for the death-bands and the winding-sheet! Again, the Reaper came, taking the loving husband and brother, hailing last new year's morning with joy and gladness, now resting near to a little church on the mountain top, where the ploughshare shall never disturb the precious dust; but where the pure snow-flake shall fall gently on the lonely grave, and the angels keep watch, till the sound of the trumpet shall cause the sleeper to awake. Peace to thy memory, dear William!

Alas, too soon for those who loved thee,
Was life's journey ended.

Then there was the venerable parent, with children around him, hushing their sobs in awe of the spirit passing to join those he had long mourned for here. Long and weary was his journey of life; ended now as to earth, but arrived in a better country, a purer state of existence.

Next passes before us the beloved young man, the only son of his mother; only twenty summers had passed over him, as he stood erect in manhood, looking as if the frost of threescore years and ten would shed its whiteness over his fair brow. A short time ago he was of us, and with us, in the joyousness of happy early life; now, how changed! The eyes once beaming with animation are closed, to open no more on earth; the limbs, so agile, are stiffened and cold, to bound no more among earth's sprightly sons; the bold, manly, loving heart beats no more for those it loved—the hands are clasped upon the quiet breast, and the feet have run their earthly race. How gently and lovingly they laid him in the tomb, amid regret, sighing, and tears. How soon was life's journey ended!

Another young man, whom we have already noticed in our little magazine, commenced this year among us—passing then, as we feared, through each gradation of decay, yet could he smile as the death-damp chilled his brow; and he increased in purity and sweetness, until the silver cord was loosed, and the golden bowl broken, then passed from the vale of pain, wafted by a mother's prayer to the land where no night cometh.

Then there was the sailor son and husband, far off from kindred and country, ending his life's journey amid the din of war. Kindly his comrades turned his head, at his request, towards his fatherland, where dwelt his dear ones: hoping and expecting his return; but death glazed his eye and stilled his loving heart, and tenderly the brave seamen let him down into his ocean-grave to await the sound of that voice which from flood and field shall call the nations to the great white throne of the Eternal.

Mother! father! young man, and gay maiden! are you ready to go up there? Make haste; prepare; life's journey with you may soon be ended.

TIME'S CHANGES.

I saw her once, so freshly fair,
 That, like a blossom just unfolding,
 She opened to life's cloudless air,
 And nature joyed to view its moulding.
 Her smile, it haunts my memory yet,
 Her cheek's fine hue divinely glowing;
 Her rosebud mouth, her eyes of jet,
 Around on all their light bestowing.
 Oh! who could look on such a form,
 So nobly free, so softly tender;
 And darkly dream that earthly storm
 Should dim such sweet delicious splendour?
 For in her mien, and in her face,
 And in her young step's fairy lightness;
 Nought could the raptured gazer trace,
 But beauty's glow, and pleasure's brightness.

I saw her twice—an altered charm,
 But still of magic, richest, rarest,
 Than girlhood's talisman less warm,
 Though yet of earthly sights the fairest:
 Upon her breast she held a child,
 The very image of its mother;
 Which ever to her smiling smiled;
 They seemed to live but in each other.
 But matron cares, or lurking woe,
 Her thoughtless, sinless look had banished;
 And from her cheek the roseate glow
 Of girlhood's balmy morn had vanished:

Within her eyes; upon her brow,
 Lay something softer, fonder, deeper;
 As if in dreams some visioned woe
 Had broke the elysium of the sleeper.

I saw her thence—fate's dark decree
 In widow's garments had arrayed her;
 Yet beautiful she seemed to be,
 As e'en my reveries portrayed her.
 The glow, the glance, had passed away,
 The sunshine and the sparkling glitter;
 Still, though I noted pale decay,
 The retrospect was scarcely bitter;
 For in their place a calmness dwelt,
 Serene, subduing, soothing, holy;
 The feeling which the bosom felt,
 That every louder mirth is folly.
 A pensiveness which is not grief,
 A stillness as of sunset streaming,
 A fairy glow on flower and leaf,
 Till earth looks like a landscape dreaming.

A last time—and unmoved she lay,
 Beyond life's dim, uncertain river;
 A glorious mould of fading clay,
 From whence the spark had fled for ever.
 I gazed; my breast was like to burst,
 And as I thought of years departed;
 The years wherein I saw her first,
 When she a girl was tender-hearted;
 And when I mused on later days,
 As moved she in her matron dnty,
 A happy mother in the blaze
 Of ripened hope and sunny beauty,
 I felt the chill; I turned aside,
 Bleak desolation's cloud came o'er me;
 And being seemed a troubled tide,
 Whose wrecks in darkness swam before me.

HOW SHALL WE COMFORT A BEREAVED MOTHER?

SPEAKING of the resurrection, Dr. Cumming says, "Who has not heard of beautiful analogies used to prove the resurrection? They do not, indeed, prove the fact; they only obviate difficulties

and objections. We have no doubt, say some, of the resurrection, because the chrysalis develops itself into the butterfly, the acorn into the oak, the seed into the beautiful flower; but these beautiful analogies do not prove the resurrection, else why did not Socrates learn the great fact of the resurrection? Why did not the women at the sepulchre, or the disciples of Jesus, instantly recollect it? Remember where Jesus was laid—in a garden—when was He laid there? Amid the rich dawn of an Eastern spring, when the earth starts into magnificence and beauty, as it were at one sudden blush. In such a spring, and in such a garden, Jesus was laid when He was taken down from the cross; but the disciples did not hear the spring and the flowers and the garden say, ‘Fear not, He will rise again;’ they heard no such summons—they had no such hope. ‘This is the third day,’ they said, ‘and He is *not* risen.’ We have far better proof for the resurrection of the body. One single fact is better than all analogies, and that single fact is, that Jesus opened the grave. ‘The first fruits of them that slept.’

“If I am called to go and speak to some mother who has just lost her only son—her stay, her staff, and her strength—and if I wish to comfort her with the belief that her son shall rise again and meet her at the last day, when she is undergoing that grief which weeps bitterly, or that still more bitter grief which cannot weep—what shall I say? If I talk to that afflicted mother of butterflies, and beautiful flowers, and spring and winter, and all the other analogies, in order to prove the resurrection, she will feel them but cold—cold comfort to her withered and bleeding heart. But if I talk to her of the widow of Nain—if I take her to the sisters of Bethany—if I appeal to the tomb of Joseph, in which Jesus lay—if I let her hear sounding from the skies the voice that was so musical on earth—‘I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live;’—‘The day is coming when they that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of Man, and come forth;’ then she has comfort; she can understand a fact.” Bereaved mother, listen, and take comfort.

FOR SAILORS' MOTHERS.

FAR-OFF PRAYER ANSWERED.

WHILE Daniel was praying, an angel was commanded to fly all the way from heaven to assure him of his God hearing his petitions; even while he was speaking the answer came. So many a praying mother, while asking a blessing for her son, far, far away, has found in after years that not only has her prayer been heard, but answered by her heavenly Father, at the very time she was praying. One such mother, who had trained her boy, as all good mothers will, praying with him and for him from his birth, was called to bid him farewell, as he resolved to voyage to far-distant lands. He left her in sorrow and tears—reckless and careless he left her, to view the wonders of the sea and the far-off lands. The mother's refuge was her God; very earnestly she pleaded that He would send His Holy Spirit into the heart of her sailor-son, far away over the deep blue sea. She knew and felt that all places on the wide earth or mighty waters were near heaven, and that her Father in heaven could find means to do her son good any where and every where; so she prayed on in faith, nothing doubting.

During a revival-meeting, not long ago, her sailor-son appeared in the midst of the worshippers. He arose, and spoke with deep emotion—"I am from the sea," said he, "and but a little time ago, when far away on the ocean, the Lord showed mercy to me, where there were no such means as here—it was the prayers of my praying mother that God answered—put up for me, a wanderer on the sea, when I knew it not. I found mercy, and came home to tell her of it. 'I knew it! I knew it!' exclaimed my dear mother. 'Why, mother,' said I, 'how did you know it?' 'Oh,' she replied, 'the Lord Jesus gave me assurance of it;' and laying her hand upon her heart, she continued, 'I felt the answer here; I knew you would be converted.' My poor mother," continued the young man, "had but little encouragement to pray; when she looked to see what a wretched sinner I was, the prospect was

very gloomy that I would ever be any better. But I tell you, all you who hear me to-day, don't you ever doubt when you pray. I had to come all the way from sea to find out how it was that I was overtaken by the Spirit of God away in mid-ocean, for I could not understand it. But now I know that God sent His Spirit to my heart in answer to my mother's prayers." Sailors' mothers! pray on in faith, waiting, watching, and expecting your sons' conversion.

THE MARKED BIBLE.—No. II.

AFTER Edward had left him, Harry took up the little Bible with its precious marked passages, which had done so much good to a seeking soul, and thought how happy Ellie would feel when she heard of it. Every line had been marked in love by the pious, faithful sister, to tempt the brother's eye, and now a soul had been saved by it.

Doubly dear had that Bible become to Harry, for he knew what love had prompted his sister when her fingers had traced those lines, as she supposed, for his eye alone; and Edward, would he not feel grateful to the gentle girl who had been thus an instrument in God's hand for the saving of his soul? At his earnest request Harry had given him the Bible—the marked Bible—now to be henceforth his dearest and most constant companion.

Edward R—— soon earned for himself the name which distinguished Harry St. P——, and "the two good young officers" were known throughout the entire town; only at the great day will be known the amount of good they were made instrumental of doing in God's hands. I should like to tell my readers of one more incident in the lives of our young soldiers.

It was "the month of roses" of the present year; and I made one of a party assembled in the Congregational chapel at E——; it was on a solemn, yet joyous occasion. At the altar stood two fair young brides and their intended husbands—do you recognise

them? On the right is our dear Ellie and Edward R——, next is Edward's youngest sister Mary, and Harry St. P——; that tall, soldierly man, who gives to Edward his bride, is Colonel T——, and near him stand Mr. and Mrs. R——, and Mrs. St. P——. It was a season of great rejoicing. Edward's two sisters had some time before "passed out of nature's darkness into the marvellous light of the children of God." Blanche, the elder, had two months before given her heart and hand to a young minister of God, and was now on her way with her husband to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation to perishing sinners on an African shore. Harry had accompanied his friend Edward in one of his visits home, and there he had wooed and won the quiet, gentle Mary, to be the partner of his joys and sorrows. He had chosen wisely and well, for Mary, in giving her heart to the Lord; had renounced the world, and had said, "His people should be her people, and their God her God." He had a willing, cheerful help-meet in her, and one who would aid him in all his labours for the benefit of his men.

Mr. and Mrs. R——, too, the eyes of their understanding were being opened, and they were beginning to see the "exceeding sinfulness of sin." Ellie St. P——'s Bible had done much for the R—— family, and its work was not complete yet. It was with great pleasure and confidence Harry St. P—— gave his sister's happiness into Edward R——'s keeping. He knew him well, and loved him as a brother; and Ellie was quietly happy, and looking earnestly forward to the new life of usefulness opened before her. They were married by the good old minister who had married their mother, and had held both Harry and Ellie in his arms when infants. The tears flowed fast from the eyes of the fair young brides at the parting address of their minister; when he bade them be faithful unto death, and steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.

There are not two happier homes than those of Harry and Edward, and if they are at the small, contracted rooms at B—— barracks, contented hearts inhabit them, for they feel it is their place; that they have a mighty work to accomplish, and God is

blessing their labours abundantly. Mrs. St. P—— lives with Ellie and Edward, and is she not blessed, indeed, in her children? Oh, praying mothers, let these results stimulate you to greater earnestness and zeal, and may the precious ones you are praying for, become like Harry and Ellie, and be your crown of rejoicing.

E. B.

THE CAMEL BELLS.

A SHORT time since, an aged lady was repeating the words of a favourite song, ("The Camel Driver's Return.") "You see," said she, "the poor dear creatures, though so patient, cannot do without the bells, the merry bells, to cheer them on." True it is, they seem to like the sound of bells upon their necks; and at this sound, how weary soever they may be, they stretch themselves, and are ready for their toil. Mothers! who have servants or dependents, give them the musical bells of your kind voices. The weary household drudge, the patient nurse, the industrious needle-woman, and even the journeyman or apprentice of your establishment, require it of you. How readily and cheerfully will they yield you service, if, amidst their varied and arduous duties, they hear the kind remark of interest or approbation from *you*. Think if your own children should ever thus be left to the tender mercies of entire strangers, how you would resent unkindness or neglect towards *them*. Start not at the idea. Each of your servants have or had parents to feel for them, and some of these, perhaps, have seldom heard the cheering voice of kindness since they left a mother's care. What wonder, then, if their minds become coarse, or that they lose their interest in the welfare of their mistress.

That patient girl has had many heart-achings since she entered alone into the wide world; what have you done to soothe them? The eye of that youth has often glistened in secret with a tear, as he thought of his childhood's home, his mother's love, his sisters' happy voices; what have you done to dry it? Have you

not seen the flush of affection and gratitude overspread the countenance of your domestics, or noticed the delicate attention with which they serve you in emergencies? If you have not, one of the fairest pictures of God's beautiful earth remains unopened to your view; and this, perhaps, because you have not rung sweetly forth the notes of loving-kindness; because you have not taken the trouble to ascertain whether your servant had an ear for such music.

META.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

THIS bird teaches us retirement. She is really the queen of songsters unrivalled, and, as such, you might think she would force herself into notice, and prefer the most frequented spots for her performances; but it is far otherwise. Her concert season is the night, when darkness shrouds her, and the stars and glow-worms are her only lamps. Then, when all are hushed around, and she is herself invisible, she tunes her lute, and entrances the groves and orchards with those wondrous whisperings! This summer we have had a choir of them in a field behind us, within a hundred yards of cabs and omnibuses; yet nobody was aware of it but ourselves, who sat and waited for them till all the cabs and omnibuses had ceased their rumblings. Then, how amply were we rewarded! But during the day they concealed themselves as completely as the stars and the glow-worms do.

Now, so should we surround ourselves with modesty. Mothers, cultivate it in your children. It is charming in the young. Rather see them shy than bold; rather see them nervous than pushing. How everybody detests forwardness; and so should we enjoy and improve solitude. I marvel when I hear persons say, "O, I am so wretched alone; I have been miserable because I had nobody to walk and talk with!" Such persons have yet to be taught the nightingale's lesson—that there is nothing better than to be alone sometimes, and that when all human ears are closed, there is One who never slumbers nor sleeps; and we would ever have them remember the sweet promise to every believer, "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end."

"The calm retreat, the silent shade
 With prayer and praise agree,
 And seem, by thy sweet bounty made,
 For them that follow thee.

"Then if thy Spirit touch the soul;
 And grace her mean abode,
 O with what joy and peace and love
 She communes with her God!

"There, like the nightingale, she pours
 Her solitary lays,
 Nor asks a listener to her song,
 Nor thirsts for human praise."

THE SCHOOL OF INFANCY.—No. II.

CULLINGS FROM JOHN AMOS COMENIUS, WRITTEN IN 1633, IN LATIN.

God so embraces children with abounding love, that they are a peculiar instrument of divine glory, as Scripture testifies, "From the lips of infants and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."—(Psalm viii. 2.) We do not at once see this, but God, the discernor of all things, declares it to be so.

Children ought to be dearer and more precious to parents than gold and silver; for gold, silver, and such things, being only a little purer than the clay beneath our feet, are fleeting and transitory, but children are an immortal inheritance—for although they yield to death, yet they neither return to nothing nor become extinct; they only pass out of a mortal tabernacle into immortal regions. Hence, when God restored Job to all his riches, double of all he had; yet He gave him no more children than seven sons and three daughters, as the former sons and daughters had not perished, but had gone before to God. God has implanted in the nature of all living things so strong an affection towards their young, that they often prefer their safety to their own. If any transfer such affection to gold and silver; in the judgment of God they are guilty of idolatry.

Gold and silver are the gift of God, yet they are not such gifts as those to which He has promised an angelic guardianship from heaven. Satan mostly intermingles himself with gold and silver,

so as to use them as nets and snares to entangle the unwary, drawing them as it were with thongs to avarice, haughtiness, and prodigality—whereas the care of little children is always committed to angelic guardianship, as the Lord himself testifies. (Matt. xviii. 10.) Hence he who has infants may be certain that he has the presence of angels—he who takes little children in his arms may be assured that he takes angels—whosoever, surrounded by midnight darkness, rests beside an infant, may enjoy the certain consolation that with it he is so protected that the spirit of darkness cannot have access. How great the importance of these things!

More yet of this good old bishop.

THE TWO CHRISTMAS DAYS.

THE Christmas of 1861 draws near; and as this festal season rises upon the homes of England, how many and varied are the changes it can trace! Joy has oftentimes given place to sorrow, and sorrow has been turned into joy during the past year; and yet, in all these changes, the Christian mother recognizes the hand of her heavenly Father, and feels it her blessed privilege and consolation to give heed to the whispered words—"Be still, and know that I am God."

It is Christmas Day, and two young midshipmen are pacing the deck of a gallant vessel as she is borne across the waves of the broad Atlantic: A shade of sadness rests upon their faces, as these two friends speak of the home of their childhood, from which they never before have been absent on a Christmas Day: Stanley Hamilton's home is in the South of England; Douglas Macdonald's amid the Highlands of Scotland. The former speaks in tones of deep affection of a widowed mother, who, he knows, is on this day especially mourning the absence of her only and much-loved child; and the latter tells of beloved parents, and a large group of brothers and sisters, who, too, are sadly missing the light-hearted and joyous spirit of their Douglas.

We will take a peep at the home in Scotland. The festal meal is over, and Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald are surrounded by their

children, but their thoughts are with their first-born. They do all they can to make the day a very happy one; but tears are constantly rising in the eyes of the fond mother, and the loving sisters find it very difficult to appear glad and joyous. "What a beautiful Christmas we shall have next year!" says little Marion, the youngest girl, the pet and plaything of the whole house, but more especially of her eldest brother; "Douglas will be sure to be at home, and we shall all be so very happy." "Oh, mamma, what would I not give to know at this moment where Douglas is," said Annie, the eldest girl; "but time rolls on so quickly he will soon be home." Mrs. Hamilton's Christmas was a very lonely one this year. She refused many invitations, for she said she would not sadden the homes of any by her presence; but the cottage homes around had been made glad by her bounty, and many prayers had winged their way to heaven for blessings on the widow and her son.

* * * * *

Nearly a year has passed, and the widow is made glad by the receipt of a letter, announcing her son's immediate return. "I shall be with you, my dearest mother, in a few days, or, at the most, a week from this time, when we shall spend, I trust, a happy Christmas. But my heart is sad; it was but yesterday the body of my beloved friend was lowered into the deep. No one who has not witnessed that solemn scene can form the least idea of the agonizing feelings of such a moment. His illness was short; he died of fever, from which many of our crew have been suffering. But do not be alarmed, my beloved mother; I thank God, I am in robust health—was never better. Poor Macdonald! but why should I write poor? Is he not now before the throne of God, for ever happy in the presence of that Saviour in whom he placed his trust and confidence? When I first knew him, he was a free, careless fellow, loving the things of time more than those of God; but when we anchored at St. Helena, he had an attack of dysentery, which it was feared would prove fatal. However, he was restored, and from that time resolved, by the grace of God, to lead a different life. The captain has informed the family of

their sad loss. My heart bleeds for them! What a son and brother they have lost! If you think it would be any comfort to them, do send them this letter. I would gladly, in any way, be the means of alleviating their sorrow. I can assure them of his unaltered affection for them all. During his illness, he was constantly referring to his family. 'Tell them, Hamilton, that I have been looking forward too earnestly to the meeting at Christmas; but I can now say truly from my heart, 'To depart and be with Christ is far better.'"

Christmas Day came; by Mrs. Hamilton and her son it was passed in quiet joy—that joy which the world can neither give nor take away. The Macdonalds were mourning deeply for their beloved Douglas. Stanley Hamilton had passed one day with them, and the parents could now say, "It is well;" and they looked forward in joyful anticipation to that meeting in the heavenly home where all is joy, and where changes are unknown.

GERTRUDE.

NOTICES OF BOOKS, &c.

The Queen.—No. 2. An Illustrated Journal and Review. London: 248, Strand.

This new journal is becoming a great favourite with our daughters; it has very nice patterns for work in its pages.

Pictorial Scenes from Scripture History and Bible Characters. By M. C. O. London: Brown.

Two handsome boxes of very interesting matter for games or instruction.

Our Father's Love, and Mother's Last Words. By Mrs. SEWELL. London: Jarrold.

Touching and attractive little books, written in the form of ballads.

The Christian's Bread Basket.—No. 1. London: Houlston.

Nice readings, by eminent writers, on important subjects.

The Family Treasury.—No. 10. London: Nelson and Co.

Equally interesting reading in this number to all that have preceded.

None Cast Out. Coggeshall: Coventry.

A very encouraging little book.

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THE
MOTHERS' FRIEND.

EDITED BY
ANN JANE.



"JUST AS THE TWIG IS BENT, THE TREE'S INCLINED."

(VOLUME FIFTEENTH.)
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PREFACE

TO THE FIFTEENTH VOLUME.

Time, with an irresistible impetus, is hastening us forward to the close of another year; we have already arrived at its boundary; soon, very soon, will it be chronicled with the past. We are reminded by this impressive fact, combined with the issue of the present number of the "MOTHERS' FRIEND," that another period of our labours will terminate; and although this land is deluged with a mighty stream of literature which is continually emanating from the press, it is delightful to think our little work is still appreciated; in no boastful spirit do we assert that the dignity of our mission is not surpassed by any of our contemporaries.

When we contemplate the class for whom we more especially write, when we view them as moulders of mind, the formers of character, and as such wielding an influence for weal or woe which shall be felt not only by the present but by future generations,—which shall exist long after this old world has been blotted out, yea, which shall live and permeate through the countless ages of eternity,—we feel that ours is no common work. We labour not for time only, but for immortality; the seed we are now planting, watered by faith and prayer, is destined to yield fruit, not on earth only, but in heaven.

In reviewing the labours of the past year we are consoled with the hope that they have not been unblest; and whilst grateful for the past, for what we have already achieved, we cannot but look forward with feelings of deep seriousness towards the undeveloped future. We are not altogether satisfied with our past achievements; we are desirous of accomplishing greater; we therefore appeal to those Christian mothers who have not assisted us; we ask you for your help, and shall we ask in vain? We hope not. Do you wish to know how you may help us? In reply we should say, You can help us by your prayers, by furnishing us with matter to enrich our pages, by endeavouring to increase our circulation, and by the gratuitous distribution of our periodical amongst

the poor and the outcast. Bear in mind the thousands living in this land who have committed unto them the charge of young immortals, and who are training them for vice and immorality. Would you have those mothers become the possessors of the blessings of salvation—to be the vehicles of holy truth to their children? Do you wish to pour consolation into hereaved hearts—to dry the tears of orphanhood—to afford counsel to the ignorant—to arrest the progress of juvenile depravity—to scatter rays of truth which shall elevate, ennoble, and sanctify? Do you wish to have your names registered in the archives of heaven, and have the seal affixed to them, “She hath done what she could?” Would you, at the World’s Assize, in the presence of the assembled universe, have God and angels to welcome you? Would you, as you ascend the heights of blessedness, have bright spirits hail you with joy as being the instrument employed in their conversion? If you would, then assist in such noble work.

Ye ministers of Christ, as ye visit the homes of those who compose your congregations, do not forget us, for we are co-workers with you. Many who at times are deprived of your ministrations may on your recommendation peruse the pages of our Magazine, and gather therefrom comfort and instruction, which may result in awakening within them an interest on our behalf, and a deeper sympathy for the suffering and the sin-stricken.

Ye Sabbath-school teachers, you can help us; how many a young one, into whose soul you are endeavouring to inbreathe heavenly life, has ungodly parents whose impious examples go far to paralyse your efforts; visit their homes, and by disseminating our little periodical you may effect a two-fold good, blessing both parent and child.

In conclusion we would tender our sincere thanks to those friends who have aided us hitherto; aid us still, and may Heaven’s choicest gifts and richest favours descend in continuous streams upon you, enlightening and sanctifying your souls, impelling you with zeal in the divine life, making you the almoners of blessings here, and encircling your brows with coronets of glory and halos of bliss.

DECEMBER, 1862.

THE MOTHERS' FRIEND.

WHAT SHALL THE ANGEL SEE?

"And day and night the angel bright
Walked round about with shining feet."

A **HAPPY** New Year to you, dear friends! May the blessing which maketh rich be yours; and may the New Year be all sunshine to you, if it so wills our Father! How should we feel if, as we stepped into the opening of the New Year, we could, with our mortal eyes, see the angel with the recording pen standing ready to walk step by step with us, watching and listening to all we do and say, and keeping a record to be read in the light of eternity. Yet so it will be; for, when the books are opened, we shall find recorded there every "deed and idle word," and unless blotted out by the blood of Jesus, we must render a fearful account of all our mortal pilgrimage—the sins of childhood and youth, of riper years and old age.

We have read somewhere of a mother, who was very dissatisfied with herself, falling asleep and dreaming of recording angels being ever near. She imagined herself in a strange place, with a wide expanse before her. On the tops of the trees skirting the distant horizon rested a wreath of golden clouds. Before her, travelling towards a distant height, was a female; little children were about her, sometimes by her side, sometimes in her arms. As she journeyed on, she busied herself in caring for them—now she soothed them, when weary—now she taught them how to travel, and again she warned them of the pitfalls and stumbling-blocks

around them. She helped them over the one, and taught them to be wary of the other. She talked to them of that golden light which she kept constantly in view, and towards which she seemed to be hastening with her little flock; but what was most remarkable was that, all unknown to her, two golden clouds floated above her, on which reposed two angels. Before each was a book and a pen of gold. One angel, with mild and loving eyes, peered constantly over the right shoulder, and the other over the left. They followed her from the rising to the setting of the sun. They watched every word, look, and deed, no matter how trivial, and the angel on the left side wrote it down in his book. Then he kept his sorrowful eyes on her until he found penitence for the evil, upon which he dropped a tear upon his record and blotted it out, and both angels rejoiced. To the looker-on it seemed as if the traveller did little which was worthy of such careful record. Sometimes she did but bathe the weary feet of her children, and the angel on the right side wrote it down. Sometimes she did but wait patiently to lure back some little truant who had taken a step in the wrong direction, and the angel on the right side wrote it down. Sometimes, with her eye fixed on the golden horizon, she became so intent upon her own progress as to let the little pilgrims at her side languish or stray; then it was the angel on the left who lifted the golden pen and made the entry, following her with sorrowful eyes, seeking to blot it out. If, wishing to hasten on her journey, she left the little ones behind, it was the sorrowing angel that recorded her progress. The record was faithful, and was to be kept to the journey's end. Those strong clasps of gold on the books showed that they were to be sealed for a future opening.

The mother's sympathies were warmly excited for the traveller, and with a beating heart she tried to overtake her and tell her what she had seen, and entreat her to be careful, watchful, faithful, and patient in her life-work, for the results would all be known when those books were unclasped; and she felt, too, that no duty was too trivial, for the angel on the right or the left would record all.

How important that we should do nothing, dear friends, that the kind angels on the right and left may wish to blot out. Perhaps you say, this is a mere dream—a visionary thing—not the realities of life. Well, be it so ; but throw not away the fact that angels have much to do with earth. Look at Abraham, Lot, Manoa and his wife, Mary, Jesus, Peter, Paul, and Silas, and many others. Do they not encamp around the dwellings of the righteous ? Are they not all ministering spirits ? Let us ever feel sure the record of our life-work will be found clasped in God's book, "when rolling years shall cease to move."

We greet you, happy, busy mother, standing in the midst of your happy, loving group, this New Year's morning. What shall the recording angel see in your home ere the New Year grows old ? Ah, you cannot tell. Last New Year's day we saw just such a loving mother stand, as you do now, in the midst of her active and healthful little charge.

"Which could you part with of all of us, mamma ?" asked little four years old Willie.

A cloud passed over the mother's face, but she quickly replied :—

"Oh, Willie, dear, I could not part with any of you. Let us go and look at the New Year's presents."

Alas ! not half the New Year's race had run ere Willie, and Annie, and the little pet Bennie had fallen beneath the Reaper's scythe.

"An angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away."

What did the recording angel say ?

Again we saw a joyous maiden, standing with smiling face to welcome the last New Year's morning. The future looked all sunshine to her. No cloud rested on her pathway. Earth seemed to her warm imagination all holiday. A new name, new home, new friends, and new joys were waiting her on the greensward of the coming spring, and she began to realize her wishes with gladness of heart. The merry marriage-bells rang out joyously

in the May breeze, and Mary Lee stepped from her childhood's home, mid smiles and tears, to travel a new pathway. Alas! ere the year had put on its sere and yellow leaf, the angel had seen her laid where the shadows fall evermore.

"Shall I have nought that is fair?" said he,
"Nought but the bearded grain?"

What had the recording angel written of this fair flower?

Then in the opening year we looked upon a mother watching her fading boy. Anxious and sorrowful, day by day, she observed each gradation of decay, dreading the change that must come; but her poor heart was overcharged. Already diseased, the deep hourly anxiety was too much; she fell by the side of her Edwin, sleeping the long, last sleep. Other hands waited on her boy, closed those bright glistening eyes, folded the death-bands round the marble brow, and crossed the thin hands on the quiet breast.

What did the record say?

Once more we saw the widowed mother of a sailor son sitting by her small fire in the dim twilight. Her purse was too empty to light her lamp early, so she sat pondering upon the joys and sorrows of the departed year. The grave had closed over the manly form that was wont to support and cheer her, and her roving son was unconscious that he was written fatherless, for he was wandering in far distant lands—a prodigal among strangers.

Ere the year died out, she was in a new home, raised over her head by the hands and purse of her sailor boy, restored to her by her heavenly Father, in answer to her many prayers, a new man in Christ Jesus; so to her the New Year, commencing in clouds, ended in sunshine.

What had the angel seen and written within the clasped book with his golden pen?

Many other homes we might enter together, where clouds and sunshine have blended since last New Year's morning; but busy mothers cannot read long papers.

Let us remember that all our life-work of this New Year will be written by the recording angel, to be read when "the books are opened." The most casual remark lives for ever in its effects. There is not a word which has not a mortal history, and hence it is that every "idle word" assumes a character so important that an inquest will be held on it in the general judgment. Mothers and children are hastening there. Life's journey will be ended with many before this New Year grows old. Bear in mind that—

"Day and night the angel bright
Walks close behind with shining feet;"

and that the record written in the book with golden clasps will be read in the light of eternity.

How delightful the thought, that the angels in bliss
Daily bend their bright wings to a world such as this;
And leave the sweet songs of the mansions above,
To breathe on our bosoms some message of love.

They come! on the wings of the morning they come,
Impatient to lead some poor wanderer home;
Some pilgrims to cheer, or direction afford,
Or lay them to sleep on the arms of their Lord.

And when all the storms of life's ocean are past,
And the anchor within the bright haven is cast,
They delight to attend the redeemed on their way
To the regions of bliss, in eternity's day.

How swift on their message of mercy they fly,
To bear the bright spirit away to the sky,
Where, basking for ever in sunshine above,
They join in the chorus of Christ's dying love.

THE MATERNAL MEETING.

DYING HOURS.

We often read to you of early training—of its vast importance for time and eternity—but suppose a mother never to train her child to habits of usefulness, industry, obedience, and the duties due

from him to his parents and to God, in what would she be better than the mere animals who graze on the pasture? They love their young, they will provide as well as they can for them, and they will defend them even to the peril of their own lives. And what do careless, unthinking mothers do more than the beasts of the field, if they do not inform their children's minds, and tell them of their never-dying souls, and of that account they must render at the bar of God

There is one view of the subject which seems very important we should remember: *instinct* alone will never teach you to train your child for Heaven—*instinct* teaches you to *love* your child—*instinct* teaches you to *feed* your child—*instinct* teaches you to *defend* your child. But all this the brutes of the creation have in common with ourselves; and here we can tell the reason, here we can solve the problem, why so many mothers send forth their children into the world as the bird pushes its nestling from its green home, and the wild beasts of the field their young. Many a youth knows no more of his own heart, or of his duty to God and man, than the wild ass's colt. Now, what is there wanting, think you, in mothers who thus act, to enable them to perform their duty as God in His word requires? There is wanting that *moral principle* which alone distinguishes us from the mothers of the brute creation around us. We must possess this moral principle before we can perform our duty to our children, and look forward to meeting them at the bar of God without dismay. Without this, we shall never seek God for ourselves, nor resolve to put forth our energy to train our children.

We are quite sure that many children will blame their unfaithful parents at the last dread day, for neglecting them in their early days. But we have often heard mothers blamed, even here; and even sometimes where we had reason to hope the parents knew something of the fear of God. We will give you an instance. An only son, of respectable but misjudging parents, was sent to school, after a few years of home training, where he gave early intimation of the truth of Solomon's remark, that "The rod and reproof give wisdom, but a child left to himself bringeth his

mother to shame." Reports of his improper conduct reached the ears and pierced the hearts of his fond parents, and called forth repeated expostulation. But they had neglected him too long, and now he would heed none of their counsels. One day the parents wrote a letter to him, in the bitterness of their grief. They told him of their anxiety—their sleepless nights—their tears and prayers on his behalf; they warned him of his danger—they implored him to listen to the counsels of an affectionate father, a kind but heart-broken mother. The son read the letter soberly—sat for a moment as if in deep thought—the muscles of his face betraying the workings of a troubled conscience. Suddenly springing upon his feet, with a look of ineffable contempt he dashed the letter into the fire, exclaiming, "There, now let the old man and woman warn, write letters, pray and whine. It is of no use. A good whipping well laid on, ten years ago, would have done more to save me." Some few years after, this same only son was seen on a public road, reeling with intoxication, and pouring forth a torrent of profane and obscene language—a reckless, wicked young man, walking in the broad road ending in destruction. Here we see a false tenderness leading to indulgence—indulgence fostering the corruptions of the heart—unsubdued passions and unrestrained propensities hurrying him on to ruin. Too late the parents saw their folly, and the son charges his ruin upon their lack of early and proper training, even on earth; what will he do when they meet in judgment?

How often do we try to persuade mothers of the power of prayer! Should there be a mother here this evening who is not a praying mother, allow us to say she has never felt the awful responsibility resting upon her. But it is not too late to commence aright. May our feeble advice have a blessing given with it! A minister was one day speaking to a little girl that he held on his knee, while the young mother was listening. Some time after he received a letter from her, which we will read:—

"My dear Sir,—Do you remember, when you were in our neighbourhood, you once held my little girl on your knee? If you can remember this circumstance, you will perhaps also remember saying to

her that you hoped she would not have a *prayerless mother*! You did not know how deep your words sunk into my heart—how fearfully they sounded;—it was like the sudden plunging of a dagger. *I was that dreadful person! I was a prayerless mother!* Satisfied with the happiness I enjoyed, I forgot the source. I had forgotten *prayer*—forgotten God! You can conceive, then, the startling effect of your words—the host of recollections they awakened—till memory ceases, I shall never forget their force. I thought, must my child have a *prayerless* mother, when for me so many prayers were offered—so many prayers urging their way to Heaven? I thought of the time when a fair, fond being had clasped *my* tiny hands and taught me to pray—to love God; and should my child have no such guide?—should no such prayer ascend for *her*? Oh, it was an awful thought! I saw the image of that sainted mother, who had been the guardian of my childhood, mournfully reproaching me—tears were in her gentle eyes—she seemed to weep for my child and me. I tried to pray; the effort seemed vain—I could only clasp my babe, with unutterable yearnings that it might be better than its mother. There was a fearful and a constant struggle in my breast, *should* I—could I—give up the world? I thought much on the subject of religion, but I could not bring my mind to love God—to desire Jesus above all things. Why? *I did not pray*—that sufficiently accounts for my indecision. At length I was laid on a bed of sickness—I thought it was the bed of death. There God manifested himself as my friend—He promised to take care of my children—I feared not to leave them with Him. A tide of love and peace rushed in upon my heart—my joy has remained—my love to God does not waver, and my children will no more, I trust, have a **PRAYERLESS MOTHER!**”

May all our children feel they have prayers going up to Heaven for them! Our heavenly Father has placed in our hands, as mothers, an influence of conduct, example, and precept, almost *boundless*, over our children—let us be faithful. It is said of a Grecian mother (who was a heathen), that when Alexander the Great was passing in the crowd with his tall helmet and waving plumes, she raised up her son above her head, and said to him,

"Look there! that is Alexander the Great, and you must be another." Let us take our dear children and point them to Jesus, the blessed Redeemer; tell them His history—tell them of His love to little children—tell them of His fervent midnight prayers—of His sufferings for the sinful children of men—of His bright example—and say to them, "There, my children, follow Jesus; love Jesus, and walk in His footprints." And then see to it that they are able to say, "He was my mother's pattern—my mother's God—I had a praying mother."

And then, dear friends, only think how short the time we have to work. Many a mother has been called away from her work since we last met, and our names may stand near the top of Death's register. A more touching sight is not witnessed on earth, we think, than a dying mother commending her precious children to the care of her heavenly Father. We will close with one such scene. The mother of three lovely children was smitten with a languishing and fatal disease—the youngest was a babe only a few months old. Whenever her dear children came near her bed, it was observed that she was commending them to her God—submission to the divine will seemed to gain the ascendancy over the ardour of her earthly affections, so that she peacefully surrendered to Him the objects of her fondest regard. She often repeated, with emphasis—

" 'Tis joy enough, my all in all,
Thus at thy feet to lie;
Thou wilt not let me lower fall,
And none can higher fly."

"It makes but little difference," she said one day, "when or where we leave this little speck called earth, if we are prepared to go. I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day. I contemplate lying down in the grave with composure, and peace, and joy. Just as she was passing down into the dark valley, with all the serenity of one who carried quenchless light within the soul, she laid her cold hand upon her little son, and prayed audibly for his salvation. Thus she fell asleep in Jesus. What

mother here does not say, "Let me die the death of the righteous?"
But never let us forget, if we would die the death, we must live
the life of the righteous.

I heard the voice of prayer—a mother's prayer—
A dying mother, for her only son.

Young was his brow and fair;
Her hand was on his head—
Her words of love were said—

Her work was done.
And there were other voices round her bed,
Sweet bird-like voices—for their mother dear
Asking with mournful tear.

Ah! by whose hand shall these sad tears be dried?
As when some few brief days are fled,
Hers must be pulseless, laid low with the silent dead.

Yes! there was Death's dark valley, drear and cold,
And the hoarse dash of Jordan's swelling wave.

Alone she treads. Is there no earthly hold,
No friend, no helper, no strong arm to save?

Down to the fearful grave,
In the firm courage of a faith serene,
That meek one pressed;

And as she drew the cord
That bound her to her Lord
More closely round her breast,
The white wing of the waiting angel spread
More palpably, and earth's bright things grew pale;
Even fond affection's wail
Seemed like the far-off sigh of Spring's forgotten gale.

And so that mother's prayer,
So often breathed above
In agonizing love,

Rose to high praise of God's paternal care.
On His strong arm her infant charge she laid,

And with a trusting eye
Of martyr constancy,
Confiding in her blest Redeemer's aid,
She taught the much-loved band,
Who round her couch of pain did stand,
How a weak woman's hand,

Wrestling with sorrow and with sin,
Might from the King of Terrors win
The victory.

THE SCHOOL OF INFANCY.—No. III.

GULLINGS FROM JOHN AMOS COMENIUS, WRITTEN IN 1633, IN LATIN.

PARENTS never perform their duty if they merely teach their children to eat, drink, walk, talk, and be adorned with clothing—for these things are merely subservient to the body, which is not the man, but the tabernacle only; the guest—the soul—dwells within, and claims greater care than its outward tenement. Plutarch derided such parents as desire beauty and honours for their children, instead of piety and virtue, saying—"Such persons valued the shoe more than the foot." The first care, therefore, ought to be of the soul, that it may be beautifully adorned; the next care is for the body, that it may be made a fit habitation for the immortal soul. There are two departments of wisdom in which all ought to be instructed;—the one, a clear and true knowledge of God, and of all His wonderful works; the other, prudence to regulate self, and all internal and external actions appertaining to the present and future life. The future life, indeed, *is* life,—from which both death and mortality pass into exile. The purposes, then, for which youth ought to be educated are—faith and piety, uprightness in respect of morals, knowledge of languages and arts. Whosoever has within his house youth exercising themselves in these three departments, possesses a garden in which celestial plantlets are sown, watered, blossom, and flourish—a studio of the Holy Spirit, in which He elaborates and polishes those instruments of glory, so that in them, as lively images of God, the rays of His eternal and infinite power, wisdom and bounty may shine more and more. How blessed are parents in such a paradise!

LINES

Written upon the Death of a Messmate in the "Scout," who was shot in the lungs at Peiho, August, 1860.

"Oh, messmates, raise me gently—my life is going fast;
I know—I feel I'm dying; life's cable's cut at last.
And turn my eyes to homeward, before my long, long rest—
To England—'dear old England!'—the land we love the best."

Thus spoke our messmate George, one of Britain's bravest sons,
Amid the hail of shot and shell, and noise of rearing guns;
He knew that death had call'd him, yet his thoughts did fondly roam
To the land where dwelt the loved ones—in England's happy home.

As a mother would her infant, we so gently raised his head
From off the reeking turf, where lay the dying and the dead.
A smile stole o'er his features, a light gleamed from his eye,
It seemed as if his soul could see his home 'neath England's sky.

"In that new distant land," he said, "on England's sunny shore,
There are three loving children, and a wife whom I adore.
Oh! wife and children—dear ones, for you I'm filled with dread!
Oh! who will soothe your aching hearts when father will be dead?"

"George! God will," said his messmate; "He's keeping watch above:
He'll take in tow your little ones, and guard the wife you love."
"Yes, God has said—" poor George replied, and slowly droop'd his
head!—

A while we raised him gently,—our poor messmate was dead!

Next morn at early dawning we bore him to his grave;
No stone nor mark may tell the spot—he lies beneath the wave.
He sleeps with England's bravest, whom bullet has laid low,
With those who died for England in taking Peiho.

T. & W. W.

THE CANARY.

A good teacher is half the lesson; if he teaches skilfully and kindly, we cannot but learn. God is the Great Teacher; but He employs a variety of under-teachers to instruct us; and amongst these are the little birds. Do you smile at the idea of having little birds for your teachers? But who could teach more pleasantly than they? The little Canary's lesson is—"Be cheerful." Look at her case. She is a foreigner by ancestry, coming from the Canary Isles; and when here amongst us she is but shabbily treated. We deprive her of her liberty; we put her into a cage. Instead of the illimitable air to roam in, she must flutter between narrow bars; instead of the firs and vines, she must wander up and down on two or three dry sticks; instead of brooks of sparkling water, she must bathe in a tin cup; now she is sold for five shillings to a dealer, and now sold for ten shillings to a lady.

She is a slave and a captive,—and yet who that watches her would imagine it? There is no pining, no sulking. Her music is as gay as though she was free in her native vineyards. The least thing—the striking of the clock, the cry of the infant, the mew of the kitten—sets her off. The invalid in his sick chamber says that it revives him to listen to her down in the conservatory; the poor needlewoman, stitching drearily in her garret, says that her Canary is as good as the sunshine to her; the railway policeman, at his signal-station, says that his Canary is all his company—what would he do without those bursts of delicious harmony between the shrieks of the engines and the rush of the trains!

The little Canary, then, is a model of cheerfulness. All of us must have trials, all of us must be more or less in bonds, and bear burdens. Who has everything to his taste? Now, can we imitate the little Canary? Can we beguile our dulness and lighten our bonds as she does? How desirable it is to have a buoyant spirit,—to be able to count up our mercies, and bid murmurings and repinings be gone. There is not a greater earthly happiness to crave for ourselves; it sheds a halo upon everything, it communicates itself to all around. Beg God to bestow it upon you, and guard yourself against all that would sour it, as dairymaids guard their pans of milk against vinegar and thunderstorms.

It is content of heart
Gives Nature power to please;
The mind that feels no smart,
Enlivens all it sees;—

Can make a wintry sky
Seem bright as smiling May,
And evening's closing eye
As glimpse of early day.

A PROSPEROUS YEAR TO YOU.

THE bright and glorious sunbeams were falling between the branches of the high elms and oak trees, forming parallel lines of

light and shade on the greensward and well-trodden road that led by the side of the Squire's preserves, when old Travers the woodman stepped over the stile leading from the field. He had been down to the hollow to cut trees, and was on his way to Oakley Farm to receive fresh orders. As he turned down the lane, he was overtaken by Reuben Smith the blacksmith, going to repair a waggon in the stack-yard.

Travers had for a long time given his heart to God, and as he was animated by a spirit of cheerfulness and love to all, and knowing the value of religion, he was deeply anxious that all should feel as he did.

"A prosperous year to you and your family, neighbour Travers, and many of them," said Smith, at the same time extending his hard brawny hand for a shake from his fellow-labourer. "May you have many friends and little need of them."

"As for that, Reuben," replied Travers, "I thank you heartily for your good wishes; but do you know that to enjoy a prosperous year depends greatly upon our diligence in business, and our service to the Lord. If slothfulness, idleness, inactivity, and drunkenness mark our footsteps, we may be assured that poverty and want will be the masters of our dwellings; and if 'the fear of the Lord,' which 'is the beginning of wisdom,' is a stranger to our families, we must not be surprised if happiness and peace have no resting-place among them. To have a good end, there must be a good beginning; and to experience all that is included in a prosperous year, there must be a seeking of the divine favour, which 'is better than life.' Without this, nothing will be right. Let us, then, this year set our faces like flints against the disturbers of our peace and comfort; and to be able to do this, let us at once yield up our hearts to God, and then command our children after us."

So saying, Travers opened the little wicket-gate at the entrance to the farm-house, and having brushed the mud from his boots with a heath broom, disappeared, whilst Smith made his way across the yard to the work he had there.

Leaving Travers and Reuben Smith to pursue their labours, let

us endeavour to make some practical use of the homely advice of Travers to his friend. It may be that you, like myself, are far advanced in life, and the sprinkling of Time's hoar frost on your head reminds you that you have gone far beyond the meridian of time allotted to man, and that the greatest part of your days have passed into eternity. Let me then ask, are you seeking to be diligent in your avocations, and at the same time is it manifest that you have devoted your heart to God, and that your children are following in your footsteps? There is nothing more beautiful than to see a whole family devoted to religion; to know that there is the lifting up of the morning and evening sacrifice, and to behold its hallowed and sacred influence all around. If you have never experienced this delightful state of things, now is the time for you to begin to seek them, so that, during the New Year, you may be enjoying the fruits of religion.

OLD ANTHONY.

WHY CHILDREN DIE.

THE reason why children die, says "Hall's Journal of Health," is because they are not taken care of. From the day of their birth they are stupified with food, choked with physic, sloshed with water, suffocated in hot rooms, steamed in bed-clothes. So much for in-doors. When permitted to breathe the pure air, once a week in summer, and once or twice during the winter months, only the nose is allowed to peer in daylight. A little later they are sent out with no clothes at all on the parts of the body which most need protection. Bare legs, bare arms, bare neck, girted middles, with an inverted umbrella to collect the air and chill the other parts of the body. A stout, strong man goes out on a cold day with gloves and overcoat, woollen stockings, and thick double-soled boots. The same day, a child of three years, an infant of flesh, and blood, and bone, and tender constitution, goes out with shoes as thin as paper, cotton socks, legs uncovered to the knees, neck bare; an exposure which would disable the nurse, kill the mother outright, and make the father an invalid

fer weeks. And why? To harden them to a mode of dress which they are never expected to practise!

MORE HINTS FROM AN OLD FRIEND.

DEAR MADAM,—Some of my “hints” have already appeared in your MOTHERS’ FRIEND. I now send another on the importance of us mothers getting a deep hold on the affections of our sons from a very early date, as earliest impressions are always the most lasting, and sink deepest into the heart. I have some grown-up sons in Australia, and some engaged in business in England; and in all their wanderings abroad, or perplexities at home, an appeal to their *mother* is always uppermost, and her reasoning has many times guided to a happy issue their undertakings, even with more force than their father’s opinion. A prodigal one on his return to home was once at the house of a mutual friend, seeking a reconciliation; he wished his father sent for, but said, “Do not let me see my mother yet,” and our first interview was indescribable. But God answered many long years of agonising prayer, and before he left home to join his brother in Australia, he became the subject of converting grace, carrying with him the highest principles of action in his adopted land.

Your fellow-worker in the Master’s kingdom on earth,

JULIA.

BEGINNING RIGHTLY.

A LITTLE girl once said, “Oh, mother, how very hard it is to do right! I don’t believe I ever shall be able.” “Have you really tried, my dear?” “Oh, yes, I try every day; when I awake I say to myself, ‘I will be good all the day; I will be gentle and kind; I will obey my parents and teachers; I will not quarrel; I will always tell the truth;’ but, then, mother, I don’t know how it is, I do so often forget. Then, when night comes, I have to say, ‘There, now! What is the use of trying? I have been in a passion; I have been disobedient;’ and once or twice, mother, you know I have said what is not true!”

The dear child seemed very much ashamed while saying this; so her mother looked kindly at her, and only said, "My dear, I do not think you have begun rightly." The little girl looked up wonderingly, and her mother went on:—"The first thing is to have a new heart; have you asked for this?" "No, mother; I am afraid not." "Then, my child, do so at once; good fruit, you know, can only come from a good tree. If your heart is wrong, your conduct will be wrong. You cannot make it right yourself, with all your good resolutions. But ask God, for Christ's sake, to help you; He will give you His Holy Spirit, and you will no more find it impossible to do right." I am glad to say the little girl took her mother's advice. That very day she asked God earnestly to change her heart, and help her to do right. God heard her prayer—as He always will—and she was never heard to say again, "It's no use trying;" for she prayed, she watched, she strove hard against her sins, and was able, by God's grace, to lead the life of a lovely young Christian.

PRAY DO NOT FRIGHTEN CHILDREN.

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

DEAR MADAM,—Much has been said and written against the practice of frightening young children, by repeating to them foolish ghost-tales. This really serious evil is, however, fast dying out, thanks to increased enlightenment and superior training. But many not very young children do still suffer somewhat from superstitious fears; and my object in this letter is to give a word or two of affectionate counsel to mothers and nurses, that little, timid and sensitive children may be spared unnecessary suffering. My own experience in early girlhood helps me to sympathize with what may be called, after all, ridiculous fears. Though certainly ridiculous, and often unfounded, they are a miserable reality and a cause of intense suffering often to children. When about ten years old, I endured positive anguish from a dread of supernatural beings.

It was at a large public school, and I had no one near me to whom I could confide my absurd fears. I have often thought that if a kind, judicious friend had at that time quietly reasoned with me on the folly of such unfounded terror, and positively assured me that ghosts had no existence, I should have been spared a very considerable amount of suffering. Some children cannot be laughed out of their fears, they

must be reasoned with and convinced, or they are not satisfied. The practice of shutting children in a dark room as a punishment, is a most injurious and foolish one, and more than any thing else likely to generate in them those superstitious terrors that are productive of so much suffering, besides being a positive injury often to the nervous system of a delicate child. A little thoughtful observation among mothers and nurses generally, would often be the means of sparing our little ones needless suffering. Pardon me, I trespass too long on the limits of your periodical, and believe me,

Very truly yours,

GRACE.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

WHEN the history of hovels and of murky garrets shall be given in, when the career of the enslaved inebriate shall be told from the first to the lowest degree of his degradation, there will be a memorial made of woman worthy of being read and heard in heaven. From the first moment she gave up her young and hoping heart and all its treasures into the hands of him she loved, in the luckless hour when the charmer—wine—fastened around him all the serpent spells of its sorcery, down through all the crushing of her hopes through years of estrangement and strange insanity—when harsh unkindness bit at her heart-strings with an adder's tooth—thence down through each successive depth of disgrace and misery, until she bent over the drunkard's grave; through all these scenes a halo of divinity has gathered around her, and stirred her to angel deeds of love.

When the maddened victim was cast out, all defiled with his leprous pollution, there was one who could still say to the fallen creature, "Although you are nothing to all the world, you are all the world to me." When that awful insanity of the drunkard set in upon him with all its shapes of torture; while he lay writhing beneath the scorpion stings of the fiery fantasies and furies of *delirium tremens*, there she stood alone, and in lone hours of night to watch his breathings, with her heart braced up with the omnipotence of her love.

The ties which her young heart had thrown around him in his bright days had never given way, but had grown stronger as he

approached the depth of his degradation. And if he sank into that dark hopeless grave, she enwreathed him in her broken heart, and laid it in his coffin; or if some mighty angel's voice or arm brought him up from the grave of drunkenness—the deepest ever dug for man—he came forth, Lazarus-like, bound fast and for ever in the cerements of her deathless affection.

Such is her sceptre, such are the cords which she throws around the wayward and the wandering, and thus leads them back sometimes to virtue and to heaven.

WHAT IS YOUR INFLUENCE?

To the gentle how many will be gentle! To the kind how many will be kind! How many does meekness change to the like temper! Force, it is true, may subdue, but love gains; and recollect that we must love, in order to be loved. There is no greater happiness than that of feeling that we can cheer and soothe, and minister to the happiness of another, especially those of our own family and kindred. Remember, that if we are not doing good in our own sphere, we are doing evil; if we are not acting for God, we must be acting against Him. Will those we love, when we have passed away from them, be the better or the worse for our presence—for our influence? It is a solemn question, a solemn thought, and may well make us careful, but not despairing, remembering the words, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

THUS IS LIFE.

If we die to-day, the sun will shine as brightly, and the birds sing as sweetly to-morrow. Business will not be suspended a moment, and the great mass will not bestow a thought upon our memories. "Is he dead?" will be the solemn inquiry of the few as they pass to their work. But no one will miss us, except our

immediate connexions; and in a short time they will forget us and laugh as merrily as when we sat beside them. Thus shall we all, now active in life, pass away. Our children crowd close behind us, and they will soon be gone. In a few years not a living being can say, "I remember him!" He lived in another age, and did business with those who slumber in the tomb. Thus is life. How rapidly it passes!

OUR DEEPEST AFFLICTIONS OFTTIMES CONTAIN OUR GREATEST BLESSINGS.

As the snow that hides the blossom
In the dark and frozen earth,
Waits but the warm Spring sunshine
To prove to them its worth,
So the griefs that seem to cover
All the joy within the heart,
Melt in blessings 'neath the sunlight
Of God's smile as they depart.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

We can never be really happy unless we are made perfectly holy; we cannot make ourselves holy, but Jesus can and will, if we ask Him.

A QUESTION FOR EVERY ONE.

Shall I be a seraph in heaven, or a poor outcast in perdition? Time with us is on the wing; delays in this matter are dangerous; procrastination is the thief of time. "To-day, after so long a time, therefore, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."

NOTICES OF BOOKS, &c.

The Family Treasury. London: Nelson and Co.

A very excellent number of a charming work.

The Tearless World. Prevailing Prayer. Time's Waymarks. Love. London: Tresidder.

Four very truthful and useful little books.

Baptismal Regeneration. By G. W. MELNE. London: Tresidder.

A little book full of useful truth.

A DEEP SHADOW IN THE PALACE.

"O Death! what art thou? a lawgiver that never altereth;
Fixing the consummating seal whereby the deeds of life become
established.

O Death! what art thou? an husbandman that reapeth always,
Out of season and in season, with the sickle in his hand.

O Death! what art thou? the shadow unto every substance;
In the palace, as in the cottage, haunting day and night.
How full of dread, how full of hope, loometh inevitable death!
Of dread, for all have sinned; of hope, for One hath saved.

The dread is drowned in joy; the hope is filled with immortality.
Peace to thy spirit, loved Prince; go to thy grave unfearing;
The terrors are but shadows now that haunt the vale of death."

SURELY the land mourneth, and the wives and mothers of England weep that a beloved and honoured Prince has fallen; and that death has written our beloved Queen a widow, and her princely children fatherless. A dark deep shadow has fallen on the palace and on England's homes and mothers, who weep to think of the crown of our beloved Queen being replaced by the widow's cap. Oh, how we should like to sit by her side, mingle our tears with hers, and tell her of the comfort which we have felt in similar circumstances of bereavement, if we could, while sitting there, forget her greatness! Alas! for all the love and greatness of earth, if we did not feel sure that—

"—— Hereafter,
All we love shall live again."

One of the best husbands and one of the best princes has fallen beneath the dread Reaper's scythe. As a prince, he demands a nation's gratitude—he has a nation's tears. We regret that going to the press so early in the month prevented us from pouring forth our deep sympathy at the overwhelming sorrow of our beloved Queen last month. We have read that, when speaking of her bereavement, Her Majesty remarked that "many a poor woman has been called to suffer the same sad loss; and not only have many been written widows and their children fatherless, but they have also been deprived of their bread." This is, indeed, true; but we feel the very greatness of our widowed Queen prevents her

from much sympathy and many comforts that we, her subjects, realize at such seasons of affliction.

Of all the thousands of mothers to whom our little magazine is a welcome visitor, there are none, we are quite sure, whose hearts have not been made very sorrowful by the deep anguish our most beloved Queen has been called to bear. To those who know a widow's heart this bereavement speaks in no common way; such only can understand the desolation our beloved and honoured Victoria suffers. Mothers! we call upon you to pray earnestly for her and her fatherless children. The princely head which God, in His behest, has laid in the tomb, is mourned for as a great national loss. Albert was the friend of the people, and England's sons and daughters may well be draped in sable robes while their dearly loved Queen is seen in the melancholy garb of a widow. Alas! how much had our widowed Queen to lose in the now sainted Albert! A tender and wise husband—a helper in the mighty affairs of her mighty kingdom, and such a helper in the training of her children as, perhaps, never dwelt in an earthly palace before. He delighted to superintend the education of his interesting family, evidently anxious that from his household should go forth to the world kings and queens who should rule and reign in the fear of God. We have read of a beautiful but silent teacher placed by him in his royal home. A beautifully-executed statue stands at the top of the Queen's staircase, in the private apartments of the Castle. It represents the boy-king, Edward VI., marking with his sceptre a passage in the Bible which he holds in his left hand, and upon which he intently looks. A closer inspection discovers the following text upon the open page:—"Josiah was eight years old when he began to reign, and he reigned thirty-and-one years in Jerusalem; and he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, and walked in all the ways of David his father, and turned not aside to the right hand or to the left." This statue was executed by the desire of the lamented Prince Albert who doubtless intended it to convey to his son a constant and most significant suggestion of the Divine rule by which the future sovereign of England should fashion his heart and life. How much does this beautifully embodied thought tell us of the heart and desire of the royal

Christian father. You often pray, mothers, for "sons from home." It behoves us all to remember the Prince of Wales—asking that he may be a comfort to the widowed mother, and be prepared to rule (far hence may it be) in the fear of God.

A singular incident is told us of the last sermon the lamented Prince heard at the royal home of Balmoral. The preacher on this occasion discovered, to his discomfort, just as he entered the pulpit, that he had left at home the manuscript of the sermon. It happily occurred to him that he had recently written a sermon from the text, "Prepare to meet thy God," which he had closely committed to memory; he preached it, therefore, with great fluency and power. Her Majesty and the Prince were so much struck with the discourse, that a message was sent expressing the pleasure with which they had listened to it, and requesting a sight of the manuscript, and afterwards desiring it might be printed. Alas! how little did preacher or hearers imagine the appropriateness of the text to the lamented Prince! But he had "fought the good fight," and "kept the faith," and the heavenly crown was just in sight. What consolation there is in the remembrance of the state of mind in which the beloved Prince met the dread reaper Death—repeating, day by day, that beautiful and humble prayer in the measured lines of Toplady:—

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

* * * *

Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling,
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

* * * *

We like to gather up all the thoughts which help us to understand the Christian character of the lamented Prince, and by little things we ascertain character. Another hymn, or German

chorale, of which he was very fond, and which was sung at his funeral, tells us where his thoughts and his heart were tending:—

“ I shall not in the grave remain,
 Since thou death's bonds hast severed ;
 By hope with thee to rise again,
 From fear of death delivered.
 I'll come to thee, where'er thou art,—
 Live with thee, from thee never part ;
 Therefore, to die is rapture.

“ And so to Jesus Christ I'll go,
 My longing arms extending—
 So fall asleep in slumber deep—
 Slumber that knows no ending ;
 Till Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
 Opens the gates of bliss—leads on
 To heaven—to life eternal.”

Let us ask for our beloved Queen that she may be enabled to look away from the melancholy trappings of death and the grave to the spirit-land where Albert sweeps a golden harp and joins in the new song of Moses and the Lamb. We know, indeed, that when all others have forgotten the present anguish of our beloved widowed Queen, to her it will be fresh and deep, as the various circumstances and duties of her life will remind her of the strong arm so lately supporting her to tread its rough pathway. It is our comfort to know that the royal widow, as well as the widowed peasant, has promises of God made **ONLY TO THE WIDOW**,—“Thy Maker is thy husband;” “Leave thy fatherless children with me: I will preserve them;” “Let thy widows trust in me.” There is one most comforting passage to the widow and fatherless, which has soothed many a heart in deep sorrow,—“Ye shall not afflict any widow or fatherless child; if ye afflict them in any-wise, and they cry at all unto me, I **WILL SURELY HEAR THEIR CRY.**”

Our beloved Queen has never been called to weep over the graves of dear children, but she has felt the loss of a loving, tender mother, recently laid in her silent tomb. We have been glad to read of the comfort she has had in the loving Princess Alice. Many of us know the comfort of a daughter's sympathy in sorrow; and we think, from all we read respecting our beloved Queen and her

family, that with them the mighty sovereign of a mighty nation is lost in the *mother*. How touchingly we see this from the very expression of the sweet little delicate Prince Leopold! When told of the death of his father, amid his tears he exclaimed, "Take me to my *mother*—she will bring him back whom you say is gone—take me, oh, take me to my mother; I must go to my mother!"—not to the *Queen*—no, but to my "*mother*." Who has not read with deep interest of the beautifully-delicate tribute of love and regret laid on the coffin of the husband and father by the bereaved mother and her fatherless children? After the funeral, a Queen's messenger brought from Osborne to Windsor three little wreaths and a bouquet—the wreaths were simple chaplets of moss and violets wreathed by the three elder Princesses—the bouquet of violets, with a white camelia in the centre, was sent by the widowed Queen. These delicate memorials of love and fond regret were sorrowfully deposited by kindred hands upon the coffin—mementoes of domestic love, and worth far more than all the heraldry that ever was emblazoned.

We know, in the death of the honoured Prince Albert, our beloved Queen has lost one of the best husbands earth has known, and her beloved children one of the best of fathers; but we trust she will be enabled to say of her heavenly Father, "He has done all things well;" and amidst all the honours as well as cares of an earthly crown, she may be enabled to look forward to the time of her coronation in eternity, when she shall share in the glories of the heavenly kingdom with her departed Albert, of which it shall be said it passeth not away. To the lamented Prince we believe our heavenly Father has given not only rest from the toils and cares of life, but an extended sphere of usefulness and activity, without fatigue of body or weariness of mind—

"Where age hath no power o'er the fadeless frame;
Where the eye is fire, and the heart is flame;
Ear hath not heard, nor eye hath seen,
Its swelling songs or its changeless sheen,
For vests of light, and harps of gold,
And crowns of glory wax not old,
Nor fade in that sinless clime.

ANTHEM BY THE REV. NEWMAN HALL, LL.B.,

Composed in consequence of the lamented death of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, who died December 14th, 1861.

God save our gracious Queen !
Long live our noble Queen !

God save the Queen !
Lord, heal her bleeding heart ;
Assuage its grievous smart ;
Thy heavenly peace impart ;

God save the Queen !
Our royal widow bless !
God guard the fatherless !

God save the Queen !
Shield them with loving care ;
Their mighty grief we share ;
Lord, hear the people's prayer ;
God save the Queen !

O Lord our God, arise !
Bless England's enemies !
On thee we call !

Let sorrow whisper peace ;
Bid wrong and anger cease ;
Let truth and love increase ;
Make evil fall.

In this our nation's need ;
With thee we humbly plead ;
God bless our Queen !

Her life-woe sanctify ;
Her loss untold supply ;
THYSELF be ever nigh,
To save our Queen !

YOUR BABE.—A WORD TO PARENTS.

YOUR new-born babe is a treasure given to you. No words can describe the joy with which you hailed its birth, and your love has been increasing ever since. There is no toil you would not endure for it ; you would peril your life to defend it from injury ; were it suffering, there is nothing you would not do to relieve its pain ; and if it were dying, you would give all you have that it might be spared.

It is of your babe as an earthly treasure I have been speaking. What are your feelings towards your babe as an immortal

being? Its body will die, but its spirit will live for ever, a bright and ransomed spirit in heaven, or—awful alternative—a lost one in hell.

It is by nature prone to sin; it is exposed to strong and varied temptations. Unless Jesus save it, the issue must inevitably be its everlasting ruin. Do you ask, "What shall we do for the child?" I would reply by asking, Do you yourselves believe in the Lord Jesus Christ? You cannot seek your child's salvation aright, unless you yourselves are saved. The first birth in the family of a gentleman whom the writer knew, was a birth of twins. When it was announced to him, the thought rushed upon his mind with overwhelming force—"Here are two precious souls committed to my care, and I am to seek their salvation; but I am altogether unfit for it, for I have not yet myself begun to serve God!" He was thereby led to seek salvation—found it, and then endeavoured to train up his children for heaven. If, then, you are not saved, seek first your own salvation, and remember the words of Jesus, "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."

Pray for your child—that his heart may be opened to receive instruction, and that he may be renewed by the Holy Spirit; and pray for yourselves, that you may have all wisdom and patience for your work. You are sure to fail unless you pray. If you have not already done so, set up family worship: resolve, like good Philip Henry, "Wherever I have a home, God shall have an altar." Thus make your practical avowal, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

Teach your child. Tell him of Jesus—His beautiful life—His love for the little ones—His cross—His salvation—His heaven. Your instructions about these things will be understood sooner than you think, and depend upon it, they will never be entirely forgotten. Bring him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

Accustom your child to obedience. Let him know from the first that your word must be his law. Once allow him to disobey you, and the consequences may be most disastrous, both to yourself and him. When it is said, "Children, obey your parents," it is implied that it is the duty of parents to require obedience. If need be, correct your child. Do not be harsh, and never punish in anger. Let your child see that you love him, and that you

punish him because you love him. "He that spareth his rod hateth his son, but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes."

Set before your child a right example. You may more than undo all your teaching, and all your discipline, by an evil example; you may render both of tenfold worth, by exemplifying your precepts in your life. Say, like David, "I will walk within my house with a perfect heart." Do all this hopefully. God himself has said for your encouragement, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Even whilst yet on earth, you may have the joy of seeing his true conversion, and his genuine Christian excellence; but how unspeakably higher the joy of meeting him in heaven.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER'S ENCOURAGEMENT.

We often urge mothers to send their dear children to the Sabbath school, and we like to bring before them circumstances which may encourage them to do so, as well as to cheer the Sabbath-school teachers in their arduous work; and to show the blessings resulting from the little ones attending these nurseries for the church. A letter which reached us some little time since, from the father of a large family—himself a Sabbath-school boy in early life—again illustrates this interesting truth.

Many years ago, in a densely crowded room, dimly lighted by diamond panes of glass, sat a number of Sabbath-school teachers, about to pay the children for the tickets of the past year. A few books lay on the table; a missionary-box, and money for those who wished to have it. Some took books, and others money; as the children passed on, there came a little boy forward, and taking the amount due to him—one shilling and eightpence—he put it all into the missionary-box, saying—

"What though I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I can give Him all."

Other boys followed John's example, and a noble collection was made for the Society.

Years passed on; the little John grew up; at nineteen he went to London, and at twenty-one he had been married. A father and a widower at twenty-five, John married a very pious, excellent young woman; and one resolve the young pair made was that they would give one penny a week each to God's cause, and if they ever had children they would give the same for them. The children came, said the good man—ten in number, and the pennies came too! In this interesting family *THE MOTHERS' FRIEND* has been taken in from the commencement, and they have been cheered, they say, by its pages.

There is one son in the family, who goes into the great city of London early in the morning to attend his duties, and his good mother is up with him every morning at five o'clock, to read and pray that her precious son may be kept by the mighty hand of her heavenly Father amidst all the dangers and evils which may be about his path. Here is a scene where angels like to linger, and over which they rejoice. The pious father and mother are rejoiced from time to time in seeing their dear children resolving at the foot of the cross to tread in the footsteps of him who was once the little Johnny of the Sabbath school.

EARTH'S TIES LOOSENED.

ONE bright sunny afternoon in June, a tall, attractive-looking girl was wending her way homeward from school to spend her Midsummer vacation. Her mother was anxiously looking for her, for she stood at the door of their neat but pretty home, often shading her eyes with her hands, as she gazed earnestly down the dusty road. "Oh, there she is!" and she went in to tell her husband, and to prepare sundry little things which only a mother's love could suggest. "Well, Minnie, dear, I'm so glad we've got you home once more; the place seems so dull and lonely when you're absent," said the fond mother, as she affectionately kissed her; "but come, child, you are tired after your long walk; I'll get tea, and then you'll be refreshed. Fanny and Lizzie will be so glad you're come, for they have been anxiously expecting you all the morning."

Mrs. S. noticed the pretty pink colour in her cheeks, and the dark lustrous eyes that beamed upon her, and she thought her daughter had grown more beautiful since she saw her at Easter; not that a connoisseur would have called her beautiful, but there was a very happy, bright look about her, and a deep joyous expression in her eyes, that made one feel she looked on the bright side of human life. Other people besides relations were gradually finding out that Minnie was beautiful; and very proud and happy Mrs. S. felt as she gazed upon her, and planned for her a happy future.

Weeks passed on. Mrs. S. watched Minnie with more than a mother's usual care, and she had need; that hollow cough, those bright, glassy eyes, that sweet flush upon those cheeks—what could they mean? Was it that she should lose her child—her much-loved, precious child?—Oh, no! it could not be. “Are you tired, dear?” she asked, as she saw her leaning languidly against the open window. “No, mother; at least, not *very*. I think I caught cold at school, and my side aches so when I cough; but I'll go to Dr. Murray, and he'll cure all that;” and she turned cheerfully, and tripped out into the garden.

“And you don't think you can do her any good, Dr. Murray?” “No; at least not any *permanent* good. Take her away somewhere for change of air, give her plenty of nourishment, and she *may* get over the autumn.” Mrs. S. felt as if her heart would break. Oh! how *could* she lose her child? she who had been her pride, her joy, her all. Who would speak so gently as Minnie to her, when anxieties pressed heavily upon her? Who would hush her husband's hasty words with a gentle, loving look of reproof? “O Lord!” she cried in heartfelt agony, “spare me *this* trial—*anything* but *this*.” But sweetly the answer fell on her wounded heart—“When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee.” And so through long, long days she watched the much-loved form with eager interest. Slowly, but surely, the Reaper was doing his work, and they knew it; both mother and daughter felt that a dark, mysterious stranger was in the house. Silently the children moved about; even little Lizzie hushed her merry prattle, and came up close to Minnie, with the big tears in her large blue eyes, and said, “Is you going to die, Minnie?”

and when she was told "Yes," she would run and cry in one corner of the room, where Minnie stood not near her, and suppress her sobs, though her little heart was nearly breaking. And so the flower faded, day by day; faded as a dream from those eyes which could not let her go without a bitter pang; but *at last she went*, and the mother was left *alone*—Oh! not alone, surely, for her idol being shattered, her soul was leaning trustingly now upon that arm of strength which she had seemed so much to forget.

LENA.

COMING HOME.

Oh! brothers and sisters growing old,
 Do you all remember yet
 That home in the shade of the rustling trees,
 Where once our household met?

Do you know how we used to come from school,
 Through the summer's pleasant heat,
 With the yellow fennel's golden dust
 On our tired little feet?

And how sometimes in an idle mood
 We loitered by the way,
 And stopped in the woods to gather flowers,
 And in the fields to play?

Till warned by the deepening shadows' fall,
 That told of the coming night,
 We climbed to the top of the last long hill,
 And saw our home in sight?

And, brothers and sisters, older now
 Than she whose life is o'er,
 Do you think of the loving mother's face,
 That looked from the open door?

Alas! for the changing things of time,
 That home in the dust is low;
 And that loving smile was hid from us
 In the darkness long ago!

And we have come to life's last hill,
 From which our weary eyes
 Can almost look on that home that shines
 Eternal in the skies.

So, brothers and sisters, as we go,
 Still let us move as one,
 Always together keeping step
 Till the march of life is done.

For that mother who waited for us here,
 Wearing a smile so sweet,
 Now waits on the hills of paradise,
 For her children's coming feet!

THE LOST HALF-SOVEREIGN.

ONE day a man gave his wife a sovereign, one half of it for rent, and the other half for flour. One half-sovereign she put away safely till it should be wanted; but when that time came, she could not remember where it was. This greatly distressed her, and she wandered about, not knowing what to do. At last she thought, "I can take this trouble to Jesus," and she asked the Lord to direct her to the missing half-sovereign. Soon after this she went for something or other to the cupboard, lifted a tea-cup from the shelf, and there, to her joy, she saw the half-sovereign. How deeply did she feel the preciousness of having one to speak to who could thus help and guide her in any difficulty or distress! Oh! that all mothers might know Jesus as their Saviour, and then they would have, through Him, access to God, and be able to pour into His ear—their Father's ear—every anxiety, whether great or small. "Be careful for nothing; but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God."

LITTLE EDDIE.

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

MADAM,—I thought the following account of a dear little boy, who died after two weeks' illness, of scarlet fever, might interest some young mother, as many of your anecdotes have interested me for some years past. Little Eddie had never before had a day's illness; he was the finest of our family, and exceedingly affectionate. The loss of him is indeed great to us, and seems sometimes almost more than we can bear;

but our loss is his gain ; he is only gone awhile before us to his happy, heavenly home. The day before he was taken ill, I was putting his brother to bed ; not being very well, he did not wish to say his prayers as usual ; I said, " Eddie will pray for you, will you not, Eddie ? " He directly left off play, and kneeling by my side, said, " Pray God make dear Alfred well, for Jesus' sake, Amen." A short time after, when I undressed him, before repeating his usual prayer, he repeated the same words. He knew his letters, and could spell a few words. He could repeat, " Happy Land," and many other little hymns, but his favourite was, " I want to be like Jesus."

He would awake in the morning, and repeat that over and over again, asking me if I liked it. If I said, " Eddie, dear, will you come and be washed or dressed ? " his answer was almost sure to be, " Yes, dear, kind mamma, I will." Mothers must learn not to set their affections and thoughts too much on earthly objects, for they are flourishing to-day, and to-morrow are cut down. The cot, the seat is vacant, the house seems desolate, which two weeks ago held as fair a flower as ever bloomed on earth ; even in his little coffin he looked rosy and beautiful. God's ways are not indeed as our ways, although no doubt it is all for the best.—Your interested reader,

J. G.

QUESTIONS FOR A WIFE.

Do you recollect what your feelings were immediately after you had spoken the first unkind word to your husband ? Did you not feel ashamed and grieved, and yet too proud to admit it ? That pride was, is, and ever will be, your evil genius. It is the tempter which labours incessantly to destroy your peace ; which cheats you with an evil delusion that your husband deserved your anger when he really most required your love. It is the cancer which feeds upon those glad and unspeakable emotions you felt on the first pressure of his hand, and will not leave them till their ashes corrode your affections, blight your mortal vision, and blunt your sense of right and wrong. Never forget that yours is a lofty calling. Never forget the manner in which the duties of that calling can alone be properly fulfilled. If your husband is hasty, your example of patience will chide as well as teach him ; your recriminations will drive him from you ; your violence may alienate his heart, and your neglect impel him to desperation. Your soothing will redeem him ; your softness subdue him ; and the good-natured twinkle of those eyes, now filling with priceless

tears, will make him all your own. The following lines give Pope's idea of a good wife :—

“ She who never answers till her husband calls,
Or if she rules him never shows she rules,
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most when she obeys.”

THE SAILOR'S PAGE.

Extract of a Letter from the “ Messmate” of poor George, mentioned last month.

“ * * * * Your letters are always thankfully received, for in the midst of cursing and swearing they remind me of what I hope to enjoy, if spared to come home again. Our services on deck seem but a mockery; I seldom attend, but give the time up to my Bible. How I am entitled to my honours is as follows:—Present at the capture of pirate junks at Chusan; taking of Petang; three engagements from the 1st to 20th of August; storming and capture of Peiho forts on the 21st, when poor George was shot; battle of Jong Chow; taking of Tien Tsin; and in three engagements with rebels. Since we have been at Shanghai, the last turn I thought would be my last; a fellow aimed at me with his revolver, but it missed fire, and he soon fell dead at my feet. Such is the life I am in, but I am sick of seeing my fellow-creatures cut to pieces. But I must say good-bye; we go ashore to-night to protect the English consul. We have but ninety-five out of two hundred and twenty-six who left England with us in September, 1859. Poor fellows! they sleep, some under the wave, many upon the blood-stained banks of Peiho, and some in the quiet cemetery at Shanghai. The lock of H.'s hair has been through battle, disease, and hunger with me, and has shared my billet on the cold snow and ice. Kiss the dear children for me, and write soon.”

Who would not cry mightily unto God to protect the sailors?
Mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, pray long and earnestly!
O pray for the sailors!

THE SCHOOL OF INFANCY.—No. IV.

GULLINGS FROM JOHN AMOS COMENIUS, WRITTEN IN 1633, IN LATIN.

EVERY one knows that whatever disposition the branches of an old tree severally obtain, they must necessarily have been so formed from its first growth, for they cannot be otherwise. The

animal, also, unless it receive in its very first formation the foundation of all its members, no one expects that it will ever receive them ; for who can amend that which was born lame, blind, defective, or deformed ? Children, therefore, in the very first formation of body and soul, should be moulded so as to be such as they ought to be throughout life. Whatever seeds are sown in youth, such fruit will be reaped in old age. The pursuits of youth are the delights of age. On parents, therefore, devolves the instruction of their children, since it is impossible to make the tree straight that has grown crooked, or to produce an orchard from a forest everywhere surrounded with briars and thorns. Parents ought themselves to know the modes of managing their own treasures according to their preciousness ; and, first, children ought to be instructed in true *piety*, for this brings a paradise of divine pleasure, the foundations of which may be so impressed upon a boy within the space of six years, as that he may know—that there is a God everywhere present—He beholds us all—He bestows abundantly food, drink, clothing, and all things upon those who obey Him—that He punishes with death the stubborn and immoral—that He ought to be feared, always to be invoked, and loved as a Father—that all things ought to be done which He commands—that if we are good and righteous, He will take us to heaven. I maintain that an infant may be led on in these exercises until the sixth year of his age.

A MOTHER'S DIFFICULTY.

A MOTHER writes thus :—" I have been long doubtful as to the propriety of insisting on an infant going to bed in the day-time, where positive reluctance on its part is manifested ; but not being satisfied, at present, I continue to put mine to bed for an hour in the forenoon. It was my usual custom to rock her to sleep, and then to lay her down in her crib ; but one day, having rocked her for some time, and finding she was determined not to lie on my knee, I took her up stairs and laid her in the crib awake. She began to cry violently, and no sooner did I turn from the crib than she pulled herself up and stood leaning on the side. Feeling

that I must make her submit to me I whipped her, and at last she sobbed herself off to sleep.

"The next day, thinking as I had begun I had better continue the practice of laying her down awake, I took her up, though feeling if she cried as she did the day before I could not whip her, for my heart had ached over her. She began to cry as soon as she was laid down, and I stood by, asking God to grant her composure and sleep, that I might not, on the one hand, have the painful task of punishing her, nor, on the other, have to yield my authority. With gratitude of heart to the condescending Hearer of prayer I beheld the little eyelids close, and with a few gentle sobs she went to sleep. She has generally since gone to her crib without a murmur. I mention this to encourage mothers to seek God in cases of difficulty, for He who takes notice of the meanest of His creatures is able and willing to help the perplexed and anxious mother in all her times of need.

"J. S."

LITTLE SOWERS.

From the new volume of Missionary Prize Essays, "The Golden Opportunity, and how to Improve it." London: E. Stock, Paternoster-row.

I GAZED upon a busy field,
Where nought as yet of verdure grew;
But sowers hastened up and down
The precious seed to strew:
And in a distant corner there
I saw that children, young and fair,
Were busy sowing too.

They sang and smiled upon their work,
And yet I said, "Why labour now?"
The curse of toil was never sent
To stain so young a brow.
And so I bade them sport and play,
And learn at some far future day
To reap, and sow, and plough.

And in the sunny harvest time
I sought that busy field again;
And saw it rich with bending ears
Of Autumn's golden grain.
But, 'mid the plenty all around,
There was one little patch of ground
That barren did remain.

I wondered wherefore this should be—
It was because I suffered not
The willing hands of little ones
To plant that barren spot;
And other workers took no heed,
Or had no time to strew the seed
Over the children's plot.

The world is all one busy field,
And life the busy time to sow
In human hearts the precious seed,
That, scattered to and fro,
Shall soon put forth its tender leaves,
And to the glorious harvest sheaves
Of life eternal grow.

There is a work for all to do;
The strong may help it if they will;
And for the trembling hand of Age
There is an office still.
Nor only so,—the young are there,
And childhood hath its little share
Of labour to fulfil.

Oh! say not that it is too soon
For those young, happy hearts to sigh
Over the barren heathen wastes,
That all uncultured lie;
Nor send them, with a careless smile,
To play and trifle yet awhile,
And labour by-and-by.

Oh! stay them not, for though the work
Appears too vast for human might;
Yet is it still an easy yoke,
A burden small and light,
For e'en the youngest heart that feels
The gladness bright that Christ reveals
Upon the soul's dark night.

Oh, stay them not! nor check the zeal
Of any in that youthful band,
Who long to spread a Saviour's name
To earth's remotest land:
Lest death should seize that little one,
And snatch him from a work undone
With swift, relentless hand.

WE HAVE GOT A BABY AT OUR HOUSE.

Oh, stay them not! lest far away
 Some poor benighted heathen slave
 Should find, from all life's toil and woe,
 A sad and hopeless grave;
 And souls should perish in despair,
 Whom now the effort and the prayer
 Of little ones might save.

Oh, stay them not! lest in the day
 When angels, in their Master's name,
 Shall come to reap the golden corn,
 The harvest sheaves to claim;
 Some distant corner of the field,
 Untilled, unsown, should only yield
 Tares for the quenchless flame.

Oh, stay them not! but help them on,
 And with a thankful heart rejoice,
 That such a holy, happy work
 Should be their early choice.
 And then, as childhood wears away,
 Teach them to love it more each day;
 And gladly help it while they may,
 Nor heed the scorner's voice.

Brave, earnest ones! God bless them all,
 And make them blessings far and near,
 And speed them in their work of love
 While still they sojourn here;
 And take them, when the work is o'er,
 In heaven, to rest for evermore
 From every toil and tear.

C. S. P.

WE HAVE GOT A BABY AT OUR HOUSE.

A BACHELOR friend was riding a day or two ago when he overtook a little boy and girl, apparently on their way to school. The little girl appeared to be about five or six years of age. Her eyes were lit up with a gleam of intense happiness, and her cheeks glowed with hues of health. Our bachelor looked at her for a moment admiringly; she met his glance, and with an eager voice saluted him with "Have you got a baby?" He was struck aback by the question. "No," he answered. "Well," she replied, drawing her tiny form proudly up, "we have;" and passed on still smiling to tell the joyous news to the next one she might

What a world of happiness to her was concentrated in one idea—the baby! And in her joy she felt as if all must be the same delight as herself; and it was a matter of affection and pride to her that lifted her little heart above the reach of every envy, for in the baby was her world, and what else had she to crave. Such was the reflection of our friend. It does not seem probable that this child was one of those who are told by mother or nurse that the new baby is to usurp all the affections which have been bestowed upon them; if it had been so, she could not have been so proud to tell all she met of the new arrival, nor would she have been likely to have loved it as she loved to do.

The baby is only a very uninteresting little lump of flannel and linen to some people; but to thoughtful mothers a lamp of life in the midst of the household which shall burn for ever—the sun, moon, and stars are quenched, this little immortal will live on as long as eternity. Therefore train it for heaven, mother; begin while it hangs on your bosom.

MOTHERS, PRAY ON.

How much do we so much need the teachings of God's Spirit as mothers? How much wisdom do we need to train up our children aright for this world and for that which is to come, and where shall we obtain it but at the throne of grace? How frequently do our spirits flag, how often we think, after all our exertions, prayers, and tears, our children are worse than others. But let us look up; every faithful believing prayer is treasured up in heaven, washed in the precious blood, and shall eventually be answered. Let us, therefore, teach our children its value: pray with them as well as for them. Should the wise Disposer of all events see fit to lay a mother on a sick bed, let us be submissive to His will. A mother and her little son most dear to her—her first-born—who fell out of a nursery window, and was taken up for dead. This parent felt some time bitter agony lest he should die; she was not obedient to the divine will. At length she thought how wrong it was and she gave him up; however, he recovered. He was then

about six years old—a lovely boy; but, alas! what a sad tale could she now tell. He is twelve years old; how many times has he made her heart ache since then? He has grown up a self-willed, disobedient boy; hating prayer, God's ordinances, and everything that is good. Oh! this should teach mothers to say, "Thy will, not mine, be done."

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

I LOVE JESUS, I DO.

A LITTLE boy sat with his papa during the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. Soon after, his mother was talking to him of heaven, and told him that only those who love Jesus go there. He looked at her very sweetly, and said, "Yes, mamma, I do love Jesus." She said, "Well, dear, I hope you do; and I think Jesus loves you." He fixed his blue eye on his mother, and said, "Ah! then why did they not let me have some bread and wine, because I sure I love Jesus, I do, mamma?"

THE PARTING HOUR.

The hour is coming when that body which is now warm with life shall be cold and motionless with death, but the spirit will live for ever; those trusting in Jesus will be happy for ever; but what an awful alternative to reflect on—the *for ever* of the unbeliever! To which class will you belong at the parting hour?

NOTICES OF BOOKS, &c.

Pardon and Peace. London: Wertheim and Co.

Well-selected texts, in large type, suitable for a sick room.

Questions for Bible Classes. Brighton: Simpson.

Useful questions for children, answered in Scripture language.

The Word of the Spirit. Coggeshall: Coventry.

A nice little book of short anecdotes illustrating Scripture.

Happy Schoolfellows.—Village Children at School.—Village Children at Home.—Poor Betsy Rayner. By Mrs. Sewell. London: Jarrold and Co.

Four charming little books for mothers and children.

Family Treasury. No. 12. London: Nelson and Co.

A periodical full of pleasant, useful, and varied reading.

UNFAITHFUL MOTHERS.

"And I said, 'This is sorrow ; but pity cannot reach it.'

A mother without hope ! where is the balm for her sadness ?

The memory of the past was guilt ; the feeling of the present, remorse.

The worlds of bliss and woe are peopled with immortals.

Behold ! for heaven—or for hell—thou canst not escape from immortality !"

THE chamber of death is a solemn place ; it makes the heart very sad to witness a stranger die—to watch the heaving chest and listen for the last whisper, as the spirit passes through the gate to the dark valley. We feel a shadow over our pathway as we turn to our own earth again, when the death-bands are placed round the quiet, marble brow. But who shall describe the anguish felt by those who stand around a mother's dying bed—a mother dying without any hope in Jesus, passing a disembodied spirit into the presence of a holy God—all her duties left undone, and her time of probation ended ? Come with us to see one such mother die.

"Is there no hope?" asked a mother, as she lay restless, anxious, and wretched on her dying bed. The husband was faithful, and replied, "I fear not, dear ; the doctor says he can do no more." "No more ! no more !" she hastily rejoined ; "then send for my friend Mary."

The gentle, pious Mary Grant soon appeared at the bed-side of her old friend and school-fellow. The mother, grasping her hand in an agony, exclaimed, "Mary, you have often warned me and told me it would one day come to this, but I only laughed and called it amiable cant ! I have lived for *this world only* ; and now, before it leaves me in age and infirmity, I am obliged to leave the world, and have made no preparation for eternity. I am *lost*—*lost* !" The friend, with streaming eyes and a heart lifted up for help, said in a tremulous voice, "Look to Jesus ; oh, ask Him to have mercy." "Too late, Mary—too late : call my children !"

They were in an adjoining room, waiting and weeping ; now they all stand before their dying mother. With a look of intense agony, not to be described, she calls them near. No tears fall

over that face of anguish ; no, they seem dried up at the very fountain. She speaks—" My children, your mother is about to die. I must die ; there is no hope of life, and no hope for me of eternal life ! No, I have lived to the world ; I have trained you only for this life ; I never taught you the way to heaven ; I have never walked in the way myself. I entreat you all, my dear children, take warning by your wretched mother's dying bed ; come not to me where I am going to increase my misery. I am lost ! lost ! " " No, no, mother, " they exclaimed in agony. " Hush, let me speak—the time is short—come not, I say, to me. I am a lost soul ; I cared not for God ; He laughs at my calamity, and mocks at my fear. Come not to me, but seek salvation now—now—for yourselves—now—now. " The voice grew faint—the mother was gone !

Oh, mothers—friends—would you die thus ? would you leave the world without one cheerful gleam of hope ? Then now, in life and health, seek—tread that narrow road leading to glory and immortality. The gate is held open now by the loving hand of Jesus ; but if you refuse to enter *at once*, it may be closed against you for ever ; and as you enter the dread valley, you will not only take a step *in* the dark, but *into* the dark. No kind angel, no kind Saviour will guide your trembling steps ; there will be nothing but a fearful looking for of fiery indignation from the presence of the Lord. Come to the cross *to-day*, and welcome—we cannot tell you anything of to-morrow.

THE MINISTRY OF HOME.

GOD has placed every one of us in a position ; He has ordered and measured the diameter of our circle ; He has given us our sphere ; He has a record of all the opportunities which that sphere affords, and we shall be reckoned with, not concerning matters beyond our sphere, but concerning all matters within our sphere. Let us take, as an illustration, the case of the mother of a family. The cares of a family are numerous and heavy, and there are many instances in which it is impossible for a mother to be engaged in much external ministry for God ; but

if she be willing to serve Him, she need not be disheartened. Is not home a little world in itself, and is not the mother, either for good or evil, the grand influence of home? Would that Christian mothers recognized more the great opportunities and responsibilities of home ministry, that they saw how the very fact of their influence being concentrated gave it force!

The charge of gunpowder, which occupies but a little space, sends the shot to a long distance; what mother can tell how far her concentrated influence will send her children in the career of holiness and usefulness amongst their fellows? There is ministry in a mother's look:—it has re-appeared in after-life amid the gleaming eyes which beamed with unhallowed fires, and succoured the tempted one by the memory of its solemn, soft, and holy gaze. There is ministry in a mother's voice:—it has re-echoed after many years in the chamber of the memory, and warned in deep, mysterious tones, as though it now came from another world, and cheered and soothed with even more than the power it possessed in earlier days, as though it were privileged to speak with the soft melody of heaven. Yes, there is ministry even in a mother's touch; and long after the hand from which it came is cold in the motionless solitude of the tomb, its impress remains in living power. A mysterious hand from the invisible world traced the sentence of Belshazzar's ruin; this hand, mysterious and invisible, also leaves imprinted on the heart words at once of warning and of love.

"When I was a little boy," said a good man, "my mother used to bid me kneel beside her, and place her hand upon my head, while she prayed. Ere I was old enough to know her worth, she died, and I was left too much to my own guidance. Like others, I was inclined to evil passions, but often felt myself checked, and, as it were, drawn back by a soft hand on my head. When a young man, I travelled in foreign lands, and was exposed to many temptations; but when I would have yielded, that same hand was upon my head, and I was saved. I seemed to feel its pressure as in the days of my infancy, and sometimes there came with it a solemn voice, saying, 'Do not this great wickedness, my son, nor sin against God.'"

Yes, Christian mothers, God requires testimony and ministr-

from you in your own circles. If you be limited to them by Him, He will accept your home ministry and will not leave you without your reward. You shall act upon the world from the recesses of your own sanctified home; the ministry which you carried on for God upon the child at your knee shall have a place, not in the annals of the world alone; your sons, perhaps, will be the fathers of God-praising and God-fearing families; they will, perhaps, minister in the public service of the sanctuary. It may be that your daughters, as mothers, will re-produce your influence, the circle widening with every generation; and thus shall you, if you minister in it for Him, throw forth circles, ever widening more and more, so that you, being dead, shall speak, and live, and move in influence long after you have departed in the flesh.

THE LITTLE SUNDAY-SCHOOL GIRL'S DEATH-BED.

JANE P. was early sent to the Sabbath school at North Shields, where, under the influence of God's Holy Spirit, impressions were made upon her mind, of which she gave evidence before her death. She possessed a tender-hearted, loving, and gentle disposition. She had a short but severe illness of three weeks, which she bore with that patient resignation to the will of God which characterizes the last moments of an aged follower of the Lamb. While lying on her death-bed, enduring the most excruciating pain, she would, in the interval of the convulsive fits, repeat and sing portions of the hymns and pieces which she had learnt at the school. When one of the female teachers visited her and asked her if she wished to get better, she replied, "Yes;" but hesitating a short time she answered, "no, I would rather go to heaven and be with Jesus; and I want all of you" (pointing to those who were round her bed) "to go with me."

When the teacher asked her what she had to say to her school-fellows, she replied, "Tell them all to pray and love Jesus, or else they can never get to heaven to me." The last sentence she was heard fully to utter was, "My victory is nearly won." For two or three days she was unable to speak; on the day she died her sufferings were more acute and violent than they had previously

been, but when unable to utter a word she waved her little hand as a token of triumph over the last enemy, and then sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, leaving a bright testimony behind that she has gone to enjoy the happiness and felicity of yon bright and glorious world above.

Dear young friend, have you, like this dear child, a glorious hope of immortality beyond the grave? if so, happy art thou. Here is encouragement for the Sabbath-school teacher; although you may not see much success attending your labours, trust in the Lord, for by His blessing on the seed you are sowing it shall spring up in after-life and bring forth fruit.

A SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHER.

THE LOVE OF THE MOTHER-BIRD.

Love is stronger than death. A mother welcomes sacrifice, and glories in tribulation. Duty has no burden too heavy, nor any terrors too great for her. Look at that bird, which, with wings outstretched, sits dead on the scorched and blackened tree. She might have flown away in safety. The smoke below alarmed her; dashing through and through it on frightened wing she screamed as, climbing from branch to branch, the fire rose to her nest and unfeathered brood. She plunges right into the danger, and, perched on the brim of the nest—a tender mother—with her wings she fans her young as they gape and gasp for breath. At length the flames lick it with their fiery tongues—and now she leaves her perch. False to her offspring? No! a true mother, she has abandoned it, not to soar away to heaven, but, as in dewy nights and happier days, to seat herself above her poor nestlings, and, with wings expanded, protecting them to the last, to be found dead with a dead brood beneath her. I urge you to cultivate the love of Jesus, and pass on in its divine strength to the field of duty and the altar of sacrifice. DR. GUTHRIE.

LITTLE CHILDREN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT PRAYER.

One morning little Willie and Georgie, two little boys of pious parents, were seated at breakfast between their father and mother, when all at once Georgie, the youngest, a child of fi

years, reached his head forward, and in a half whisper said to his brother, "Willie, Willie, if you were going a journey, which would you give up, your breakfast or your prayers?" Willie replied, "I should want both." "But," said the little fellow, still more earnestly, "what if you could not have both; then, which would you give up?" "I would give up my breakfast," said Willie. The little urchin then said, in an undertone, "I think mother would take something along in her bag." Here was a good look-out for both worlds!

A mother, who has a large family of little children, mentioned the following circumstance of her eldest boy, when quite young. From the time her children began to talk, she accustomed them, each in their turn, to kneel by her side on rising and retiring each morning and evening for prayer. One day, when her eldest boy as she thought was old enough to comprehend her, she said to him rather seriously, "My son, there is one kind of prayer to God to which I have not directed your attention; it is called 'secret prayer.' The direction and encouragement for this kind of prayer is found in the passage, 'Enter into thy closet, and shut to thy door, and pray to thy Father which is in heaven, and thy Father who seeth in secret shall reward thee openly;' now do you not desire to obtain this open reward? If you would like a closet of your own, there is a little retired place near my bedroom; you can go there each day by yourself, and shut your door as directed."

One day, not long after, the child was gone some time. His mother did not like to accuse him of having trifled on so serious an occasion, for he was a remarkably conscientious and honest boy, and she said to him, "Frank, you have been gone so long, I fear you may have been using vain repetitions." The colour mantled at once in the little fellow's cheeks, and, almost ready to cry, he said, "Mother, when Aunt Mary left us yesterday, she said that she and the children would be exposed to many dangers during the voyage, and she asked me to pray for them, and it took me a good while." Mother! did you ever pray for your friends individually, and by name? It is a good plan, and worth trying.

Let us peep into another home, and look at some of these dear

es. A group of little boys were all seated on the floor
 ch other, looking at some pictures. They came to one
 ating Daniel in the den of lions. It was noticed that the
 re not chained, and yet they were in a reposing posture.
 seemed to understand how this was. One little boy said
 er, "Ah, wouldn't you be afraid to be put into a den of

"Oh, yes." And so the question went round; all said
 ne. At last, the youngest of the party reached himself
 and pulled his brother by the sleeve, saying, "Johnny,
 if lions are afraid of praying people, they'd be afraid of
 , wouldn't they? And she wouldn't be afraid of them,
 says we needn't fear any thing but sin." Here was tes-
 to a mother's character! Mother, do you ever teach the
 ildren by scriptural pictures? Try the plan; they will be
 d—aye, and remember the lessons, too.

ther's two little sons were often trusted to take a walk
 four miles, to see an aunt and cousins. One day they
 make the request to go, but not having been very good,
 re told not to take so long a walk; however, they took
 and ran on without thinking, till they came to their
 very heated and looking unhappy, refusing all the good
 ffered to them. They ran back again quickly; on enter-
 house, they confessed to their mother where they had
 d asked her forgiveness. This was granted; but one of
 fellows could not feel happy. He went weeping to his
 asking her to go up stairs with him to pray. She did
 a grateful heart. When it came to the youngest to pray,
 no mention of his fault; but his brother, touching him,
 a whisper, "Why don't you repent, Charley? why don't
 nt?" Here was the fruit of good teaching and good

he little hands in prayer—teach the weak knees their kneeling.
 m see thee speaking to thy God, he will not forget it afterwards.
 old and grey will be feelingly remember a mother's tender
 ety;
 ie touching recollection of her prayers shall arrest the strong
 an in his sin."

THE SUFFERING QUEEN AND HER SUBJECTS.

As a mother, our Queen is dear to all the mothers of England. Her well-ordered and affectionate family are an example worthy of the imitation of this great nation. Her loss is our loss—we suffer with her. It is most surprising to see the grief of numbers living at a distance from, and having no connexion with her Majesty. No wonder, then, at those around her being well-nigh overwhelmed with grief at the sight of her anguish, and the loss of one of the best princes that ever lived, in this or any other country. Many, too, grieve because they have lately experienced the same trial. One near me, only a very few weeks since, stood by the open grave of her partner. He was one Tuesday evening engaged with a few friends, enjoying sacred music, of which he was very fond—he went home, complained of cold, fever came on, and the next Tuesday found him a clay-cold corpse, leaving a young widow and two beautiful babes.

Another friend of mine says, “the fountains of her grief are opened up afresh.” Her husband was one of the excellent of the earth, and on a Saturday, though not feeling quite well, he paid all his farm men, spoke to each kindly words and good advice. On Sunday he was obliged to have medical advice. We were sent for. He said, “There are a few things I wish to name, but it is Sunday.” At twelve o’clock that same night he called on those around him to unite in the praises of God, and sang loudly. At four in the morning, he peacefully breathed his last. Many, many others are within my recollection; it was a general remark last year, wherever you went, never were known so many sudden deaths.

A remarkable case occurred in our town a few weeks since. A young person, the daughter of respectable parents, was in delicate health, and went into Lancashire in June last for change of air; while there among her friends, a gentleman made her an offer of marriage. Her mother was sent for, and the union approved. The friends desired the wedding might be there, but the mother wished her to be married from home, and of course wanted to make preparations. She came home—an uncle was taken ill; she went to see

him, and in a day or two he died in strong convulsions. It alarmed her very much, and gave a shock to her nervous system; and on the Tuesday she was to have become a bride, she lay clad in her winding-sheet. It was an affecting scene—she was so fair, so young, so beautiful. On the Sunday she went down to tea, and no danger was thought of. Her mother was completing some little arrangements; she said, “O mother, give me my Bible. I may never want what you are doing.” On Monday morning the young man was telegraphed for, as she was worse, but the message did not reach him. He had started early, in good spirits, thinking to be married next morning. He entered the house about ten, and instead of meeting all smiles and welcome, was ushered into the quiet chamber where lay his dear one. She received him peacefully, but gave him no hopes she should be restored. In the next room lay the dress and neat white bonnet and orange blossom. On farther was the beautiful cake, with its snow cover and ornaments; all over the house were the signs of festivity and gladness, but there she lay, and there she died, about eleven that evening, in the arms of her betrothed, surrounded by her devoted mother (her only surviving parent) and a number of weeping friends. Such is life!

In the morning there were many watching for the wedding, and the news of her death fell like a black cloud on all the town. I was talking with her mother lately, and she told me the particulars. The tale may be useful to some, and a warning to all; it is another lesson, among many, that “In the midst of life we are in death.”

A. S. O. N.

HOUSEHOLD SORROW.

A SHADOW broods o'er the household,
A sorrow still and deep;
I feel its presence around my heart
Like a thrill of suffering creep.

It hushes the baby's laughing voice,
Though the child can dream not why;
But the half-smile dies on its rosy lip,
And wonder fills its eye.

A MOTHER REMEMBERED.

I look far out in the sunshine,
 That bathes the earth in light ;
 And the voice of nature murmureth low
 Her manifold delight.

But the shadow, oh! close it falleth,
 Through the dim and dusky air ;
 And we whisper low, and with light foot-fall
 We press the echoing stair.

And yet so soundly she sleeps above,
 In that chamber cold and dim ;
 No noise from this busy world without
 Can reach her world within.

The shadow cast from the old pine-tree
 Flickers upon her face ;
 Mocking the play of the features rare,
 In their pure and chiseled grace.

And the wind stirreth tresses long and brown—
 'Tis but the wind alone ;
 Sad téars are filling our eyes to see
 How still she sleepeth on.

The sorrow that broods o'er the household
 Marks every weary brow ;
 Hers only is quiet and peaceful,
 She heedeth no sorrow now.

She whose warm heart felt ever
 The woes of other hearts ;
 Whose sympathizing eye would draw
 The sting of suffering's darts.

The shadow o'er the household,
 The shadow from Death's pale wing,
 Shall fill our souls with anguish,
 Of a life-long sorrowing.

A MOTHER REMEMBERED.

"I shall fall—I am falling."

A MINISTER stood by the dying bed of one who had all his life put off religion ; he was a large man, massive of feature and muscular of limb. The awful pallor of his face was increased by the

masses of thick black hair that lay in confusion about the pillow, brushed off from the dead whiteness of his forehead. He had been struck down suddenly from full hearty life to the bed of death; he made an agonizing confession, such as too often racks the ear of the listener at unhappy death-beds. "I have nothing to expect, Sir," he said, "but condemnation—nothing to expect but condemnation."

A meek woman sat near the nurse, who was trying quietly to alleviate the suffering the sick man endured. "Oh, don't talk to me of pain, woman," he cried, bitterly; "it is the mind, woman—the mind," and agony overclouded his face. Slowly he continued, "There is a demon whispering in my ear; you knew it at the time, and at every time you knew it." "Knew what?" "Why, that a penalty must follow a broken law. Mark me, I have not opened a Bible for thirty odd years, I have not entered a place of worship for twenty, yet the very recollection that my mother taught me to pray (and she died when I was only six) has passed judgment upon all my sins. I have done wrong, knowing that it was wrong; first with a few qualms, then brushing aside conscience, and at last with the coolness of a fiend. Sir, in one minute of all my life, I have not lived for Heaven—no, not one minute." "Christ died for sinners," said the Christian friend. "O yes, Christ died for sinners; but my intellect is clear, clearer than ever before, I tell you." His voice sharpened, almost whistled, it was so shrill and concentrated. "I can see almost into eternity; I can feel that unless Christ is desired, sought after, longed for—that unless guilt is repented of—His death can do me no good. Do I not repent? I am only savage with myself to think—to think," he lifted up his right hand impressively, "that I have so cursed myself. Is that repentance? Do not try to console me—save your sympathy for those who will bear it—I cannot. Thank you, nurse," said he, as she wiped his brow and moistened his parched lips, "I am not dead to kindness, if I am to hope. I thank you, Sir, for your Christian kindnesses, though they do me no good. If we sow thorns, you know we cannot reap flowers; and corn don't grow from thistle-seed. I have been following up the natural laws, and I see an affinity between them and the great laws of God's moral universe. Heaven was made for the holy; without

are dogs, and whoremongers, and adulterers—there's a distinction—it's all right."

After this till eleven o'clock his mind wandered, then he slept a few minutes; presently, roused by the striking of the clock, he looked around, caught the eye of the nurse, then of the Christian friend who watched, and whispered, "It's awfully dark here! my feet stand on the slippery edge of a great gulf—O, for some foundation!" He stretched his hand out as if feeling for a way. "Christ is the only help—I am the way, the truth, and the life," whispered the man of God. "NOT FOR ME,"—and pen cannot describe the immeasurable woe in that answer. "I shall fall—I shall fall—I am falling," he half shrieked—an instant after he shuddered, and all was over. The wilfully blind, deaf, and maimed had gone before his Judge; the departing soul had taken that last plunge into eternity. "I am falling!" it seems as if the very chamber where he died has kept the echo of that terrible cry. Father, mother, brother, would you like your death-bed to be thus without hope, "falling" where there is neither a bottom nor a shore? Go to the great Saviour, NOW—AT ONCE—NOW.

A PRAYING MOTHER'S MONUMENT; OR, THOUGH DEAD SHE YET SPEAKETH.

WILLIAM GRAHAM was the son of respectable and pious parents, whose earnest desire was to bring up their children in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord," and by their example as well as precept to set before them the "beauty of holiness;" but to their great grief, all their lessons appeared to be lost on their youngest son William. When old enough, he was sent to the Sabbath school, where he was faithfully taught the way of salvation; but the instruction thus given seemed as "water spilt upon the ground, which could not be gathered up again." As he advanced in years, he was apprenticed; but getting acquainted with bad companions, he ran riot with them in sin, and in two months fell into disgrace, and lost his place. His poor mother wept and prayed over him, and tried in every possible way to change the course he seemed bent on pursuing. He promised

amendment, and was a second time apprenticed to a different trade, but falling in with wicked associates he broke all his good resolutions, and in three months was again dismissed.

The distressed parents were now at a loss to know what to do with their prodigal son. The broken-hearted mother took him to her room, entreated and prayed with him, and he again promised reformation. It was then arranged that he should remain at home, and learn his father's business. For a short time his conduct was all that could be desired, and his mother fondly hoped that the change would be permanent. One day his father sent him with a timber waggon to a neighbouring merchant's for some logs of wood. On the way he was met by some of his old companions, who were going to run off to London. They asked him to accompany them; he hesitated, but after a little solicitation, consented. Without further parley, he left the horse and waggon in the merchant's yard, and set off with them. When they arrived in London, they bent their steps to the theatre, got introduced behind the scenes, and became the companions of ballet-dancers, plunging into every vice. Meantime their money got exhausted, and William now began to think of his father's house. He resolved to return, and for that purpose visited an aunt residing in London, and through her kindness was enabled to reach home once more.

As he entered its friendly portal he was met by his mother, who clasped him to her bosom, while the father with folded arms stood by, only remarking, "The prodigal has returned." After being at home a few weeks, he again got restless. His father observing it, said to him, "William, would you like to go to Ireland?" "Yes, father, I would," he replied. Nothing more passed, but in a few days his father told him he had procured a situation for him in Ireland. The necessary preparations were made for his departure, the time of parting came, but he must go to his mother's room; his last moments were to be spent with her, and well he knew how they would be occupied. Ah! who can describe the hallowed beauty of that scene, or intrude a prying eye upon the sacredness of a godly mother's chamber, on an occasion such as this! God alone looks down upon such scenes.

After a somewhat tedious journey, William arrived safely at his destination, and for some time all moved smoothly ; but, alas ! he got again ensnared by wicked companions, rushed headlong with them into sin, and at the expiration of twelve months deserted his situation, unknown to any one. He made his way to a town in the north, where a celebrated foot-regiment was then quartered, and enlisted as a soldier. At this period he became a profane swearer—a habit which till now he had carefully avoided. He also gave up going to a place of worship, a duty he had never dared to omit before—for even in his most reckless moments he felt as if there were a secret power within, compelling him to go, although he knew his companions laughed at him for such weakness ; but all restraint was now gone, and he gave himself up to every indulgence. His night of sin, however, was now far spent, the shadows were beginning to clear away, and the day was about to burst forth in all its splendour, gilded by the beams of the glorious “Sun of Righteousness.”

When tidings of his desertion reached home, great was the consternation and grief of his family. The father went about his work abstracted and sad, and the poor mother went to a recruiting sergeant in the town, to ascertain whether it was possible he could be bought off ; but it was too late, and all her efforts proved unavailing. Having done all a mother's love could do, she committed him in prayer to the hands of her heavenly Father, and strove to rest ; but in the deep anxiety she became prematurely old. Her hair lost its lustre, and a subdued melancholy rested upon her hitherto placid countenance.

About six months after the events now recorded had occurred, William, as he went into the barrack-room one morning, received a letter from home. His mother was very ill, and wished to see him. Conscience-stricken, he ran to head-quarters with the open letter in his hand, and succeeded in obtaining fourteen days' leave of absence ; and that night he set out for home. What feelings of remorse now filled his bosom ; the journey seemed to him an age, he was in such haste to behold once more the face of her who now appeared to him dearer than life itself. It was late at night when he arrived. His mother had asked for him several times, and was just sending his aunt down stairs to ascertain if

he had come, when he entered. As he went upstairs, and into the old familiar room, his heart sank within him to recognize the change. The perfect freshness and order of his mother's room was no longer visible, but everything betokened the chamber of sickness. The shutters were closed, and the curtains drawn; a red fire burned in the grate, and a small kettle of water simmered near it. The little table, upon which his [mother's Bible lay, was drawn to the bedside, and upon it rested various phials of medicine. He approached the bed; she looked at him with all a mother's tenderness, and said, while a tear glistened in her eye, "My dear boy, God bless you for coming; but go and take off those clothes, my dear—I don't like to see you in them." After a brief pause, looking at him she inquired, "Do you like the army, William?" "Yes, mother, I do." "Then I am satisfied, and shall be quite happy now I know you like it;" and from this time she never again mentioned the changing of his dress.

During the fourteen days of William's stay, his mother rapidly improved, and ere he left she was able to sit up in her accustomed arm-chair. The last day of his sojourn at home arrived. He had bid "good-bye" to all but his mother; he still lingered before going to her, feeling almost unequal to the task; nerving himself, however, for the interview, he opened her room-door, and went in. She rose to meet him, and folded him in her arms; placing one hand lovingly on his head, she lifted up her voice in prayer to her Father in heaven on behalf of her son. He had at length actually to tear himself away, but not before he had solemnly promised that if they never met again on earth, he would meet her in heaven.

THE SCHOOL OF INFANCY.—No. V.

CULLINGS FROM JOHN AMOS COMENIUS, WRITTEN IN 1633, IN LATIN.

CHILDREN ought to be instructed in MORALS and VIRTUE, especially in *temperance*, that they may learn to eat and drink according to the wants of nature; not to eat greedily, or cram themselves with food and drink beyond what is sufficient. In *cleanliness* and

decorum, so that as concerns food, dress, and care of the body, they may be accustomed to observe decency. In *respect to inferiors*, whose actions, conversation, and instructions they should learn to revere. In *complaisance*, so that they may be prompt to execute all things immediately at the nod and voice of their superiors. It is especially necessary that they be accustomed to speak the truth, so that all their words may be in accordance with the teaching of Christ, "that which is, is—that which is not, is not." They should on no account be allowed to utter falsehood, or to speak of any thing otherwise than it is, either seriously or in mirth—they must likewise be trained to *justice*, so as not to touch, move stealthily, withdraw, or hide any thing belonging to another; or to wrong another in any respect.

Benignity ought also to be instilled into them, and a love of pleasing others, so that they may be generous, and neither niggardly nor envious. It is especially profitable for them to be so accustomed to labour as to acquire an aversion to indolence. They should be taught not only to speak, but also to be silent when needful—for instance, during prayer, or while others are speaking. They ought to be exercised in *patience*, so that they may not expect that all things should be done at their nod. From their earliest age, they should gradually be taught to restrain their desires. They should serve their elders with civility and readiness—this being an essential ornament of youth, they should be *trained to it* from their infancy.

More yet of the good Bishop's advice.

IN TIME OF WAR.

It was a little tiny thing with blue eyes that looked wonderingly into yours, and its little velvet hands were so demurely clasped, Marian Stanley thought the world had never contained such a wonderful baby before, and almost hourly she thanked God, who had given such a treasure to her keeping. Years fled, and the boy grew, "grew in beauty by his mother's side." His father had been a soldier, and Archie must be one too; and Marian wept bitter tears as she kissed her boy for the last time, and bade him be brave, and fight well for Scotland, and Scotland's Queen; and

then they parted. She watched the white sail of the ship that carried her Archie away, and then returned to her lonely home, which death soon made lonelier still—for Archie's father died, and then Marian watched for her boy with greater anxiety than before.

Letters came, and the mother hoped that her darling, her only one, might be spared. The war was raging fearfully, when tidings came that Archie was killed, and the desolate mother sat by her lonely hearth and sorrowed, as only a mother can, for the son she had lost.

* * * * *

It was the dull grey twilight of a November day—two men were busy digging a grave for a body that lay near, wrapped in a Scotch plaid—that still form and pale face turned upwards was all that remained of Archie Stanley. They laid him down in his narrow home, something fell from inside the plaid—one of the men picked it up, and enclosed in that piece of paper were some crushed and withered blue-bells. Marian had gathered them, and put them into his hand, the day poor Archie sailed, and now a mound in the Crimean burial-ground is all that marks poor Archie's resting-place. His mother still lives, and day by day she sits and wonders will he ever come? She listens vainly for the step *once* so buoyant and light, *now* still for ever. Will the time ever come, when war shall cease, when men shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks—when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more? May God hasten it for the sake of those on whose hearts are written "Benjamin is not"—for those whose name is written "widow," who walk along life's pathway, lone and desolate, yet with an invisible form ever at their side, and an unspoken name ever on their lips.

LETTIE LEE.

THE MOTHER'S PARTING GIFT TO HER SAILOR-BOY.

SOME time ago there was a pious widow on whom, in consequence of the loss of her beloved husband, devolved the sole care of a family of seven daughters and one son. It was her chief anxiety to train up her children in those virtuous and religious

habits which promote the present happiness and the immortal welfare of man. Her efforts were crowned with success, so far as her daughters were concerned; but, alas! her boy proved ungrateful for her care; her only son, her darling, perhaps her idol, became her scourge and her cross. He loved worldly company and worldly pleasure, till, having reduced his circumstances, he determined to go to sea.

When his mother took her leave of him, she gave him a New Testament, inscribed with his name and her own, solemnly and tenderly entreating that he would keep the book and read it for her sake. He was borne far away upon the bosom of the trackless deep, and year after year passed away without any tidings of her boy. She occasionally visited the metropolis and other places far remote from her own residence; and, in whatever company she was cast, she made it a point to inquire for the ship in which her son sailed—if, perhaps, she might hear any tidings of the beloved object who was always uppermost in her thoughts.

On one occasion she accidentally met, in a party in London, a sea-captain, of whom she made her accustomed inquiries. He informed her that he knew the vessel—that she had been wrecked; that he also knew a youth of the name of Charles —, and added, perhaps with too little reserve and caution, “that he was so depraved and profligate a lad, that it were a good thing if he and all like him were at the bottom.” Pierced to her inmost soul, the unhappy mother withdrew from the house as soon as she could sufficiently compose her feelings, resolved in future upon a strict retirement, in which she might at once indulge and hide her hopeless grief. “I shall go down to the grave mourning for my son,” she said. She fixed her residence at one of the seaports on the northern coast.

After the lapse of some years, a half-naked sailor knocked at the door to ask relief. The sight of a sailor was always interesting to her, and never failed to awaken recollections and emotions better imagined than described. She heard his tale; he had seen great perils on the deep; had been several times wrecked, but said he had never been so dreadfully destitute as he was some years ago, when himself and a fine young gentleman were the only individuals of a whole ship's crew that were saved. “We

were cast upon a desert island, where, after seven days and nights, I closed his eyes. Poor fellow ! I shall never forget it ;” and here the tears stole down his weather-beaten cheeks. “ He read, day and night, in a little book which he said his mother gave him, and which was the only thing he saved ; it was his companion every moment. He wept for his sins, he prayed, he kissed the book, he talked of nothing but the book and his mother. At the last he gave it to me, with many thanks for my poor services. ‘ There, Jack,’ said he, ‘ take this book and keep it and read it, and may God bless you—it’s all I’ve got ;’ and then he clasped my hand and died in peace.” “ Is this all true ?” said the trembling and astonished mother. “ Yes, madam, every word of it ;” then drawing from his ragged jacket a little book, much battered and time-worn, he held it up, exclaiming, “ Here’s the very book, too.” She seized the book, saw her own handwriting, and beheld the name of her son, coupled with her own, on the cover. She gazed, she read, she wept, she rejoiced. She seemed to hear a voice which said, “ Behold, thy son liveth.” Amidst her conflicting emotions she was ready to exclaim, “ Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.”

“ Will you part with that book, my honest fellow ?” said the mother, anxious now to possess the precious relic. “ No, madam,” was the answer ; “ not for any money—not for all the world. He gave it to me with his dying hand. I have more than once lost my all since I got it, without losing this treasure, the value of which I hope I have learned for myself, and I will never part with it while the breath is in my body.”

A PITIFUL SIGHT.

LET us retrace our steps along the dusty road from the glen where the little bird sings, or the moor where the lapwing screams out her fears, or the hill where the timid sheep faces the fox to die for her offspring, or the forest dew where the bear with her cubs behind her offers her shaggy bosom to the hunter’s spear. Enter this town. Look at that wretched mother, as we saw her when Sabbath bells rang worshippers to prayer, and God was

calling sinners to a throne of mercy. Her back rests against the church-wall, she has sunk on the cold pavement, her senses are steeped in drink, and on her lap—pitiful sight!—lies an emaciated, half-naked infant, with the chill cold rain soaking its scanty rags and lashing its pallid face. Is this mother God's handiwork? Is this the clay as it came from the potter's hand? Was it in such shape as this, that woman came from her Maker's hand? When Adam awoke was Eve such as this her daughter? If so, better had he never awaked; if so, it were good for him to be alone.

Reason, to say nothing of religion, revolts from the impious thought. It is common enough to call such spectacles as this *brutal*. The language is a libel on creation, blasphemy against the Creator. These scenes are *not* brutal. My very argument lies in this, that the inferior animals never present themselves in such an unnatural and revolting aspect. Under the impulse of instincts necessary to their well-being, for the due balance of the different races, and the general welfare of the world, they may and indeed must prey upon each other. They do destroy each other, but were they ever found committing self-destruction? Read the whole wide field of nature and where will you find anything that corresponds with our scenes of dissipation?—*Selected by C. C.*

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

TIME is a grateful friend; use it well, and it never fails to make a suitable and profitable return.

LEARN to work heartily for God; those who sincerely love Him, will love to labour for Him.

NOTICES OF BOOKS, &c.

The Family Treasury for January. London: Nelson & Co.

A well-conducted, useful, and interesting periodical.

The Parent and the School. By Rev. W. J. UNWIN, M.A. London: Green, Longman and Co.

A nice little practical book on important duties.

The Threepenny Magazine. London: Cardwell.

A new magazine advocating teetotalism and home-happiness.

UNFAITHFUL MOTHERS.—No. II.

"Alone must thou stand, mother! alone at the bar of judgment ;
Alone must thou bear the sentence ; alone must thou answer for thy deeds."

AN aged gentleman was conversing with a young mother on her important duties and responsibilities, when he thus addressed her:—"Marian, hear me! deceive anybody, everybody, be unfaithful to all the world, save and except your CHILDREN. I charge you, deceive not them, be not unfaithful to *them*, for remember the last great day will reveal your folly, and speak to you of your sin in a voice of thunder." Hear the history of an unfaithful mother, given by her son. To this dying woman life had been an awful blank ; she had neither learned how to live, nor how to die ; and thus, alas! her children followed in her foot-prints. Hear the son's testimony on this point:—

"I had never been led to think of life," said the young man, "in any other way than as time given for enjoyment. I had no idea of death, but a notion connected with hat-bands and black gloves. Alas! it was the same with all of us. One day I returned home in more than my usual spirits, for I had been arranging a party of pleasure for my approaching birth-day, and had been choosing my mother some fashionable things to wear on the occasion. On entering the house my tutor met me with a countenance which proclaimed evil tidings. I found, that about two hours after my departure in the morning, my mother had been seized with an alarming illness, and had lost the use of speech ; but her physician thought this in some measure might return. From the deep anxiety of her looks and frequent moanings, they conceived that she was sensible and desirous of seeing me ; this was my first grief, honest, resolute and deep. I was instantly by her side, and I scarcely left it for the three remaining days of her lingering life. She knew me instantly ; general consciousness, and in some degree the power of speech gradually returned, but I could almost say I wish it had not done so ; for her last words and hours never recur to my remembrance without plunging me into the deepest sadness, without awakening resolves I have not strength to keep.

"The dawn of a summer's morning—glorious when beheld in

the open air—is wretched when it peeps into the chamber of death. Beyond the chamber-window life is strong, but within that chamber chilly, yet close. Disordered in its arrangements, within that chamber my mother lay—she was faint, and I opened the window. Roses were trained so close to it, that when the sash was opened, their crimson clusters burst in. This trivial circumstance was observed by my mother, and she motioned me to gather some. I plucked a handful, and laid them on her pillow. My mother looked first at the flowers, and then at me, and her eyes filled with tears. I wiped the tears away, and whispered—what I did not believe—words of hope. She shook her head and solemnly rather murmured than pronounced a reply, but I understood her. ‘They die,’ said she, ‘but they have fulfilled their destiny; I——’ ‘Yes,’ said I, keeping up the sentiment, ‘their life was pleasant, so will yours be yet again.’ She shook her head, and grasping my hand struggled to give emphasis to her words—‘My child,’ said she, ‘my boy, I am dying,—forgive—forgive.’ ‘Beloved mother, it is for me to *bless*, and not to forgive.’ ‘Trifle not, my son; I need forgiveness—I tell you I have lived only for *time*, and I am going into *eternity*—never—never to return; and I have brought *you* up for time—in pleasure—in thoughtlessness. There is another world—I *feel* it—I shall soon *see* it—and you—my boy! my son! my idolized! forgive, I say!’

“When I die myself,” continued the young man, “I may forget the piercing unearthly anguish of the look that accompanied these words. I knelt, I sobbed aloud, for though now my mother was silent, her moans told me how the parting spirit struggled with its own reflections. I felt frantic, but from my previous ignorance I felt confounded, and knew not what to say or do, nor yet whom to call. My tutor could weep, but I felt the case wanted more efficient aid than he could give. Scarcely knowing what I did, I sprang from the room, dashed across the lawn and the adjoining fields to the humble dwelling of a minister whom we had never visited, but whom I had often heard censured and ridiculed for his religion. In language scarcely to be understood, I summoned him to the house of sorrow. What passed in my mother’s room, I know not. I led him to the dying bed, and then sunk down in a fit of insensibility, from which I was not recovered

till all was over—till there was no more need of care or grief for the sufferer—till affection itself was vain."

Mothers! are you training your sons up "in pleasure"—"in thoughtlessness"—"for time" only? Remember there is a dread hour coming, when all your neglected duties will pass in solemn array before you, as they did before this dying mother; and, oh, what must be the suffering to feel the past is all sin, and the future all darkness, and the anticipation of joining the ruined souls of children in an eternity of sorrow! What ye sow that shall ye reap, for God has said it in His Word.

THE DYING SAILOR.

YOUNG man! are you far away from the home of your mother? Do you remember her loving looks, loving touch, and loving words in your boyhood? Has any one ever soothed you in sorrow as she did? Has ever any fingers felt so soft as hers? Do you think sometimes of that feverish bed where you lay between life and death? Have you ever felt so smooth a pillow as the one she pressed so gently to your burning head? Do you remember how she denied herself rest, day after day and night after night, her eyes bright with the feverish longing to give you ease and alleviate your suffering? Did that voice ever sound harsh to you then? And when your head lay on the bosom from which your life had come, and you heard the quick throb of her loving heart, and knew that every one of those precious pulsations beat with love and tenderness and anxiety for you, did not your parched lips murmur "Mother" with a strange wild joy, while the cheek blanched by care was wet with tears? Does your heart, often sorrowful while treading the rough journey of life, sometimes long for a look at that loving mother's face? Aye, we know it does, though you fear it would not be manly to tell this to your companions. Did you neglect that mother in early life? Are you neglecting her *now*? Ah! then, the cry may be heard, by-and-by, perchance as you tread the dark valley—"Oh! if I could only see my mother!"

A sailor, quite youthful, lay in his narrow bed, his eye glazed, his limbs stiffening, his breath failing, constantly crying—"If I

could only see my mother." The vessel rocked, and the waters, chased by a fresh wind, played musically against the sides of the ship. It was not a pleasant place to die in—a shaking, plunging vessel, but he seemed not to mind his bodily discomfort; his eyes looked far away, and ever and anon broke forth that melancholy cry—"Oh! if I could only see my mother." An old sailor sat by with the Bible in his hand, from which he had been reading. He bent above the young man, and asked him why he was so anxious to see the mother he had wilfully left. "Oh! that is the very reason," he cried in anguish. "I nearly broke her heart by wilfully going away, and I can't die in peace. She was a good mother to me. Oh! so good a mother! She bore everything from her wild boy, and once she said—'My son, when you come to die, you will remember all this.' " Again and again was that yearning cry repeated—"If I could only see my mother." He never saw his mother. He died with the sad cry upon his lips, and launched away over the river of death to meet her at the judgment-seat of Christ, perchance to part for ever!

Many a young man has died thus who slighted a loving, pious mother. The waves roll over the young sailor, and his bones are bleaching at the bottom of the sea; but when the graves on land and sea give up their dead we shall know if he has escaped the dread cries of those who despised pious mothers and neglected their soul's salvation.

A PRAYING MOTHER'S MONUMENT; OR, THOUGH DEAD SHE YET SPEAKETH.—No. II.

For some little time after rejoining his regiment, William faithfully kept his promise to his mother, to the no small annoyance of his former associates; but gradually good impressions wore off, and he plunged again into sin. Six months only had elapsed since his visit home when he received a letter from his sister. His mother was dying, and was very anxious to see him. He went immediately to his officer, and obtained seven days' leave of absence. His slumbering conscience again awoke; his broken promise to his mother rose up before him, as if to mock him for its non-fulfilment. All his promised amendments, together with

her tears, entreaties, and prayers, stood arrayed before him to torment him wherever he went. In this state of mind he mounted the coach which would bring him to his father's door, and only at this stage of the journey he began to feel any degree of consciousness. The coachman knew him, and looking at him with an air of seriousness, inquired—"I suppose you have heard the news and are on your way home?" "Yes," he replied.

The man turned and attended to his horses, but there was something in his manner that filled William with alarm. Certainly, he had received the news of his mother's illness, and was on his way home to see her, but the demeanour of the coachman, William thought, implied more. Should he ask him? Yes; he felt he must. Turning to him he asked, with a choking voice and fluttering heart, "Is my mother gone?" "Yes, and our men are just home from burying her." Was it possible he would see his mother no more? Covering his face with his handkerchief he wept, and well he might, for his best earthly relative was gone, his wise counsellor and tried friend.

Hearing the coach stop, his aunt was at the door to receive him. She grasped him firmly by the hand, but neither spoke a word. William passed up into his mother's chamber. The room had assumed its wonted appearance since he last saw it; but oh! how empty, now that the beloved form of her who once occupied it was not there. Flinging himself into her easy chair, and resting his head on his hands, he wept convulsively. His aunt came into the room, and endeavoured to soothe him. "Aunt," he said at length, "did my mother remember or speak of me before she died?" "Yes, my dear, you seemed to be all her concern, occupying her thoughts by day and her dreams by night. I'm sure she sent me down a dozen times to see if you had come; and had you seen her look of disappointment as I shook my head to her anxious inquiry, it would have melted a heart of stone. Shortly before she breathed her last she maintained you had come, for she had seen you, and that you were at the foot of the bed, and Jesus with you; then, as seeing you, she prayed for you and spoke to you in a manner I never heard before. A scene like that I shall never forget; we all felt it to be the gate of heaven. Thus she died, employing her last breath in imploring blessings on the head of her reckless son-

an end truly worthy the life of so devoted a mother. How often I come in and look upon this little chamber since she has gone ; it seems to me a little sanctuary—its walls have been hallowed by so many prayers which have ascended to the throne on high. It was a spot the God of heaven peculiarly loved, and the shekinah of His presence ever abode. Now, William, her prayers for you cannot be lost, and if her death is your life, what a blessing ! Oh ! how loud her song of praise will be among that redeemed host when she is called with them to rejoice over another gem added to the mediatorial crown, and that no other than her wayward boy."

William felt all his aunt said, and resolved afresh to keep the promise made to his mother. Now that he could no longer see her on earth, he determined to meet her in heaven. In this frame of mind he once more quitted his father's roof. Home ! how different its aspect to him now ; its dearest charm had been removed, and left behind, to him at least, but an empty void. When he again rejoined his regiment, his companions let him indulge his melancholy for some time, but gradually they began to gather round him. "He had had time enough to grieve, and they considered he should become a man now." He did give in a little, but conscience would not allow him to do as formerly. Wherever he went his mother's form seemed ever attending him, reminding him of his promise, and rest or peace he could not obtain.

One Sabbath evening, instead of going to public worship, he remained in the barrack-room lounging on a form, when suddenly the promise made to his mother seemed whispered in his ear. He started up, but conscience rose to meet him as an armed man. He paced the room in agony of soul, as the surging waves of memory rushed in upon him with fresh guilt darkening the already blackened waters. In this state of mind he went out into the barrack-square, resolved to pray there, even though he should not be heard by Him whom he had so often slighted. He bent his knee, and there, for the first time in his life, prayed to his mother's God with strong crying and tears. He then returned to his quarters soothed, but far from rest ; darkness veiled his spiritual eye, and as yet he could discern nothing. Thus he retired to bed, but not to sleep. After passing a sleepless night he again repaired to the barrack-square for prayer, and while there in

the act of devotion light broke in upon his darkened soul; the storm was hushed, and within there reigned a great calm, for the command had gone forth from Him who is "mighty to save," "Peace, be still."

So great a change in the inner man could not but make itself manifest in the outer man. His face was now brightened by a cheerful smile, and he was found ever ready to perform acts of kindness to all around him. Some laughed and declared "he had become a saint, but would soon tire of such cant;" others sneered; but as he had been a bold and fearless servant of the devil, so he became as faithful a soldier of the cross. Now was it meat indeed and drink indeed to do the will of his Heavenly Father, and to aid in the advancement of His cause and kingdom on the earth. With what love does that departed mother now look down upon her son, as he testifies to large audiences the blessedness of religion, and with sweet persuasiveness brings before them Jesus, the sinner's friend, in all His saving beauty. Instead of being the associate of the low and vile, he is the intimate and esteemed friend of the good and great; thus proving that "godliness is profitable, both for the life that now is and that which is to come."

Christian mother, pray on, "in due season you shall reap if you faint not." William Graham is but one of hundreds who are living monuments to the power of a mother's prayers, and should you not live to see it here you shall contemplate it from a higher point of sight. Though earth should bear no mark of your resting place, you leave behind engraved upon memory that which the sands of time will never efface, but shall stamp your impress upon generations yet unborn.

A DAUGHTER.

THE SCHOOL OF INFANCY.—No. VI.

CULLINGS FROM JOHN AMOS COMENIUS, WRITTEN IN 1633, IN LATIN.

FROM what has been said courteousness will arise, by which children may learn to show good behaviour to every one—to impart safely—to join hands—to bend the knee—to give thanks for little gifts, &c.—to avoid the appearance of levity or rudeness

Let them at the same time learn gravity of deportment, so as to do all things modestly and gracefully—a child initiated in such virtues will easily, as occurred in the case of Christ, obtain for itself the favour of God and man.

As to sound learning, it admits of a three-fold division—we learn to *know* some things—to *do* some things, and to say *all* things except such as are had. A child in the first six years may begin to know a good deal; first, *natural* things, provided he knows the names of the elements—fire, air, water, and earth, and learns to name rain, snow, ice, lead, iron, and so on; likewise trees, and some of the common plants and flowers; then the difference between animals—birds, cattle, horses; finally, the outward members of the body and their uses. Of *optics*, it will suffice for children to know what is darkness, what is light, and the difference between the common colours, and their names. In *astronomy*, to discern between the sun, moon, and stars. In *geography*, to know if the place where it lives be a village, a town, or a city; what is a field, a mountain, a forest, a meadow, a river. A child's first instruction in *chronology*, will be to know what is an hour, a day, a week, a month, a year; what is spring, summer, winter, and so on. The beginning of *history* will be to be able to remember what was done yesterday; what recently; what two or three years ago; but the remembrance of such things is obscure, and as if through a cloud. *Household affairs*—to distinguish who belongs to the family, and who does not. In *politics*—that there is a state, ruler, ministers, legislators, and occasional assemblies of the nation.

But we must again rest our pen—more for you yet, dear young mother.

THE GRANDFATHER'S PET.

IN 1658, as a good minister was waiting in the hall of a justice of the peace who hated religion and religious people, his little granddaughter, a child about six years of age, entered, and feeling pleased with the venerable appearance of the man of God, whose head was silvered by age, she ran up to his side. Being

fond of children, the minister took her on his knee and caressed her; thus they soon became friends. At length the justice sent his servant to tell the minister and his friends that, as one of the witnesses was unable to attend from illness, they must come again the next day. They accordingly came, and being convicted, the justice ordered their mittimus to be made out to send them to prison.

The minister, expecting to see the little girl again, brought her some sweetmeats. As soon as she saw him she came running to him, and appeared fonder of him than ever. This child being a particular favourite of her grandfather, had got such an ascendancy over him that he could deny her nothing; and she possessed such a violent spirit, that she could bear no contradiction, so that she was indulged in everything she wanted. At one time, when she had been contradicted, she ran a penknife into her arm, to the danger of her life. This bad spirit in the present instance was overruled for good.

While she was sitting on the minister's knee, eating the sweetmeats, she looked earnestly at him and asked, "What are you here for, Sir?" He answered, "I believe your grandfather is going to send me and my friends to gaol." "To gaol!" the child exclaimed, "why, what have you done?" "Why, I only preached about Jesus, and these friends did nothing but listen to me." "But," said the pet, "my grandpapa shan't send you to gaol." "Aye, but, my dear, I believe he is now making out our mittimus to send us all there," replied the good man.

On hearing this, she ran off to the room where her grandfather was, and knocked with her head and heels till she got in, when she exclaimed, "What are you going to do with my good old gentleman in the hall?" "That is nothing to you," said the justice, "get you about your business." "But I won't," replied the saucy maiden, "for he tells me you are going to send him to gaol, and his good friends too; and if you do send them, I'll drown myself in the pond as soon as they are gone—I will, indeed."

When the old justice saw his pet grandchild thus peremptory it shook his resolution, and induced him to abandon his malicious designs. Taking the mittimus in his hand he went down int

the hall, and thus addressed those good men—"I had here made out your mittimus to send you all to gaol as you deserve, but at my grandchild's request I drop the prosecution, and set you all at liberty." They all bowed and thanked his worship, but the good minister going to the child, laid his hand upon her head, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, said, "May the Lord bless you, my dear child! May the blessings of that God whose cause you have pleaded, though as yet you know Him not, be upon you in life, in death, and to all eternity!" He and his friends then went away.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE GRANDFATHER'S PET.

Some years after the affair of the justice and the mittimus, some gentlemen were dining at the house of a Christian lady in London, when one of them related the circumstances as having happened to his father. The lady of the house listened with marked attention, and when he had ended, she asked him, "Are you really that good old minister's son?" He told her he was. "Well," said she, "as long as I have been acquainted with you, I never knew that before; and now I will tell you something which you do not know. *I am that very girl* that your dear father blessed in the manner you have related, and it made an impression on my heart which I could never forget."

The gentlemen asked her to relate something of her history to them, and she most willingly did so. After her grandfather's death she became sole heiress of his estate which was considerable. Being in the bloom of youth, and having none to control her, she ran into all the fashionable follies of the age without restraint; but she confessed that when the pleasurable scenes were over, she found a dissatisfaction both with them and herself that always struck a damp to her heart, which she did not know how to get rid of in any other way than by running the same round over and over again—but all was in vain. Suffering from a slight illness she thought she would go to Bath, hearing that it was a place for pleasure as well as health. She there consulted a medical man who was clever and pious. On his inquiring as to her disease she replied, "Why, doctor, I don't ail much as to my body, but I have an uneasy mind that I cannot get rid of."

"Truly, Miss," said the good doctor, "I was so until I met with a certain book, and that cured me." "Books," said the young lady, "I get all the books I can lay my hands on—all the plays, novels, and romances I hear of—but after I have read them my uneasiness is the same." That may be, Miss," said he, "and I don't wonder at it; but as to this book I speak of, I can say of it what I can say of no other I ever read—that I never tire of reading it, but can begin to read it again as if I had never read it before, and I always see something new in it." "Pray, doctor," said the patient, "what book is that?" "Nay, Miss," he answered, "that is a secret I don't tell every one." "But could I not get a sight of it?" she asked. "Yes," he said, "if you are in earnest I can help you to a sight of it." "Pray, then, get it for me, doctor, and I will give you anything you please." "Well," said the doctor, "if you will promise me one thing I will bring it to you, and that is, that you will read it over carefully, and if you should not see much in it at first, that you will give it a second reading." She promised faithfully that she would.

After coming two or three times without it to raise her curiosity, he at last took it out of his pocket, and gave it to her. This book was the New Testament. When she looked at it she said, with a toss of her head, "Pooh! I could get that at any time." "Why, Miss," said the doctor, "so you might; but, remember, I have your solemn promise that you will read it carefully." "Well," she replied, "though I never read it before, I'll give it a reading." Accordingly, she began to read it, and it soon attracted her attention. She saw something there in which she had a deep concern, but her mind now became ten times more uneasy than ever. Not knowing what to do she soon returned to London, resolved to try again what the diversions there would do to dissipate her gloom, but all was vain.

She lodged at the west end of the town with a female companion. One Saturday evening she dreamed that she was in some place of worship where she heard a sermon, but when she awoke she could remember nothing but the text, and the person of the minister. On the morning of the Sabbath she told her companion that she was resolved to go in quest of the place,

though she should go from one end of London to the other. They accordingly set out, and went into several churches as they passed along, but none of them answered to her description. About one o'clock she found herself in the heart of the City, where they dined, and then set out again on their search. Observing a number of people walking in one direction, she determined to see where they went. She mingled with them until she found herself in a place of worship. As soon as she entered and had looked round, she turned to her companion and said, with some surprise, "This is the very place I saw in my dream."

In a short time the minister entered, and looking at him with still greater surprise she exclaimed, "This is the very man I saw; and if every part of it holds true he will take for his text, 'Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee,' from Ps. cxvi. 7." This very passage the minister took for his text, and God was pleased to make the discourse founded upon it the means of her conversion; and thus she at last found what she had so long sought elsewhere in vain—*rest to her soul*. Now she obtained that blessing which the persecuted minister of Jesus Christ had many years before so earnestly and solemnly implored on her behalf in her grandfather's hall.

WOMAN'S WORK.

Go with me, on a winter's night, into one of the worst quarters of London. Threading streets, that here blaze with the gas and glare of lowest drinking-shops, and now dark and dismal—the walks of prostitutes and the haunts of robbers—we reach a large and dingy building. Ascending by a trap-stair to a spacious loft, we find ourselves in the strangest scene of human woe and wickedness you could look on. It is a Night Refuge for houseless women—for the friendless; those who, thrown out like faded flowers to be trodden on in the streets, had sunk into dark depths of loathsomeness and degradation. The hour is late, and though a few lingered by the stove, the most, glad to stretch their weary limbs, had lain down on the pallets that, spread on the floor, were ranged

along the bare walls. Every head was raised, and all eyes turned on us as we entered. And what looks they had! Here vice stared with her unblushing front. Some had the look of fiends; treachery, brutal cruelty, falsehood, wrongs, and neglect, having turned whatever kindness had once been in the heart into gall and wormwood; and now hatred, both of God and man, shot forth in their scowling looks. Others wore an expression of most touching sadness; one reclined with her back to the naked wall, gasping for breath, and dying of a racking cough; while another sat upright in a corner—a living form of death. The tide of night had floated in this wrack for the sake of a meal, a fire, the humblest of couches, and a roof to cover heads that otherwise had lain on the cold flags, or been pillowed on a door-step.

In the centre of this scene, just risen from her knees, beside a table where the Bible still lay open, from whose pages, accompanied by prayer, she had been reading words of hope and peace to these wretched outcasts, stood a woman—I might say, an angel. Leaving father, mother, brother, sister, pure associations, and a sweet home, to breathe this foul atmosphere, and take those forlorn creatures to her arms, she had become mother, nurse, physician, comforter, saviour, guardian of those from whom all others shrank as the filth and offscourings of the earth. When Carey and his associates contemplated a mission to the heathen, he, on condition that they would raise the means at home, volunteered to go abroad, boldly saying, "If you will hold the rope, I will go down to the pit." Never had we seen this graphic speech so nobly illustrated. I stood rebuked in the presence of this noble woman. Pure, virtuous, and delicate, what a sacrifice had she made for Christ and perishing souls! It was one for angels to sing, and for Christ himself to reward with "Sister of mine, well done." More than any sight I ever saw, it reminded me of Him who left His Father's bosom, and the honour paid by angels, to become the associate and be called the Friend of sinners, to save us by His blood, and teach us by His example how to labour for the world's good; and keep ourselves unspotted from its evil.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

THE BOY WHO KEPT HIS PURPOSE.

"I WOULD not be so mean," said George Ward to a boy who stood by, while he put the sweets he had just bought into his pocket. "You have no right to call me mean," replied Reuben Porter, "because I don't spend my money for sweetmeats." "You never spend it for anything," continued George, tauntingly. It was true, Reuben did not spend his money. Do you suppose it was because he loved it more than other boys do? Reuben turned slowly away, meditating upon what had occurred. "I will not care for what he thinks," he at length said to himself; "I have some money now, and when I have sold my cabbages I shall have more; I shall soon have enough." And his heart beat joyfully, his step recovered its elasticity, and his pace quickened as the pleasant thought removed the sting which the accusation of meanness had inflicted on his sensitive spirit.

"Enough" did not mean the same with Reuben as with grown people. It had a limit. He hastened cheerfully home, or to the place he called home. He had no father or mother there; but in their stead, kind and loving friends. Mr. Porter had died two years before, leaving a wife and four children, without property to sustain them. Reuben was the eldest; and he was old enough to assist in the labours of a farm, and it was thought best that he should leave his mother. Mr. Johnson, a neighbour, took him into his family, where he very soon became a great favourite. There was one thing about the boy, however, that good Mrs. Johnson regarded as a great fault. It was what she called "a spirit of hoarding." She never gave him an orange or an apple, that he did not carry to his room, instead of eating it. Perhaps his sister at home, or dear little brother Benny, could tell what became of them.

Mrs. Johnson often noticed too in his drawer a box which was quite heavy with money. She did not believe he had bought so much as a fish-hook since he had been in their family. If he should go on in this way, he would grow up to be a miser. Mr. Johnson smiled at his wife's earnestness, and remarked that with such an example of generosity as Reuben had constantly before

him, he could not believe the child was in much danger from the fault she feared. "It must be remembered," he said, "that Reuben has his own way to make in life. He must early learn to save, or he will always be poor. There are his mother and sisters, too, who need his aid." We will see what was Reuben's object next month.

MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

OLD Humphrey tells us, that when he is dead and gone, he should wish that others may be able to say of him, that "it was his to express and call forth thoughts, tender and good, and high, and ours to bless him for them." Words of admonition or counsel, after the lips that uttered them are sealed in death, acquire a peculiar sacredness. Great is the influence of the departed. Though dead, they yet speak; and others are stimulated by their example to follow them, as they desired and humbly endeavoured to follow Christ. "There are murmurings in the air," writes a well-known authoress, speaking of one gone before; "there are murmurings in the air, soft as the footsteps of angels; and amidst them all I fancy that I can distinguish her gentle voice, bidding me possess my soul in patience, until the great summons comes that shall unite us again for evermore."

The influence of the dead is solemn and powerful, either for good or evil. Death hallows all the past. How reverently we speak of the departed! How we treasure up and hide away their words in our hearts! And it is well for us, if they serve to make us happier and better, and teach us to live nearer to Christ, and to believe and put our trust in Him as our all-sufficient Saviour. Again, how tenderly we speak of the dead! how lightly we dwell, nay, how lightly we even think upon their errors! How common it is to hear people say of the departed—"Poor man! he meant well; if his principles and his conduct in many things were not always blameless, he hurt no one but himself. God is very merciful!" As if it were possible for any one to live and die to himself! Even now the influence of his death is an evil, and a dangerous one, leading others, in their affection, to take a false view of right and wrong, and to exclaim, "Peace, peace! when

there is no peace." Yes, God is very merciful, but it is through Jesus Christ alone: to all who reject Christ, He is a consuming fire.

We have heard and known of several instances of a pious mother being taken away when her children were very young, while her memory has remained with them, even to old age. The recollection of the words which she spoke, the hymns she taught them, the tales she told, old Bible histories, such as children like to listen to, the books she loved, the song she sang to them, returned at intervals throughout all their lives, to cheer and strengthen, and lead them heavenward. Alas for the parents, the brothers and sisters, the friends, who daily pass from the earth, and leave behind them no such memories; who live and die, and no one is the better for their life or death! "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."—Rev. xiv. 13.

Blessed are they who sing God's praises as they pass through the world; and when they die, like Much-afraid, in the Pilgrim's Progress, "go through the river singing." Hereafter they shall stand upon the sea of glass, having the harps of gold in their hands, and singing the song of Moses and the Lamb, "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints."

DO NOT THREATEN IF YOU DO NOT INTEND TO PERFORM.

I SOMETIMES think how few mothers really know their duties towards the children whom God has given them. I have often been grieved by hearing mothers threaten to punish their children for some trifling fault, when a gentle word would be more calculated to bring out the right feelings of her little one. I have also heard mothers, who would be shocked at the idea of making their children miserable, say, "Mary, if you do not leave off doing such and such a thing, I really will punish you." The little offender will perhaps desist for a few moments, but is soon again doing that which was forbidden; the threat is repeated, but as it is never

acted upon, the child heeds it not. I was told some time since of a little girl who said to her governess, "I think God must be very angry with my mother, for she often says she will punish us but she never does." Mothers, be kind, but be firm; never by any word of yours teach your children to deviate from the truth. Think of the influence a mother possesses; could you bear to be told by your son or daughter, that had you been more firm and watchful over them when they were children, they should have been very different?

Look on the opposite side of the case—picture the mother with her little ones around her, telling them of the meek and lowly Jesus; listen to her mild reproof; observe her firmness with the rebellious one, till the child is at last subdued—hear her word of kindness and encouragement to the timid one; observe how cheerfully they perform their various occupations; see the look of love which rests upon their faces at their mother's commendations. Follow such a family through life, you will see the daughters virtuous; they will become kind and loving wives, and cheerful companions and friends. The young men will be diligent in their undertakings, they will bless the mother for her firmness and winning love. The mother will have inward peace and great joy, she will thank God for enabling her to bring up His gifts in His fear. Mothers! be firm, then.

E. M. G.

THE LITTLE TRUNDLE-BED.

WE have a fond little treasure,
 Joyous and bright as the morn,
 Loved without stint of measure
 Ever since it was born.
 'Tis a dear little girl, and her golden hair
 Falls in ringlets bright o'er a forehead fair.

And close by the side of our bed
 This precious little bundle
 Every night is laid
 Snug in her little "trundle;"
 Smiling so sweet that it sometimes seems
 Good angels must talk to the child in her dreams.

THE LITTLE TRUNDLE-BED.

And every night she comes,
Weary of frolic and play,
Then softly her vesper hums,
And kneels by her bed to pray—
And then, as soon as her prayers are said,
She nestles right down in her trundle-bed.

The clothes are all folded neat,
In winter all snugly tucked in,
The coverlet, blanket, and sheet,
Drawn under the darling's chin ;
Then all you can see is her baby-head,
As she sleeps for the night in her trundle-bed.

And often we come to kneel
Where our little treasure lies,
And prayers such as parents feel
We send up to the skies ;
For we hear of *death*, and we come to dread
The loss of our child from her trundle-bed.

We think—yes, often we think,
And what if the child should die ?
The heart for a moment will sink,
And a tear-drop moisten the eye ;
Fond hearts are now bleeding as others have bled,
While they gaze on a vacant but *dear little bed*.

Affection hath reared her shrine
By the lowliest things of earth,
And the holiest things entwine
Round the spot that gave us birth ;
Thus we love the place where our baby sleeps,
And affection her nightly vigil keeps.

'Tis a plain old-fashioned thing,
That little baby-bed,
Where love doth her offerings bring,
And angels lightly tread ;
Yet a chord may be touched by the merest toy,
That shall deluge the heart with a tide of joy.

We love it—and who shall dare
These holy feelings deride ?
Like that precious "old arm-chair,"
And a thousand things beside.
So, whether our child be living or dead,
A dear little thing is that trundle-bed.

SPEAK FOR JESUS, MOTHERS.

"How many opportunities," was the touching lament of a young person on the point of death, "how many opportunities have I neglected of speaking a word for Christ, and entreating poor sinners to come to the 'Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.' I humbly hope that God will forgive my silence, for His dear Son's sake, and strengthen me to be more earnest and faithful in His cause if spared." We cannot doubt God's forgiveness, asked, as it was, in the name of Jesus Christ, but she had little more opportunity of glorifying her Saviour on earth: we trust she is now glorifying Him in heaven. A few hours after having given utterance to the words above recorded, she fell asleep and so passed away. Oh! let us take heed to exhort one another daily, while it is called to-day, for the night cometh when no man can work. "Do you remember," said a friend, after a separation of many years, "what you once told me about the little star which you saw shining over the sea at Sandrock? I often recall your words when I see the stars, and think of you as the means of leading me to that loved Saviour who is now so precious to my soul; and how earnest is the wish that my influence over others may be for good, and that I may be the happy instrument of leading my friends to my precious Saviour, even as you were the means of leading me. How often I think, we should pray much that the Lord would bless our conversation to others, and to Him be all the glory."

SIMPLICITY OF FAITH.

THE Saviour said that one must become as a little child in order to enter the kingdom of heaven; and when we witness the clear and unwavering faith of childhood, believing God's promises, notwithstanding great difficulties which seem to be in the way of their fulfilment, older persons may receive admonition and instruction from their example. Can anything be more beautiful than the following record of childhood's faith? "What do you do without a mother to tell all your troubles to?" asked a child, who had a mother, of one who had not; her mother was dead.

"Mother told me who to go to before she died," answered the little orphan; "I go to the Lord Jesus; He was mother's friend, and He is mine." "Jesus Christ is up in the sky; He is a good way off, and has a great many things to attend to in heaven. It is not likely he can stop to mind you." "I don't know anything about that," said the orphan; "all I know, *He says He will, and that's enough for me.*"

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

WEEP FOR SIN.

Weep not for fair broad lands lost,
 Weep not for fair hopes crossed,
 Weep not when limbs wax old,
 Weep not when friends grow cold,
 Weep not that death must part
 Thine and the best-loved heart;
 Yet weep—weep all thou can,
 Weep—weep because thou art
 A sin-defiled man.

THE LITTLE BOY AND HIS GUN.

A dear little boy had a gun given him; for some time his mother had tried to dissuade him from using it, when one evening he said to her, "Mamma, I will not use my gun any more, because I don't want to be a cruel soldier and kill anybody; for sometimes they go to battle on a Sunday and break God's holy day, and I love to go to God's house and sing, and I don't want to go to hell, and perhaps I should if I used my gun."

NOTICES OF BOOKS, &c.

Infant School Reader. By Rev. W. J. UNWIN, M.A. London: Longman and Co.

We have not for a long time seen so nice and sensible a book for teaching the little ones.

The Children's Friend. London: Seeley & Co.

A very pretty picture-book magazine.

A Letter to a Parent. Hull: Eden and Co.

A little paper full of important thoughts.

THE LAST NEW YEAR'S DAY.

"GLAD TO DIE."

"MOTHER dear, why are you up so early this New Year's morning? I told the nurse to let you sleep on, that the day might be as short as possible for you." "Why, dear, that would make no difference; the shortness of the day would only make the night longer; for I am not happy to be away from you long." "Ah! but, mother dear, I never liked those New Year's days; for when the same days came round, there was always something to remember that never could be the same again; so the shorter this day is for you, the less you will have to regret that no other New Year's day will be like this. You remember last New Year's day I came home on a visit to you, and it was a sad day to us all; you felt for me, because John had found another to love while I was absent, and had treated me unkindly." "Yes, dear, yes, but why think of this now? He has lost Rose, and is returned to you; why not forget the past?" "Oh no, mother dear, I do not wish to forget; I never shall; that sorrow was the deepest I ever knew. But the teaching of the Sabbath school long ago, and the recollection of your early conversations and Bible readings, when I was a little girl, all came to me and whispered of another and a better world than this, where there shall be none to deceive. I understand the meaning of the words, 'Before I was afflicted I went astray; but now have I kept thy word.' I thought my sorrow and disappointment hard to bear at the time; but now I see all things work together for good; and I shall see more of the truth of this very soon, when I get up where there are no shadows."

"Stop, stop, dear," interrupted the anxious parent, "you will injure yourself talking so much." "No, mother, I think not; I may want to speak when I cannot. I was going to say, I never saw the emptiness of the world till John deceived me, and now poor Rosy is in her early grave, I can forgive her treachery to me, and John's too; and I am going where they neither marry nor are given in marriage, in the better, better land. I shall be glad to go; only for your sake, mother, I feel a little regret."

leaving these mortal shores. Poor John! I pity him; he will always feel there is a dark shadow on his future pathway. Do you not remember, mother, when we were children, how we played together? and on birth-day tea-parties he always took my part, and used to call me his future wife, and I thought him the best and kindest boy in the world." "Well, dear, and is he not kind and loving to you now?" "Yes, oh yes, mother; but all the bright views of earth are gone, and I feel I should be glad to die, only for your tears, my mother. I wish you could say, '*Go, darling.*'" The sick girl fell back on her pillow exhausted.

A few more weeks of languishing, and the lovely Grace Ainsley was panting away her life amidst friends and relatives, all weeping that so fair a flower so soon faded; but feeling sure she was going to a better land, a better home, and a more glorious company. On either side, each holding a hand, stood her father and mother; at the bottom of the bed were the sister and brother, and in the distance, in the shadow of the room, with his face buried in his hands, stood the lover. By the father stood a Christian friend, greatly beloved, who had been the Sabbath-school teacher of the dying girl. Fixing her bright, lustrous eyes on this dear friend, she said, in a faint voice, "O, I am so glad to die, so very glad to die." Taking the outstretched hand in hers, the friend replied, "Has earth been a place of so much sorrow to you, Grace dear, that you are glad to leave it?" "Not exactly that. I have indeed felt earth a very vale of tears, though I have not been many years in it. Yes, yes; I have had sorrow, but not lately—no, not lately—but then, you see, this sorrow has only pushed me nearer; yes, nearer to the heavenly shore. When I think of it, it reminds me of the men turning round the rope on the shore, to bring in my brother's boat nearer. The sweet hymn says:—

'Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me.
Still all my song would be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.'

That is what I mean. 'Tis better to depart and be with Jesus. I am glad to die, to be nearer, nearer." As the whispered words died away, the lover's grief became audible; the sound seemed to arouse her, and call her back to earth—her strength and voice seemed to return, she called him to her side. "John," she said, "this week we should have seen our wedding-day, if death had not come so soon; but you will find some other maiden to love, and I shall be married to a heavenly bridegroom. John, I am glad to die. You will follow this faded body to the tomb; but then, yes, then my spirit will be basking in eternal sunshine, where—

' Not a cloud shall arise
To darken the skies;
Nor hide for one moment
The Lord from mine eyes.'

Farewell, John; meet me in heaven. Farewell, all you dear ones. Thank you for all your teaching—and love. I go to join the——" The voice sank, the last word whispered was lost to mortal ear; the bright eye glazed, the hectic flush faded—one deep, long sigh, and the lovely Grace Ainsley was of the dead.

TEACH YOUR CHILDREN TO LOVE FLOWERS.

WE hail with delight the approach of Spring, when all nature smiles around, and proclaims to us afresh the goodness of our Maker. We see the little flower peep from under the dark ground, and the hedge-rows budding with all their loveliness, whilst they appear to invite our admiration and praise. I was especially reminded of this whilst walking with my two children—one, a boy of six, and the other a little girl, not quite three years of age. The younger paused to look at something in the hedge, which I found on approaching was a tiny flower she was trying to gather with her little fingers, and calling it the "pitty fower;" and so delighted was she, that she would constantly stop to admire it, her brother at the same time gathering more to add to her pleasure.

We love to see children fond of flowers; there is nothing more beautiful in creation than the blossoms that strew our pathway; and mothers will do well to teach their children to love flowers. Many useful lessons may be learnt from this source. Tell them the flower they can hold was made by that God who formed the little hand that grasps it, and that they are sent for our enjoyment; but, although beautiful, they must die. Teach the little one how much better it is than the flower, because the loving God has provided for us, after death, a new life, to bloom afresh beyond the skies; teach it the way to possess that happiness, by leading it in every possible manner to love that Saviour who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." We feel our little ones to be the flowers of our home, the delight of our souls; we refresh ourselves with their smiles, and their enjoyments are ours. O, then, let us seek with earnest watchfulness to cultivate with care the tender plants, taking all heed to uproot the noxious weed, and to sow in its place the good seed of pious instruction, remembering that a blessing is promised to those parents who, by divine help, can "train up a child in the way he should go."

M. L.

MAKE YOUR HOME BEAUTIFUL.

MAKE your home beautiful—bring to it flowers,
 Plant them around you to bud and to bloom,
 Let them give life to your loneliest hours,
 Let them bring life to enliven your gloom.
 Make your own world—one that never has sorrowed—
 Of music, and sunshine, and gold summer air,
 A home-world whose forehead care never has furrowed,
 And whose cheek of bright beauty shall ever be fair.

Make your home beautiful—weave round its portal
 Wreaths of the jessamine, and delicate sprays
 Of red-fruited woodbine, with joy immortal,
 That blesses and brightens wherever it strays.
 Gather the blossoms, too—one little flower,
 Varied verbena, or sweet mignonette,
 Still may bring bloom to your desolate bower,
 Still may be something to love and to pet.

Make your home beautiful—gather the roses
 That hoard up the sunshine with exquisite art;
 Perchance they may pour, as your darkness closes,
 That soft summer sunshine down into your heart!
 If you can do so, O! make it an Eden
 Of beauty and gladness, remember 'tis wise;
 'Twill teach you to long for that home you are needing,
 That heaven of beauty beyond the blue skies.

Make your home beautiful—sure 'tis a duty,
 Call up your little ones, teach them to walk
 Hand in hand with the wandering angel of beauty,
 Encourage their spirits with nature to talk.
 Gather them round you, and let them be learning
 Lessons that drop from the delicate wings
 Of the bird and the butterfly—ever returning
 To Him who has made all these beautiful things.

Make home a hive, where all beautiful feelings
 Cluster like bees, and their honey-dew bring;
 Make it a temple of holy revealings,
 And love its bright angel with "shadowing wing."
 Then shall it be, when afar on life's billow,
 Wherever your tempest-tossed children are flung,
 They will long for the shades of the home-weeping willow,
 And sing the sweet song which their mother had sung.

THE GODLESS FAMILY.

Is it not most lamentable to see immortal beings living without God in the world? It is grievous to see those who are surrounded with all the luxuries and comforts of this life, living only for time, forgetting the everlasting ages of misery or bliss that await them beyond the grave; but for those who have to struggle with poverty, to endure privations, sometimes not knowing how the next day's food for themselves and their little ones is to be procured—for them to be ignorant of the unchanging love and watchful care of a heavenly Father and compassionate Saviour, must be terrible. Many who lead godless lives pride themselves on paying their debts, and, with the Pharisee of old, thank God that they never did anybody any harm.

Poor John Brown and his wife are sad examples of this class

self-deceivers. They have been married three-and-twenty years, they have six children, and are a hard-working couple. John pays his way pretty well, and Sarah keeps the house clean and tidy; but neither of them have the love and fear of God before them—their hearts are far from Him. John, who is now growing an old man, is selfish, conceited, boastful, and ignorant, has a violent temper, drinks too much, and often indulges in language that Christians abhor. Sarah is a vain, trifling, weak-minded woman, sixteen years younger than her husband; she cannot read, and often tells her neighbours—in the presence of her children, too—with a silly smile on her countenance, that she “married John Brown out of spite, because she was disappointed of her young man.” Most of their family, consisting of three sons and three daughters, have occasionally attended the Sabbath school, but the daily example before them at home has made a far stronger and deeper impression on their hearts than the Scripture lessons and faithful warnings which they receive on the Sabbath. The only way, almost, in which Sarah shows her love for her children, is by weakly and foolishly indulging them in every way. One of her maxims is, “Never tell a lie, unless it is to save trouble and mischief.” For instance, when a neighbour told Brown he had better take care of his son Tom, for he was seen last evening in Cave’s orchard stealing apples, and he in a fearful rage swore he would beat Tom to a mummy, Sarah winked at her boy, and said, “Indeed, father, neighbour —— must be mistaken, for I’m sure Tom was at home at that time—were you not?” turning to Tom. “Yes, mother,” answered he, and so the father was deceived; but will not the God of truth punish both mother and child?

Poor Sarah is not seen within the walls of God’s house for months together, although she has now no excuse of very little children to keep her away. If a district visitor remonstrates with her, she sometimes promises to go; but when she does, she can never give any account of what she hears, and during prayer her small, inquisitive eyes are wandering all over the congregation. Can even Sarah Brown believe that this is serving God? Is it surprising that her children deceive her as she teaches them to deceive their father? The eldest daughter, Jane, if she had had a sensible, Christian mother, would have been instructed in

household work at an early age, and as soon as qualified, been sent into respectable service; but Jane always loved idleness better than work, and although she is now two-and-twenty years of age, and has been in many places, she can never keep one long. Even as a young girl, she was so deceitful, so fond of dress, so idle, that no mistress could endure to have her under her roof, and again and again she returned to her mother with a lie on her tongue—she was half-starved, or her mistress was *such* a scold, or her fellow-servants were so jealous of her, that she was *obliged* to give warning. But this could not last—such an unblushing system of falsehood could not prosper.

It was impossible for Jane to get into any respectable service without a character from her last place, and when she became a strong, healthy girl, nineteen years of age, her mother's old and false excuses, that "poor Jane" left her "last place in bad health," or that "her late mistress was gone abroad," did not answer. Jane's character was being stamped more and more deeply in her face and manner; boldness and deceit sat in her eyes, her voice became coarse and loud, her temper peevish and quarrelsome, and she remained at home. When she was out till *very* late in the evening, she told her mother she had been after a place, or gave some other plausible excuse. She never rendered any assistance in domestic duties; her father's or a brother's stockings might require darning, but Jane was occupied making some piece of finery for herself. If she saw her mother at the wash-tub, she was not ashamed to bring her clothes, and ask her mother to wash them for her. "No, Jane, I will not; you must wash them yourself," was generally the reply; but Jane left them there to idle away her time in the street, well knowing that she would find them washed and ironed too.

Jane often heard her father threaten to turn her out of doors, unless she worked hard, and kept his and her brothers' clothes in repair; but her mother would say, "Well, father, you and I were young and silly once; Jane will be wiser some day." Poor self-deceiver! who ever gathered ripe fruit from his vine, unless it had been previously carefully tended and regularly pruned? It was a mercy that Jane's sisters were too young to be so much injured by her bad example as they must have been had they been

older. We cannot say much more of poor Jane. She was seen on Sunday evenings walking in gay attire, with hasty step, through the village; in the mornings she became very slatternly and untidy, and after knocking her mother up once or twice in the night to let her in, she disappeared for several days. When she returned, her account of herself seemed to be believed by her mother, who used to say, "Now, you go away up-stairs, till I pacify father." Jane is not recognised by any of her neighbours, who strictly forbid their children speaking to "wicked Jane Brown." We are forewarned in our Bible, that as we sow, so shall we reap. Alas! what a harvest are these parents reaping in their own family! A harvest of wrath, a whirlwind of destruction.

C. C.

EDDY'S SIN AND EDDY'S SORROW.—No. III.*

FAR, far away lived the people of whom I am writing. Their homes were not close together, as they are in a city, or even in towns or country villages. They stood at wide distances—scattered through the high, thick woods, or over the rolling prairies. Mr. Meader, Eddy's father, supposing there was no great need for him to watch his children close, had left the house for an hour or so, and thus given Master Eddy a chance to begin his pranks. He understood his father's easy nature pretty thoroughly, and knew he had but little restraint to fear from him while his mother was away.

Slowly and sadly along the rough and crooked way a funeral train was winding to the graveyard on the hill. The "city of the dead" was reached, and the still sleeper added to the pale and silent company already there. The clods rattled with a hollow sound upon the coffin, and with almost breaking hearts the mourners turned away. One woe is passed, and lo! another cometh. Passing backward to the small town whence the procession had come, they must ride near the edge of a frightful precipice. As they neared it, the horses of the first carriage took

* We are much obliged to our young friends who have reminded us that we neglected to give this with the other chapters last year.

fright at something, and became instantly unmanageable. Plunging and rearing, they ran backwards to the chasm's brink, and before any of the riders could escape (for it was a close carriage), they were dashed over, and fell upon the ground twenty or thirty feet below.

Horror-stricken at this awful catastrophe, those who had beheld, without power to prevent it, hardly dared to go down to see if any had escaped alive. They did go, however, and found that, although all were somewhat injured and several were lying as if dead, that but one was quite killed. They lifted her to the roadside, and there they laid her for a moment until the others were brought up. Sweet lady! how still and calm she laid upon the grassy bank! Her hair had broken from its confinement, and its rich masses swept back from her brow and streamed over her shoulders and upon the grass. Her face showed no signs of pain. It was pale—deadly pale—that was all. She was calm and pleasant even then to look upon; but alas! for the motherless children—alas! for Eddy and Susy—that pale, sweet lady was their mother, and she was dead—quite dead. No wonder that Eddy could never look back to that day without a shudder, or forgive himself for his naughty conduct, or forget the thoughtless sentence, “No fear of ma’ dying—you can’t scare me so.”

THE SIN THAT KILLED THE BABY.

“I RECENTLY attended the funeral of a child of three or four summers. The minister, during his remarks, dwelt upon the fact that death was the result of sin, which I agreed with; but I thought, while looking upon the lifeless little form, that the sin which killed this little one was the sin against natural as well as spiritual laws. She was clad for the grave in the garments she had worn while living; and the bare neck and arms, exposed while the child was in health to gratify the vanity of the parents, had invited the disease which proved fatal. That was the sin which killed the baby, and which is making fearful work with hundreds of others, whose parents prefer fashion to health, and the exhibition of their children’s beauty to the safety of their

lives." This language is none too strong. It is positively wicked to subject young children to such treatment, which would be fatal to adults of vigorous constitution. In our changeable climate, especially, too great precaution can scarcely be taken to guard the throat and lungs from disease. They need not be kept muffled with warm clothing, but should always have sufficient protection to guard against the sudden changes for which this country is noted. Keep the children's chests and arms covered, if you would have them healthy.

THE BOY WHO KEPT HIS PURPOSE.—No. II.

In various ways Reuben added to his store. When the snow came, he made nice broad paths about the house, which so attracted the notice of a neighbour that she asked if he might be allowed to make paths for her. He rose early, that he might have time for the extra work, and was well paid for his efforts. The box grew heavier from week to week. Reuben had almost enough. One day there was a barrel of flour left at Mrs. Porter's. She thought there must be a mistake about it; but the man said he was directed at the shop to take it to that house. Mrs. Porter went immediately to learn about it; and what was her surprise to find her son had been the purchaser. How could he pay for a whole barrel of flour? "The money," said the merchant, "he brought in a box. It was in small pieces, which took me some time to count; but it was enough." That night, Mr. Johnson remarked to his wife, as they sat together before the cheerful fire, that he had some idea of keeping the little miser and educating him. "A boy who would form such a purpose, and keep it, will in all probability make a useful man."

After years proved the correctness of this conclusion. Reuben is now a man of intelligence and wealth. He is one whom the world delights to honour; but among his pleasantest memories, I doubt not is that of the barrel of flour he bought for his mother. The mother called, with a full heart, at Mrs. Johnson's, and related what had occurred. Reuben wondered why his mother should cry. He thought she would be happy. He was sure he

was. He had been thinking of that barrel of flour, and now he felt more like laughing than crying. Those tears, noble boy, are not tears of sorrow but of joy. You are more than repaid for your self-denial; you have persevered in your determination; you have resisted every temptation to deviate from the course which you marked out as right. You have borne meekly the charge of meanness, so galling to your generous spirit, and now you receive your reward. You are happy, and so is your mother, and so are your kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson.

PAGE FOR THE SAILOR'S MOTHER.

THE SAILOR-LAD AND HIS BIBLE.

SOME time since, a vessel from Stockholm became a total wreck in a tremendous gale. Her condition was such, that no human aid could possibly preserve the crew. In a short time after the vessel struck, she went to pieces. The persons on shore beheld with grief the awful state of those on board, but could render them no aid. They all perished, except one lad, and he was driven by the waves upon a piece of the wreck entwined among the ropes attached to the mast. Half-naked, and half-drowned, he reached the shore. As soon as they rescued him, they saw a small parcel tied firmly round his waist with a handkerchief. Some thought it was his money, others the ship's papers, and others said it was his watch. The handkerchief was unloosened, and to their surprise it was his *Bible*—a Bible given to the lad's father. Upon the blank leaf was a prayer written that the Lord might make the present gift the means of saving his son's soul. Upon the other blank leaf was an account how the Bible came into the father's hands, with expressions of gratitude to the Society from which he had received it. To this was added a request to his son that he would make it the man of his counsel, and that he would not allow him to depart from home, without giving him the best pledge of his love—a Bible, although that gift deprived the other parts of the family. The Bible bore evident marks of having been often read with tears.

THE WONDERS OF PRAYER, AND MOTIVES TO PRAY.

PRAYER, powerful prayer, has bridled and chained the raging passions of men, has routed and destroyed vast armies of proud, daring, and blustering atheists—witness one hundred and eighty-five thousand who died in a single night. Prayer has fetched one man from the bottom of the sea, and carried another in a chariot of fire to heaven. Prayer has shut heaven for three years, and then opened it. Prayer has divided seas, rolled up flowing rivers, made flinty rocks gush into fountains, quenched flames of fire, muzzled lions, disarmed vipers and poisons, marshalled the stars against the wicked, stopped the course of the moon, arrested the sun in its giant race, burst open iron gates, recalled souls from eternity, conquered the strongest devils, and commanded legions of angels down from heaven.

Prayer has a thousand examples of rich success. Abraham's servant prays, and Rebekah appears. Jacob wrestles and prays, and the angel is conquered; and Esau's mind is turned from the revengeful purpose he had harboured for twenty years. Moses cries to God, and the sea is divided; he prays, and Amalek is discomfited. Joshua prays, and Achan is discovered. Hannah prays, and Samuel is born. David prays, and Ahithophel hangs himself. Asa prays, and a victory is gained. Jehoshaphat prays, and God turns away his foes. Daniel prays, and the dream is made known; the lions are tamed, and the seventy weeks are revealed. Ezra prays at Ahara, and God answers. Nehemiah prays, and the King's heart is softened. Elijah prays, and a drought of three years succeeds; he prays again, and rain descends apace. Elisha prays, and Jordan is divided. The church prays, and Peter is delivered by an angel. Paul and Silas pray, and the doors of the prison are opened, and every man's hands are loosed. A prayerless soul is a graceless soul, and a graceless soul is in danger of hell-fire sixty times in every minute. A prayerless soul has no refuge in disgrace, poverty, danger, sickness, pain, or death.

Prayer produces habitual seriousness of spirit, and ability to govern our thoughts and passions ; this ability is true virtue. Prayer is adapted to exercise and improve all the vital graces of the heart, on which the honour of religion and the happiness of the soul depend. Such graces are—love to God, gratitude for all His rich and tender mercies, trust in the providence of God, under all trials, troubles, afflictions, losses, crosses, and changes of the present life, contentment with our lot, hope in the righteousness of Christ, expectation and desire of mercy, heavenly-mindedness, joy in God, and love to His people. Prayer kills covetousness, quenches lust, cures envy, cools malice, disarms revenge, roots up pride, and kills atheism. Prayer will promote and increase godly repentance ; prayer will help to give us more keen and distinct apprehensions of the presence, perfection, and providence of God. Prayer will inspire and increase a constant and lively sense of our dependence on God, and on Christ His Son.

Have you a desire to conquer devils and bad men ? to defeat enemies ? to have a crown of life ? and to be admitted to the company and fellowship of God's kings and priests, gathered out of all nations ? If so, pray ! Such, then, being the potency of prayer, we would say to every soul, pray, pray ! *without ceasing* pray ! Pray down the warming beams of the Sun of Righteousness—the refreshing showers of the Spirit of grace, beneath whose genial influence all the spiritual graces which God's own hand has planted, expand in their fullest bloom, and diffuse all around the sweetest fragrance. Pray down from the inexhaustible reservoir above those rich supplies of the oil of grace, fed by which the Christian lamp of faith will burn with a steady and increasing brightness, till, having guided the believer through the journey of life, it be absorbed in heaven's light for ever.—*Gleanings by* R. B.

I DON'T LOVE YOU NOW, MOTHER.

MANY years ago I knew a lady, who had been ill for two years, as you have seen many a one, all the while slowly dying of consumption. She had one little boy.

One afternoon I was sitting by her bedside. We were speaking of Jesus, that precious Saviour, in whose righteousness we were both trusting. I dearly loved her; and after a time was watching her with an aching heart; it seemed as though she would cough her life away. Her little boy, Harry, sat also at the post of the bed, his blue eyes, so like hers, filling with tears, to see her suffer so. By-and-by the terrible cough ceased. Henry came, put his arms around his mother's neck, nestled his head in his mother's bosom, and said, "Mother, I do love you; I wish you wasn't sick." An hour later, the same loving, blue-eyed boy came in, all a-glow, stamping the snow off his feet. "Oh, mamma, may I go skating? it is so nice. Edward and Charlie are going." "No, Harry," feebly said the mother; "the ice is not hard enough yet." "But, mamma," very peevishly said the boy, "you are sick all the time; how do you know?" "My child, you must obey me," gently said the mother. "It is too bad," angrily sobbed the boy, who, an hour ago, had so loved his mother. "I would like to have my little boy leave the room," said his mother, looking sadly at the little boy's face, all covered with frowns; "you said you loved me; be good." "No; I don't love you now, mother," said the boy, going out and slamming the door.

Again the frightful coughing came upon her, and we thought no more of the boy after the cough commenced. I noticed tears falling thick upon her pillow, but she sank from exhaustion into a light sleep. In a little while, muffled steps of men's feet were heard coming into the house, as though carrying something; and they were carrying the almost lifeless body of Henry.

Angrily he had left his mother; he had gone to skate—disobeying her—then broken through the thin ice, sank under the water, and now, saved by a great effort, was brought home barely alive to his sick mother. I closed the doors, feeling more for her danger than the child's, and, coming softly in, drew back the curtains from the bed. "I heard them; it is Henry—oh, I knew he went—is he dead?" But she never seemed to hear the answer I gave, telling "Oh, no." She commenced coughing—she died in agony, strangled to death. Poor mother! The boy's disobedience killed her at last. After a couple of hours, I sought the boy's

room. "Oh, I wish I had not told mother I did not love her; to-morrow, I'll tell her I do," said the child, sobbing pitifully. My heart ached; to-morrow I knew we must tell him she was dead. We did not, till the child came fully into the room, crying, "Mother, I do love you." Oh! may I never again see agony like that child's, as the lips he kissed gave back no kiss—as the hand he took fell lifelessly from his hand, instead of shaking his as it always had, and the boy knew she was dead.

"Mother, I do love you now," all the day long he sobbed and cried. "Oh, mother, mother, forgive me." Then he would not leave his mother. "Speak to me, mother;" but she would never speak again—and he—the last words she ever heard him say, were, "Mother, I don't love you now."

That boy's whole life was changed; sober and sad he was ever after. He is now a grey-haired old man, with one sorrow ever his—one act of disobedience, one wrong word, embittering all his life, with these words ringing in his ears, "Mother, I don't love you now."

Will the little ones who read this remember, if they disobey their mother, if they are cross and naughty, they say, every time they do so, to a tender mother's heart, by their actions, if not in words, like Harry, the very same thing, "I don't love you now, mother." May every little reader be like the blessed Jesus, who was subject to His parents, and, like Him, go about doing good, and making all around them happy.

"HER SILENCE SAVED ME."

"I REMEMBER," said a young man, "being in company with several thoughtless girls. Among them, however, there was one exception—a serious, quiet, and beautiful woman, whose religious principles were well known, and whose pen had for a long time spoken eloquently in the cause of truth and virtue, through the columns of our village paper. Suddenly I conceived the thought of bantering her on religious subjects, and with the foolhardiness of youth and the recklessness of impiety I launched forth with

some stale infidel objection, which none but the fool, who saith in his heart 'there is no God,' would venture to reiterate. The flock of silly girls about me laughed and tittered, and I, encouraged by their mirth, grew bold, and repeated my innuendoes, occasionally glancing towards the principal butt of all my fun. She did not appear to notice me at all; she did not smile, did not look away, and did not look *at* me. Still I continued my impious harangue, thinking that she must refute something—that she would not surely hear her holy faith held up to ridicule by a beardless boy. The young ones around me gradually began to glance towards her. Her face was so solemn in its quiet, that seriousness stole over them, and I stood alone, striving by my own senseless laughter to buoy up my fast-sinking courage. Still she never spoke nor smiled—scarcely moved—her immobility grew awful. I began to stutter—to pause—to feel cold and strange—I could not tell how. My courage oozed out—my heart grew faint—I was conquered. That night, after I went home, in reflecting over my conduct, I could have scourged myself. The sweet, angelic countenance of my mute accuser came up before me, even in the visions of the night. I could not sleep; nor did I rest till, some days after, I went to the house of the lady I had insulted, and asked her pardon. Then she spoke to me—how mild—how Christian-like—how sweet! I was subdued, melted down; and it was not long after that I became, I trust, a humble Christian, and looked back to my unbelief with horror. Her silence saved me. Had she answered with warmth, with sarcasm, with sneer, with rebuke, I should have grown stronger in my bantering, and more determined in my opposition. But she was silent, and I felt as if my voice was striving to make itself heard against the mighty words of an omnipotent God. Oh, how often would it be better if, instead of vain argument or hot dispute, the Christian would use the magic of silence!"

A SCOTCH MOTHER'S DEATH-BED.

THE "Mothers' Friend" has been duly read and valued in a Scottish household. Some time ago an account appeared in its

pages of the death-bed scene of one of the daughters, and the mother has since been *very suddenly* called away from her sorrowing husband and children. The attending circumstances were very impressive. Part of the furniture of the house was packed for removal, the medical man had left apprehending no danger, the household had retired to rest, little dreaming that the morning light would bring such grief to them. At midnight the wife awoke her husband to pray for her; her acute sufferings and death-like countenance extinguished hope; human skill and kindness availed not to arrest the progress of a sudden and fatal internal inflammation; the Master called for her.

Seeing her endure much pain, she was reminded that her Redeemer had an angel sent from heaven to strengthen Him in His agony, and that He, the Lord of angels, would not forsake her in this trying hour. "No," she replied, "I feel He will not. 'He hath loved me with an everlasting love, and with loving kindness will He gather me.' He will do all things well. I am going to Him, as He has said, 'Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory.'" She had been the mother of thirteen children, five of whom had passed before her into "Emmanuel's land," and earnestly and affectionately did she commend the remaining eight to the care of her husband, and that in language evidencing such strong faith and joy that he, bowed down as he was by this unexpected blow, felt in some measure the bitterness of parting taken away, because his beloved partner was going to be for ever 'with Christ, which is far better.' During a married life of twenty years, her devotedness to her husband and children was truly exemplary. She was early called into the fold of Christ, and He enabled her to "hold fast the beginning of her confidence steadfast to the end." This cherished mother spoke but seldom of her religious experience, but her true discipleship was marked by her great love to divine ordinances, and her delight in the company of the excellent of the earth.

A. B.

ONLY ONCE MORE.

Do not many Christian parents err in allowing the junior branches of their families to mix too much in worldly society? Would it not be well if they kindly but firmly forbade it, or at least affectionately remonstrated with them when they seem to get beyond the age when they can positively say, "You may," or "You may not?" I copy a letter written by a younger sister to an elder one, of whom she has often said, "In many things she acted a mother's part." It was a reply to a kind remonstrance on the evil of attending parties for worldly pleasure.

"I feel I cannot be sufficiently thankful for your last affectionate letter, and I feel it to be one of the greatest proofs I ever received of a sister's love. I feel the truth of everything you say; I feel that my eyes were blinded by a love of amusement and pleasure; and though occasionally I felt uneasy about it, and a doubt would arise, while at a throne of grace or in the house of God, whether such conduct was consistent, yet I quieted conscience by such arguments as these:—'There were many professors of religion who were there;' and, 'I never heard anybody object to these parties but over-particular people; but they do not know what they are who do not go;'' 'We do not do any harm, if we do no good;' and the Bible says, 'There is a time to dance;' and 'We seldom go so far as that;' beside a good many more of the same kind of arguments, which I now see to be foolish. Once especially, when listening to a sermon a few weeks ago, I felt condemned. The text was, 'My Spirit shall not always strive with man.' The preacher proved very clearly that going into worldly amusements was one way of driving away the Spirit. He related an affecting account of a young lady who was a splendid dancer, and had been the belle of all fashionable parties, balls, &c., in the neighbourhood, but became convinced of sin, and was about to make a profession of religion, when an irreligious uncle wanted her to go to a grand ball. Her mamma, who was pious, used every argument she could to persuade her not to go, but in vain; she said 'it was only to please her uncle; and it was only for once, as she would never go again.' Her mamma reminded her that 'He that being often reproveth, hardeneth his

eck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.' he, however, persisted in going for 'just once more,' and was again considered the 'belle.' She danced the whole evening, over-heated herself, and went out of the ball-room to get a little air. While passing through an ante-room, she met a servant carrying some water; by some accident it was spilled, and the greater part went over her. The sudden change from heat to cold so affected her, that in a few hours she was a corpse. Her last words were, 'Shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.'

"The relation of this incident struck me much, but I again quieted conscience by saying to myself, 'Our parties are not all,' though, since then, I see that such parties lead to balls; and when I received your letter, I was more fully convinced than ever of the precipice on which I stood. I saw the folly and sinfulness of such parties, and spending time thus, and I fully resolved to go to no more such. I feel there is more solid satisfaction in the consciousness of doing right and avoiding evil than any pleasure this world can afford. I trust the Lord will enable me, by His grace, to keep the resolution I have formed in dependence on His strength, and that you, dear sister, may feel your kindness has not been bestowed in vain."

GOD IN EVERYTHING.

WHEN spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil;
When summer's balmy showers refresh the mower's toil;
When winter binds, in frosty chains, the fallow and the flood;
In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns its Maker good.

The birds that wake the morning, and those that love the shade;
The winds that sweep the mountain or lull the drowsy glade;
The sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on his way;
The moon and stars their Master's name in silent pomp display.

Shall man, the lord of nature, expectant of the sky—
Shall man alone unthankful his little praise deny?

No; let the year forsake his course, the seasons cease to be;
Thee, Master, must we always love; and Saviour, honour thee.

The flowers of spring may wither—the hope of summer fade;
The autumn droop in winter—the birds forsake the shade;
The wind be lulled—the sun and moon forget their old decree;
But we, in nature's latest hour, O Lord! will cling to thee.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

THE THREE WHAT'S.

NEVER forget the three what's. First, What from? Second, What by? Third, What to?—What from? Believers are redeemed from hell and destruction. What by? The precious blood of Christ. What to? An inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

NATURE'S LOOKING-GLASS.

Everything in Nature is a little looking-glass. It shows us three things; God's wisdom, His power, and His goodness.

NOTICES OF BOOKS, &c.

The Family Treasury for February and March, London: Nelson and Sons.

Both numbers keeping up their very interesting character of periodical literature.

Family Maps. London: Nelson and Sons.

The map sent to us is Palestine, beautifully executed; and we cordially commend it to our young friends.

Bible Geography. By the Rev. W. C. BLAIR. London: Nelson and Sons.

Valuable help for Sabbath-school teachers, and our elder children.

Wanderings of a Bible. By CLARA LUCAS BALFOUR. London: Partridge.

A nice tale, told in the author's usual interesting style.

Passages in the History of a Shilling. By the same Author. London: Partridge.

Written in the same graphic style; both books advocating teetotalism.

The Seven Little Sisters. London: Nelson and Sons.

A treasure for mothers to read to their children; it will impart both amusement and instruction.

Songs of Zion; with Music in the Common Notation. Another, with Music in the Sol-fa Notation. The third, with the Hymns, without Music. By the Rev. J. H. WILSON. London: Nelson and Sons.

Beautiful little books to aid in singing the songs of Zion.

The King's Highway. By the Rev. RICHARD NEWTON. London: Nelson and Sons.

Full of interesting little anecdotes connected with the commandments.

THE MATERNAL MEETING.

ENCOURAGEMENT AND WARNING.

How strange it seems that the death of friends and neighbours make so little lasting impression on the minds of others;—even the most beloved on earth, in some instances, pass away, and as old Time sweeps by the sufferers, the keen edge of sorrow wears off; and only now and then, from the deep storehouse of memory, are the words, looks and love of the departed recalled, perhaps to bedew the cheek with a tear that the sunshine of life soon dries up again, and they are seldom talked of as having trodden life's weary way in their society. It may be now and then said,—

“Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom.”

This is a solace to the heart, and the mass of the human family live along to their accustomed duties. The place of the dead is soon filled up. Sometimes, before the sod has grown green on the grave, the sable garments are put off, and only the shadow of the melancholy past remains to them. But this is not the case with all. No; we have known some tender, loving spirits, where the remembrance of the dead is far sweeter than the songs of the living, and from sorrow for the dead they refuse to turn away.

The mother who has seen the dust cast on the sunny brow of her precious and only daughter, seeks not to heal her wound or forget her affliction, but goes away in solitude to gaze on her portrait, or a lock of beautiful hair cut from the bright young brow, when no living glance could be returned, and no pressure of the hand told sympathy; we know such mothers, and to them it seems the duty of grief to recount the beauty and excellence that the dread reaper has stolen from her home. Then there is the young mother, whose infant perished like a delicate blossom from her bosom. She could not forget, nor would she, though every recollection is a bitter pang.

Again, there was the mother for whom many daughters and sons

mourn ; when the tomb, in the hour of their agony, stood open to receive the precious remains, and the heart felt crushed as its portals closed, they could not accept consolation if it must be bought by forgetfulness. No ; the love which survives the death-stroke is a noble attribute of the soul, and when the overwhelmed heart is calmed, after its burst of grief, into the gentle tear of recollection—when the sudden anguish over the ruin of all we most loved is softened into meditation on all that called forth our heart's warmest delight—who would drive such a sorrow from remembrance ? No—no ! though it may throw a passing cloud over a bright hour, and spread a sadness on life's pathway, we would not exchange it for the burst of revelry and gladness. There are recollections of the dead to which we turn from the charms of the living. Oh, how the grave buries every error, covers every defect !—all the faults of the loved and lost are deep down with them in the tomb, and with us remain only fond regrets and tender recollections. Even the sight of an enemy's grave makes the heart grow tender, but at the grave of a dear one we call up all the loveliness we admired, the endearments we shared, the intercourse we enjoyed, the shielding love we felt, and the daily words of affection from the voice we may not hear on earth again. Then, too, we recall the parting scene—the bed of death, with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless attendance, its mute watchful care, the last testimonies of departing love, the feeble fluttering of the hand, the faint faltering of the half-uttered words, struggling in death to give one more assurance of love, the last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us as the gate opens for the passing spirit to be free. The remembrance of all this we treasure in our hearts as a link between us and the better land where our dear ones dwell.

Our thoughts have been led to this solemn subject by the departure of a young widowed mother, whose short history may serve as an encouragement to Sabbath-school teachers—a warning to the young to keep near the cross—and a stimulus to mothers to work while it is day, lest they should unexpectedly be called to give an account for neglected duties.

Elizabeth — was, as far as we can gather, a very interesting Sabbath-school scholar. Her excellent teachers speak very highly

of her as a diligent, teachable child. On one occasion her teacher requested the class to put up a prayer to heaven on certain days, at a certain time, and we find that little Elizabeth, who was in the habit of taking a basket round some distance to sell various commodities for her parents, was known to kneel down by her basket by the hedge at the appointed time, when the other children of the class were also expected to be sending up their requests to Him who blessed little children when a weary traveller on earth. As Elizabeth grew up, she seemed to have said to heaven's King, "My Father, wilt thou not from henceforth be the guide of my youth?" When she went forth into the world it is very evident that, in several families where she lived, she was respected, and that she manifested all the traits of a young Christian.

One severe trial, it would seem, she had when her young heart was made very sad, but this we cannot dwell on here. While still very young and in delicate health she accepted an offer of marriage, and became united to one who did not think with her in matters relating to eternity. From this point—like too many, alas! we have known before—she dated her departure from her God. But only a short time she was permitted to settle down in her new home; her nest was soon stirred up, and thorns planted amid its soft lining. A dear little girl was given to her, and she became a cherished treasure to father and mother. During this time a sad blank appears in her history, bitterly remembered by the river of death. She forgot God and forsook His people, His house, and His word; often spending the Sabbath in reading the newspaper instead of the Scriptures. But this state of things could not long remain; there was an eye watching all her movements and acknowledgings, and a command went forth that she should be written widow; her husband was snatched from her sight almost without warning; her own health was failing, and her little girl was evidently fading away. Ponder this household blight on "the bearded rain and the flowers that grow between," young mother!

Elizabeth now resolved, widowed and fading herself, to return to the neighbourhood of her childhood's home, her little sickly daughter having preceded her for change of air. She had only reached the spot a few days before an infant boy was given to her in embrace—fatherless before its birth!

It does not seem that at this point in her melancholy experience she had an idea of the grave being ready to open for her; not until her dear little girl was taken up by the Divine Shepherd did she realize the fact that she too must die, and WAS NOT READY! Christian friends and God's ministers gathered around her, all trying to lead her back to Him whom she had for a time forsaken. A pitiable sight was that young widow's home. Herself in a consumption, without a hope of happiness beyond the grave; almost in despair from the recollection of the past; no expectation of finding light in the dark valley. A new-born babe by her side, and a lovely little girl of some two summers sleeping the dreamless sleep in her tiny coffin at the foot of the bed.

Stop, young maiden! about to be "unequally yoked together." Go back over Elizabeth's short history, and take warning by this more than usual affliction and anguish. While you ponder, read God's word and see what lessons it will teach you relating to it.

The interesting young widow's mind now became most distressingly alive to her situation, and in bitter anguish she cried for mercy to Him who is mighty to save, and who has made many precious promises to the returning backslider. But all the consolation offered to her from the Bible—all the offers of mercy from Him who came to seek and to save the lost and the most deeply sunken of the sons and daughters of earth—all, all failed to give her any hope. She could not believe there was any mercy for her who had, as she said, "Gone so far away from God, and had sinned against light and knowledge."

The wasting body now became distressingly weak and full of pain, but on sympathising with her on her suffering and languor, she would reply, "Oh, it is my poor immortal soul is the worst." On being reminded that Jesus was able and willing to restore and to save, with a despairing look she would rejoin, "Yes, yes; but not me—not me! I cannot see Him; I cannot get near Him;" and then would burst forth the bitter cry, "Jesus, thou *didst* die for poor sinners—the chief of sinners. I am the most unworthy; not worthy to look up to thee; have mercy on my poor dying soul!" Thus she continued on her bed of languishing, without one single ray of hope to cheer her as she drew near the shadowy

valley. Many, many Christian friends, whose bleeding hearts felt deeply for her, earnestly asked that the light of life might shine into that chamber of suffering and anguish, until they well-nigh feared that God had shut up His tender mercies from her for ever; yet there was a gleam of hope in the recollection of her past history, before her marriage, that at evening-time it might be light.

Often and often her cry went up, more heart-rending in its tones of despair to those around than pen can describe. "Have mercy, Lord, have mercy!"

'Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.'

"Mercy, Lord! Mercy on my poor dying soul!"

'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.'

Still Jordan's banks overflowed, and the storm beat fearfully on that young widow's dying bed. Often in the midst of her agony she would exclaim, "Get behind me, Satan." It was very evident that the dread enemy, who goes about as a roaring lion, was trying to drive her to despair of the willingness of Jesus to save a poor trembling soul on the verge of eternity, and all the sins of her life seemed to pass in terrible array before her mental vision; and now, for two days and two nights, her bitter cries for mercy were perfectly heart-rending to all around her. It seemed to her that God had forsaken her, and that His mercy was clean gone for ever. "I have forsaken Him," she said to one of her anxious friends, "and now He has forsaken me." Still the constant cry went up, "Lord, have mercy—one glimpse of hope—only one." Yet darkness remained, and many Christian friends could say—

"By many a death-bed we have been,
And many a soul's departing seen,
But never aught like this."

Not even while friends with bowed heads and streaming eyes were praying by her side for two days and two nights, did she cease to utter the most piercing cries for mercy; and what is most encouraging to Sabbath-school teachers, the hymns of

had learned when a little girl she turned into prayers on her dying bed.

“ ‘Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon thy sinful child.’

“Do, Lord!

‘Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.’

“Mercy, Lord, mercy! only one glimpse—one glimpse only. Blessed Jesus, thou didst die for sinners. I am not worthy to look up to thee. Have mercy on my poor sinful soul.” Then, for a moment looking round with her bright consumptive eyes, she said in a low voice to a friend, “I think He is going to calm my mind.” Words of encouragement were spoken, but again the burst of agony was heard—“Oh Lord, have mercy on my poor sinful soul; one glimpse of hope—*one* glimpse—only *one*!”

A more distressing and agonising scene was never beheld by mortal vision. The never-to-be-forgotten bitter, piercing cry, “Have mercy—I am the most unworthy—have mercy, Lord—only one glimpse”—we think must produce some salutary effect on all who heard it. At length, after a long trial of mortal agony, Jesus calmed the troubled soul, and whispered, “Peace, be still.” The storm was gently hushed, and the light of life appeared around her dying bed. When the poor sufferer felt the blessed calm stealing over her soul, she cried earnestly for more of the shining light of God’s countenance—more—more—more. A friend near remarked, “You have earnestly asked for one glimpse.” “Yes, yes.” Then more than a “glimpse” came, and she could commit herself without fear to the arms of Jesus; now she could pray for those around her, and for her Christian friends, that they might feel more anxious than ever for the welfare of immortal souls.

Thanking God for His mercy, and for bringing her to the place of her childhood’s home, where Christian friends were found—the beautiful sunshine of the hope of being soon in the eternal city with Jesus was radiant on her countenance, and caused the friends to say, as they looked upon her, “Peace like a river reigns there now.” Her precious infant boy, so soon to be an orphan, was dedicated to God at her request by a minister by her dying

bed, she could now commit to the Father of the Fatherless, and to the tender care of him she had chosen to be the guardian of his helplessness with a smiling face. Thus, for nearly a fortnight, was her heart resting on the pardon of her sin, and the finished work of Jesus; often repeating that beautiful hymn which was turned into prayer by our beloved and dying Prince Albert—

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.”

And now, as she felt her feet were touching the cold waters of Jordan's river, the same peaceful calm was evident. Before speech failed her, she prayed lovingly for the friends around her, and for those who had tried to administer comfort to her in her soul's agony. While she was unable to talk, a friend asked, “Is Jesus precious to you?” She nodded; then for a moment a gentle whisper was heard—

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.”

And the weary, tried spirit, we trust, now found rest in Jesus; the repentant tears dried on her pale cheek; she had sought and found forgiveness; and we would believe that while her friends were folding the death-bands around her marble face, she passed the jasper wall, entered the pearly gates, and walked the golden streets, at the early age of twenty-six.

Mothers, and young friends! give this paper a place in your hearts; ponder the history of this young widowed mother, and take warning. Sabbath-school teachers! take encouragement in the thought that the hymns you are now teaching the dear little ones may all be remembered in days to come, and turned into prayer on the bed of death! Orphan boy! should it be that thou may'st one day read these pages relating to thy mother, may'st thou seek to enter the kingdom of heaven through Jesus.

“May'st thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days;
Then go dwell for ever near Him,
See His face, and sing His praise.”

Friends! be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the icy finger of Death may beckon you away to the Spirit-land.

March 25, 1862.

NO NIGHT IN HEAVEN.

No night shall be in heaven; no gathering gloom
Shall o'er that glorious landscape ever come;
No tears shall fall in sadness o'er those flowers,
That breathe their fragrance through celestial bowers.

No night shall be in heaven; no dreadful hour
Of mental darkness, or the tempter's power;
Across those skies no envious cloud shall roll
To dim the sunlight of the enraptured soul.

No night shall be in heaven. Forbid to sleep,
Those eyes no more their mournful vigils keep,
Their fountains dried, their tears all wiped away,
They gaze undazzled on eternal day.

No night shall be in heaven; no sorrows reign;
No secret anguish; no corporeal pain;
No shivering limbs; no burning fever there;
No soul's eclipse; no winter of despair.

A MOTHER'S TRUST.

SEVERAL years ago I became acquainted with Mrs. M., an aged widow, whose character deeply impressed me. She had passed through much sorrow; and from her trials had come forth as gold. Her faith was sustaining and triumphant. She appeared to live on the mount with God. Her joy in God, in His providences, in His purposes, was continually breaking forth in praise. Her delight in the doctrines of grace was singularly intelligent and hearty. Sin was rebuked in her presence; but so beautifully did she combine fidelity with the charity of the Gospel, that no one was known to resent her admonitions. Scoffers, who were wont to mock at other professors, when the name of Widow M. was mentioned, spoke of her with manifest respect. Her speech was

"always with grace, seasoned with salt," and not a few owe their conversion, under God, to her personal efforts and prayers.

It was my delight to visit her, as often as the varied and exhausting cares of a large congregation would allow it. From the first I took my place at her feet as a learner. I wondered at her childlike and filial spirit, the constancy of her communion with God, and the ardour of her love. On one occasion, after a long interview with her, I asked her eldest son, a valued member of my congregation, "How long has your mother been in this heavenly frame?" He replied, "For forty years she has lived in the Land of Beulah. During all this time, I have scarcely seen any change."

Widow M. was a firm believer, and in the spirit of faith offered many prayers for the conversion of her children and grandchildren. It was my privilege to ordain, as an office-bearer in the church, the son to whom reference has been made. He had six children, some of them already grown to man's estate, but only one of them, the eldest daughter, gave evidence of piety. Still, Widow M. was unshaken in her trust that her grandchildren, as well her children, would be saved.

This aged pilgrim ripened for heaven, and at length a token was given her that she was to be called home. She was visited with a cancerous affection, which speedily brought her days on earth to a close. I saw her frequently during her last sickness, and the nearer she approached the dark valley, the more clear and resplendent was her spiritual experience. Her faith overcame all difficulties. Her confidence and joy were unbroken; Christ was, in a wonderfully real sense, her companion. Her work was done. Sweetly she sank to her rest, and we buried her with tears of mingled grief and gratitude. Widow M. was dead; but the faithful prayer-hearing God, in whom she trusted, lived.

A few months passed away. The three eldest sons of Mrs. M. found pardon, as they believed, through the blood of Christ, and made public profession of their faith.

The fifth child, a lad of about nineteen, was in delicate health, and fell into a profound melancholy. He said he had sinned away his day of grace, and there was no mercy for him. He was pointed to the cross, and urged to flee to it. He was assured

the sufficiency of Christ, and of His willingness to save, but all in vain. His gloom was fast deepening into despair. His father had waited and hoped for his salvation; but now it was evident that the question must be speedily decided once and for ever. On Tuesday morning, the father went up to the neighbouring village for medical aid; and as he went he wrestled in an agony of prayer that William might be converted.

"All at once," as he narrated the story to me, "a promise flashed upon my mind. My distress was gone, and I went on leaping for joy, and praising God for that promise. On my return, I found William engaged in audible prayer for mercy, and as soon as he stopped praying, he fell into a sweet sleep, the first he had had in two days. He slept two or three hours, and awoke. Immediately he called the family around his bedside, and wanted to shake hands with them. I asked him how he felt; he replied, "All is peace." His confidence in God was serene and cloudless to the last; so that his father said to me, "I have as full confidence and assurance that William is in heaven, as I have that my good mother is there." I did not wonder at his saying so. That grandmother's reliance, that father's agony and unwavering trust were graciously accepted.

These events were blessed by the Holy Spirit in arousing to thoughtfulness Mr. M.'s sixth son, and in a few weeks he was rejoicing in hope, and in due time joined to the church. The remoter consequences of Widow M.'s faith, time will unfold, and the story will be told in eternity. My reader, it is a great thing to trust in God. If there were more believers like Widow M., strong in faith and love and hope, giving glory to God, would not more unbroken families be found at last in heaven?

TO MOTHERS AND WIVES OF SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

"Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do."

WE know from experience that many anxious mothers and wives, instead of commending their absent dear ones to the pro-

tection of Him who "plants His footsteps in the sea, and rides upon the storm," and has declared Himself to be a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God, often sit down in despair, sorrowing as those without hope. Why do they sorrow thus? It is, we fear, because they are living without God, and are therefore most assuredly without hope in the world. We have great faith in the power of prayer with God, and have, indeed, many times found prayer our comfort in distress and protection in time of great danger. The following are two of many such cases which came under our notice during the Crimean war.

The mother was a worldly woman, and had not committed the keeping of her boy in faith to the God of heaven; the other was the Christian wife of an affectionate husband, who prayed earnestly and without ceasing for the preservation of the partner of her life, and who has often told us that in such seasons of earnest wrestling with her heavenly Father, her heart has often, as she rose from her knees, been fully assured that it should be to her end as she desired. The son of this worldly mother, and the husband of this Christian wife, went out to the Crimea, to engage in the late terrible war with Russia. The boy, unprotected by a father's prayers, during the first engagement before Sebastopol, was blown to pieces by the bursting of a shell from the Russian guns. Immediately after the battle a post was conveyed to England, which informed hundreds of anxious mothers, wives, and children, that they were friendless, widows, fatherless. But who among the shipmates of this poor youth could write to this bereaved mother the sad intelligence of her boy's truly horrible death? None. Many tried; but no, tears blinded the eyes of the rough, manly sailors, as they sat down at the mess-table to read home such sad news, and the post was despatched without a word to the lad's mother.

It was customary, during the late Russian war, to publish lists of the killed and wounded in the windows of several large printer's shops in seaport towns; and on such occasions large groups of men, women, and children would assemble, and in breathless expectancy read down the names of those who had perished in the war. In one of the principal streets of Devonport, a few weeks before the opening of the bombardment of Sebastopol, might have

been seen a number of people eagerly pressing towards a long list of killed and wounded, which had just been printed and placed in a shop window. Many vainly tried to get close enough to distinguish the names, but could not, the crowd was so great. Presently a poor woman, with a careworn and anxious countenance, had pushed her way through the throng sufficiently near to be able to read the names on that terrible list; and as she read she gave one piercing, heart-rending shriek of despair, and fell fainting on the pavement. She had read, amongst others, the name of her only boy, who was blown to pieces before Sebastopol.

Let us now see how it fared with the husband whose Christian wife was praying for him at home. Though surrounded with sickness and death, he realised the truth of God's promise, "a thousand shall fall at thy side, but it shall not come nigh thee." Often have we heard him say, that when compelled to hear the cursing and railing of ungodly soldiers and sailors, he has watched an opportunity of retirement, where he sought and found comfort and consolation at a throne of grace; and amidst the dangers of war, when cannons roared, and shot and shell were killing hundreds around him, the thought that his praying wife at home was asking the protection of his heavenly Father, gave him a lively assurance in his heart that the God of truth in whom he had trusted would be his shield and buckler; and he was not deceived. He was brought safely through every danger, and now lives in peace with his wife and family, a witness to the faithfulness of God's promise, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do." We are aware of the sad fact that many Christian soldiers and sailors fell in that terrible war, to whom, doubtless, the knowledge that they had praying friends at home was a sweet solace to them in their sufferings. We entreat you who have those you love far away on the deep sea, or in foreign lands, to pray for God's protection for them; and if you pray in faith, God, who is faithful, will hear and answer your prayers, if not in bringing them home to you, in bringing them home to Himself, where you will rejoice with them throughout eternity; and we are fully persuaded that your rejoicing in heaven will be increased by meeting your husband, or son, or brother there, who has been redeemed in answer to your prayers.

THE ROD.

"WELL, he is a spoiled child; but the world will take up the rod against him, and make up for the want of early correction." So we heard one speak of a petted boy, and thought the remark only too true. We start in life full of faults and peculiarities, which have been amiable weaknesses in the eyes of the family circle; but upon entering the career of mature life, we find we must change in almost every particular. This lesson is not learned in a day, and in proportion as the will is unbroken, and the passions unchecked, so is the severity of the world's discipline. The youth of violent temper learns self-control by finding that his business-standing and position in society depend on his improvement in this respect. He who has grown self-conceited in the midst of an admiring home circle, becomes humbled at the contempt and indifference of his fellow-men. Thus violent attachments become subdued, and exuberant enthusiasm cooled, by the rebuffs of a cold, calculating world. One fault after another is cured by the smarting of the world's rod, until a self-willed, headstrong youth is whipped into what he ought to be. Roughnesses of character become softened by constant attrition; so that he who has seen and felt the world, and been moulded by abiding circumstances, looks with pity on one just starting in life.

This process of improvement is much more observable with the Christian than with the worldly man. He is taught of God, and in proportion as he grows in grace, and gets near to heaven, so often will his situation become painful. He mourns his faults and deficiencies, and prays for strength to improve. His prayer cannot be answered without a series of circumstances which in regular succession effect the desired change of character. To the Christian, the sight of one just starting in a heavenly life is full of sympathy and interest. He knows the young beginner must be held under the rod, and be smitten many times ere his fierce passions, strong will, self-sufficiency, and ambition, give place to the forbearance, long suffering, and humility of the apostle. The precious stone must be polished, and fitted for use.

Redeemer's crown. Nothing will be done to harm its value or dim its lustre ; and yet it may be roughly handled, and submitted to many a strange process ere the work is done. Who, in a mere worldly sense, would say, " Let me remain an ignorant, impolitic youth, unable to deal with men, and powerless to guide my affairs, rather than submit to the world's rude jostle ?" Not one ; all desire to know the world, and learn the way to success.

If such is the feeling of the worldling, how much more should the Christian bow to the heavenly Teacher, who does not willingly afflict, but is full of loving kindness and tender mercy. It is a momentous step to decide for Christ against the world and Satan combined. But God will " with every temptation provide a way of escape." " There is no royal road to learning," either in heavenly or earthly knowledge. Each Christian must walk in the narrow, beaten path of tribulation. Some will need more chastisement than others, but " all must be taught of God," to learn how to live or how to die. Submit, then, to the heavenly Teacher, and learn to look each adverse circumstance, each bitter disappointment, calmly in the face, as a lesson you peculiarly need, which must be learned, without which the soul may never see heaven. This view of life will brighten the sad hours of sickness and sorrow, and give the Christian a constant motive for contentment. To the true Christian, life's lessons are solemn and often hard to learn, but yielding the peaceable fruits of righteousness.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

BESSIE AND EMILY.

THERE were two little sisters who were most regular at the Sunday school, and were always anxious to sit near their teacher. Emily was seven years old, and Bessie six. These two little girls dearly loved each other. If one was in tears, the other would immediately creep close and try to comfort the sorrowing one. They read well, and learnt their lessons perfectly. They were always delighted to hear anything about Jesus, and would ask many questions about Him and about heaven.

Little Bessie, however, was very passionate, and often said

many things when she was very angry that she was very sorry for afterwards. One day her teacher was returning from a walk, and her way led close by the cottage where these two little children lived. As she passed she looked into the porch and saw Emily sitting on her little chair, weeping bitterly, with her pinafore up to her face. Her teacher stopped and asked what was the matter. She made no reply, but sobbed as if her heart would break. Her teacher then asked if she had been naughty, or had hurt herself. Still she received no answer. She then took her by the hand, and said, "Emily, won't you speak to me? I want to comfort you; now, come tell me what it is that vexes you." The little girl then, in broken accents, said, "Bessie won't go to heaven." "Why not?" She says she does not love anybody, for I said to her, 'Bessie, don't you love Jesus?' She said, 'No, me don't love anybody.' And I know she won't go to Jesus if she does not love Him, for God is love.'" Then the child burst out afresh, crying bitterly. Her teacher then told her to leave off crying, and to go and ask Jesus to teach Bessie to love Him. She brightened up, and ran away, saying, "Yes, I will ask Jesus."

On the following Sunday the two little sisters came as usual to their class, and after Bessie had said her lessons, she looked up with tears and said, "Teacher, I do love Jesus, but I was cross at day when I said I did not; I wish I was never cross. I do love Jesus to make me good, but somehow I can't help being naughty sometimes." A few weeks after this occurred, Bessie was in fighting with one of her little companions. A lady who knew her passed at the time, and saw the little girl that Bessie was with strike her. Bessie coloured up, with passion, and clenched her little hand and ran towards her companion to return the blow. The lady called out, "Oh, Bessie, Bessie, you should give a kiss for a blow." The child stood still a moment, then stepped forward and threw her arms around her companion's neck, saying and saying, "I give you a kiss for your blow: I won't be angry any more."

The next time I heard of this little girl was several months afterwards, and then she was ill with cold and measles. She remained ill a long time, yet she was very patient, and would often tell her sister Emily, "I do love Jesus now very much, and I

think I shall see Him before you, Emamy; and then you will think of your little Bessie singing to Jesus, won't you?" She became daily weaker, and often amused herself by repeating what she learnt at the Sabbath school. Sometimes, if she fancied she was alone, she would talk to herself (as if she were addressing another child) about Jesus, and say, "Bessie, do you know you will soon go to Jesus? Then you will never be naughty or angry any more, and you will be very near Jesus, and He will smile on you, and give you a little harp that you may sing to Him, and He will put a little crown on your head, and you will be very close to Jesus. Won't you be happy then?" One night this little girl passed away to glory. Emily still lives, but she misses her little sister very much. If at any time she sees children quarreling she goes to them and tells them God can see them, and they should "love one another." Her mother told me one day there were two great boys fighting in front of their cottage. Emily rushed out of the house, put herself between them, and said, "Do you know, boys, God is looking at you? You will never go to heaven if you quarrel." They laughed at her and ran off. Perhaps some little children who read this little tale may have naughty tempers like Bessie, but if they ask Jesus He will drive them away, and He will teach them to love Him as He did Bessie.

ONCE A SCEPTIC.

"How precious now to me is every word of my late pious mother, though at one time I laughed at her in my heart. Ah! certainly, she had never ceased to pray for her poor blind son at the throne of grace, and the ever-merciful Saviour has heard her prayer. Oh! wonder of mercy! It is well with thee, my happy brother; thou hast early sought the Lord, and He was found of thee. Unworthy, I come, like the dying thief, and as a brand plucked from the burning." Such was the end of the son of pious, believing parents, who had been trained up, when a child, in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, but had denied the faith; of one whose life before the world was blameless and honourable, but who, at the close of life, by the grace of God, was made to

feel his misery and blindness, and to esteem all his wisdom and virtue but dung and dross compared with the excellency of Christ Jesus his Lord. And he who had formerly, with bitter hatred, denied and despised Christ, now embraced Him with all his heart as the Saviour of sinners. O love! eternal love! who can measure thee? We can only adore thee, and the seraphim and the holy ones before the throne can only adore thee! Praying mothers, take encouragement—PRAY ON.

THE FLOWER-POTS.

"TAKE care, Jane; that is the plant mother loved most of all; water it as gently as you can, and then let me set down this little lower-pot by the side of it; it will put us in mind of our little sister." "Yes, Alfred, I saw her little green grave yesterday. It is next to our dear mother's, and yellow flowers are growing on it." "Don't talk about it any more now, sister; the tears come into my eyes already, when I just look at these flower-pots. Don't you remember how mother used to trim the plants with her pale hands?" "Yes, and how she bade us put them where she could see them, and to water them when she was too ill to get out of bed." "Yes, I remember; we will water them every day, for dear mother cannot take care of them any more. We have scarcely anything else to remember mother by; but we are poorer than we used to be, and I often see grandfather ciphering on a bit of slate, and saying that he cannot pay his rent." "Oh, mother, how dreadful it will be to have to leave the old house; it is a poor old shed, to be sure, and the rain comes in all over the poor; but then it was *mother's*. Don't you love everything that was *mother's*?" "I do; that is the reason I like the cradle to stand by my bed. Every time I look at it, I think how she used to sit and rock the baby, and sing the hymn—'There is a land of pure delight.' Do you know what land that means, Alfred?" "To be sure I do. It is the land where dear mother is gone to, and here she said we must meet her. Heaven must be a good place, for our dear mother would not have loved to talk about it so much." "Try to put me in mind of that hymn, Alfred, whenever you see

me doing wrong. It will be very wicked in us to forget such a mother, and to disobey what she said to us when she was dying. My Sunday-school teacher wrote down mother's words on the paper that I keep the lock of her hair in." "I know—hear, if I do not remember every word—'My children, love and serve God, your mother's God. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and be sure to meet her in heaven. The Lord grant it, for Christ's sake!'" "We are alone in the world now, but I know who will take care of us. Whenever I see the birds flying, and the flowers growing, I think of the verses we used to say from the Bible about the fowls of the air and the lilies of the field, and many a time they keep me from crying." "Let us go through the little gate under the shade, Jane, and try to pray to God to make us good children."

RE-UNION IN HEAVEN.

Is it not sweet to think hereafter,
When the spirit leaves this sphere;
'Love, with deathless wings, shall waft her
To those she long hath mourned for here?

Hearts, from which 'twas death to sever—
Eyes, this world can ne'er restore—
There, as warm, as bright as ever,
Shall meet us and be lost no more!

When wearily we wander, asking,
Of earth and heaven, where are *they*,
Beneath whose smile we once lay basking,
Blest and thinking bliss would stay?

Hope still lifts her radiant finger,
Pointing to the eternal throne,
Upon whose portals still they linger,
Looking back for us to come.

Alas! alas! doth hope deceive us?
Shall friendship, love, shall all those ties
That bind a moment and then leave us,
Be found again where nothing dies?

Oh! if no other hope were given,
To keep our hearts from wrong and stain;
Who would not seek to reach a heaven
Where all we love shall live again?

ADVICE FOR YOUNG MEN.

WHEN serving your apprenticeship, you will have time and opportunity to stock your mind with useful information. The only way for a young man to prepare himself for usefulness is to devote himself to study during his leisure hours. First, be industrious in your business—be frugal—be economical—never complain that you are obliged to work; go to it with alacrity and cheerfulness, and it will become a habit which will make you respected and beloved by your master and employer. Make it your business to see to and to promote his interest; by taking care of his, you will learn to take care of your own. Young men of the present day are too fond of getting rid of work. They seek for easy and lazy employments, and frequently turn out poor miserable vagabonds. You must avoid all wishes to live without labour—labour is a blessing, instead of a curse; it makes your food, clothing, and every other thing necessary, and frees you from temptation to be dishonest.

HOME AND WOMAN.

OUR homes—what is their corner-stone but the virtue of woman? and on what does social well-being rest but our homes? Must we not trace all other blessings of civilised life to the doors of our private dwellings? Are not our hearthstones guarded by the holy forms of conjugal, filial, and paternal love? Spare our homes! Let no socialist invade them with his wild plans of communism. Man did not invent, and he cannot improve or derogate them. A private shelter to cover in two hearts dearer to each other than all the world; high walls to exclude the profane eyes of every human being; seclusion enough for children to feel that mother is a holy and peculiar name—this is home, and here the birthplace of every virtuous impulse, of every sacred thought. Oh! spare our homes! The love we experience there gives us our faith in an infinite goodness; the purity and disinterested tenderness of our home is our foretaste and our earnest for a better world. In the relations there established and fostered, we find through life the chief solace and joy of existence. What friends deserve the name, compared with those whom a birthright gives us? One mother is worth a thousand friends; one sister

truer and dearer than twenty intimate companions. We, who have played on the same hearth, under the light of the same smile, who date back to the same season of innocence and hope, in whose veins runs the same blood, do we not find that years only make more sacred and more important the tie that binds us? Coldness may spring up, distance may separate, different spheres may divide, but those who can love anything—who continue to love at all—must find that the friends whom God Himself gave are wholly unlike any we can choose for ourselves, and that the yearning for these is the strongest spark in our expiring affection.

CHILDREN AT PRAYER.

“Of course it is often impossible to tell what it was that in our childhood had the greatest weight in forming our character,” said a pious gentleman; “but I think the little prayers which my sisters and I used to offer up at our mother’s knee, have made me what I am.” What a blessed sight to see a mother and her children at prayer! He who graciously said, “Ask, and it shall be given you,” and who, while on earth, took little children in His arms to bless them, will not forget His promise. He is now ready to take them in the arms of His love, and lead them from temptation, and deliver them from evil, and make them by His Spirit children of God. Children, pray with your heart.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

THE DYING MOTHER.

As on my dying bed I lie,
My window shows the bright blue sky:
Beyond it soon my soul will be,
Ushered into eternity.
Fear not, my soul, pleading this plea,
“Jesus hath lived and died for thee;”
From sin by His atonement clear,
Robed in His righteousness appear.
This world is fading from my sight—
I go, I go to worlds of light.
My husband and my children dear,
Wipe from each face the falling tear:
You to my Saviour I commend,
Who is indeed the “Mother’s Friend.”
Now up to heaven my spirit flies—
Saviour, receive it in the skies.

SAILORS' MOTHERS,

SEND YOUR CHILDREN TO THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

WE were told, not long since, of some very rude and unruly sailor-boys, who so discouraged their teacher that he gave notice to the superintendent that he could no longer allow them to remain in his class. Another teacher hearing this, and acting on the principle that the worse boys are the more they need teaching, proposed to receive them into his class and try them once more. On this some of his own boys arose, saying, "If they come here, Sir, we shall have no peace." "Well, boys, let us try them; our heavenly Father exercises great patience with us."

Accordingly, the three lads walked sullenly into the new class, with heads and hands hanging down. The teacher spoke kindly to them, and put a Bible into each boy's hand. Two of them opened it; the third, who seemed the worst of the group, refused to do so. The teacher opened it for him, re-placing it in his hand, pointing to the place where the lesson would commence. He took the book, but flung it to the ground at the feet of the teacher. Three times the teacher gently gave it back to the naughty lad, speaking gentle words. Three times the boy flung the precious Bible on the floor. The class was, of course, in an uproar. Patiently the self-denying teacher waited until the school closed; then, taking the incorrigible lad by the hand, he led him into a private room alone. Here he spoke to him of the value of his soul, the sin of his conduct, and of the love of Jesus. At the door that Sabbath afternoon the sailor-boy and the teacher parted.

Years passed on; the Sunday-school teacher was engaged in a mercantile house far away from the scene of his early labours. One day a gentleman desired to see him, remarking it was useless finding his name, as he was a stranger. "Desire the gentleman to walk in," replied the old Sabbath-school teacher. There was ushered into the office a tall, fine, handsome, well-dressed man, with a noble, open countenance bronzed by the sun in

foreign lands. "You do not know me, Sir," he said, as he ungloved his hand and held it forth. "No, Sir, I have no recollection of ever seeing you before." "Ah, but you have, though!" "Indeed?" "Yes, you have, Sir. Do you remember a young rascal of a sailor-boy, who once threw the Bible three times on the floor of the Sunday school?" "Yes, perfectly." "Well, Sir, I am that very young scapegrace. You remember you took me into your class because no other teacher would have me?" "Yes, perfectly." "Well, Sir, to your conduct, to your conversation, but more particularly to your prayers, I attribute the means of my salvation. I am now the captain of an East India-man, and, I hope, serve under the great Captain of the Lord's host. The Bethel flag floats over my fine ship, and I hope you will come and see her soon, and speak to my men—a fine, noble set of blue jackets as you can find in the harbour. Allow me to hand you over a bit of gold to help support any Sabbath school in which you may be interested."

Sabbath-school teachers, be encouraged; Sailors' mothers, send your little children to the Sabbath school—aye, and keep them there as long as possible. Never allow them to think they are too old to go there.

One more little fact, to show a mother and Sabbath school working together. A young lad went to sea as cabin-boy, and as he passed out of his childhood's home the good mother charged him "never to take a drop of rum." The sailors on board took it every day, and in storms used it more freely, and often pressed the lad to join them, but in vain. During a severe storm they urged him very hard to drink, telling him, if he did not, he would take cold and die; but he declared he would not. At length one of the sailors, who had never tried his hand in making the little fellow drink rum, said he knew he could coax him. He therefore went to the brave lad, and did his best to induce him to take a dram; but no, it was all in vain. He told the old sailor of his mother's words, and then quoted various passages of Scripture that he had learned in the Sabbath school, to show he was doing right. The sailor never heard so much of the Bible before; all he could reply was, "Your mother never stood watch on deck!" As he returned to his companions, they asked him how he

succeeded. "Oh," said he, "you can do nothing with him, for he is *chuck full of the Bible!*"

Many a man, when tempted to sin, has been checked by some text of Scripture or lesson learned at a mother's knee or in the Sabbath school.

I AM NOT READY TO DIE.

A YOUNG mother lay upon her couch, unconscious of the fact that the last threads were swiftly passing through the web of life, and that its gaudy colouring and rich scenery were soon to be rolled up and laid away—that in a few brief hours it would be the end of her part in life's gay drama, "It is finished."

I had seen her in health, when husband and little ones kindly encircled her, when promise of long life and domestic happiness lent enchantment to every plan, and vigour to every purpose. I had seen her preferring the festivities of the ball-room to quiet home-joys, entrusting her children to the cold care of hirelings, while her own attention was engrossed with etiquette and fashion. I had seen her when the Spirit was teaching her the vanity of earthly pleasures, and opened before her darkened mind the reality and beauty of the heavenly world; when, in sternness of spirit, she wept over her life of folly, but could not break up its fascinations; and when called still more loudly to reflection and deep sorrow by the death of a favourite child, she resolved to lead a new life and connect herself with the church. But, alas! her fears were like the shadows that flit along the path; her repentance was but as the sudden grief of childhood; her pious resolutions like footprints upon the sand. She failed to step the delusive circles of that whirlpool on whose merry winds she had loved to glide. She heard not its muffled roaring, the omen of evil.

For a brief year I did not meet her; then how changed she came! The bell of a neighbouring church was tolling the funeral dirge. I joined in the service. At its close, a few in company with the mourners were permitted to take a last view of the departed. There lay the young mother in the robes of death

Her life had not changed ; disease had smitten her violently, and reason slept. During a brief interval of delirium she earnestly inquired of her physician, "Am I in danger?" He replied rather in the affirmative. She exclaimed, in terror, "Oh, I am not ready to die! Save me, if you can! I am not ready to die!"

These were her last words ; delirium returned, giving her no opportunity to exercise repentance towards God, or faith in that Saviour who had called and been refused until His Spirit had for ever taken His flight. In half an hour she breathed her last.

Oh, readers, oh, young mothers, there is an hour when the Spirit calls—calls, too, for the last time ; you have received this gracious call. Have you hearkened ? have you obeyed ? or have you said, "Go thy way for this time, there surely will be a more convenient season?" Be not surprised if the hearts of mourning friends be wrung with anguish by your last words, "Oh, I am not ready to die!"

A VOICE FROM AUSTRALIA.

THE SCHOOL OF INFANCY.—No. VII.

CULLINGS FROM JOHN AMOS COMENIUS, WRITTEN IN 1638, IN LATIN.

O BELOVED parents, if you would be numbered among the wise, avoid giving medicine to children, except in case of necessity ; avoid also drink and food warm and acrid in their nature, such as dishes highly seasoned. Those who feed children on such things act in the same manner as an imprudent gardener, who, being desirous that his plants should grow and flourish quickly, in order to warm the roots, covers them with lime. No doubt such plants will increase and put forth buds, but they will soon begin to become arid and dwindle away, and, while they seem to be flourishing, perish at the root. If you doubt this, make the experiment, and you will find how insalubrious those nutriments are for children. God has assigned milk as food for children and other tender creatures, consequently they ought to be nourished on it. As soon, however, as they can be withdrawn from the milk, let them have food of a similar nature, duly tempered—

bread, butter, pottage, and so on ; thus they will grow like plants by the running stream—indulging them in duly-regulated sleep, playful amusements, bodily exercise, and above all commending their health and safety in prayers to God.

The Spartans, once the wisest of mortals, surpassed all the nations of the earth in paying special attention to the education of their youth. It was strictly provided by the public statutes that none of their youth should be allowed to taste wine before their twentieth year. Since wine was thus strictly denied to their youth, what, I pray, should we think respecting the maddening drink now often burning up many of the human race—brandy, gin, and such-like liquid fire ! The health of infants should be most carefully watched, since their bodies are weak, their bones soft, their veins infirm, and none of their members as yet mature and perfect ; therefore, care is needed as to the manner in which they should be taken in the hand, lifted up, carried, set down, and laid in the cradle, lest they become lame or maimed. An infant is a more precious treasure than gold, but more fragile than glass. It may easily be shaken and injured, or be irreparably damaged.

THE VILLAGE BELLE.

THE coffin has been lowered into its narrow resting-place, and has been consigned to dust, and the sorrowing mourners, with slow step from the grave of the "Village Belle." Her days of youth, but not of beauty, are long since ended, and she has fallen as a "shock of corn fully ripe." Julia Wood was the daughter of the village schoolmaster of L. Nature seemed to have chosen her for the display of her choicest treasures. She was the acknowledged star of the small community, and she enjoyed this position of dignity and honour without experiencing the slightest degree of envy from the smaller constellations around her. Julia, unlike belles in general, combined a beautiful and fine figure with a sweetness of disposition and native simplicity rarely to be found. When she had attained her nineteenth year, a stranger visited the village, saw and admired

her, and soon the little church nestling among the trees witnessed Julia Wood become Mrs. Henry Winton.

She was taken to a splendid home in a remote city, where she shone with additional lustre. By-and-by, however, Mrs. Winton began to feel that she was not all-in-all to her husband; He preferred to spend his evenings at the club and other places of resort rather than among his family. Poor Julia was slow to open her eyes to the fact that she, the loved and much-admired belle, had only been married to grace an establishment and ornament the head of a table; but such was the case, and such the way God chose to lead her and bring her to Himself. With a canker at heart, she gradually withdrew from the circles of gaiety, and sought retirement. Her evenings, which had hitherto been spent in scenes of pleasure, were now devoted to her home and children.

At this time the Lord saw fit to remove her youngest child, to which she was much attached. She now looked back upon her past wasted life—its golden opportunities fled; she felt her sins to be very numerous. The struggle was long and sore; but at length light began to dawn, sweet whisperings reached her ear—“Return unto me, for I have redeemed thee;” “the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.” She was enabled to throw herself at the foot of the cross, and plead its merits on her behalf; and then she came forth from the conflict, rejoicing in the “glorious liberty of the Gospel, wherewith Christ had made her free.” Henceforth she resolved, by the grace of God, to live to the glory of Him who loved her, and to train her children for heaven. Oh! how brightly did those native qualities now shine forth in her; polished and ennobled by Christianity, she stood forth a centre of attraction to all. Her sweetness of disposition was shown in the love she cherished to Christians, and her constant yearning over poor sinners. But it pleased her heavenly Father to mark out for her feet a path of trial. About this time her husband died; short was the time allotted him for preparation; as he had lived so he passed into eternity, leaving behind him no ray of hope to cheer his sorrowing partner.

In looking over Mr. Winton's affairs, after his death, it was discovered that no provision of any kind had been made for his

wife and her seven children. Thus, while her heart still ached and the wound still bled from her sudden bereavement, she was reduced from affluence to penury. But God, who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," in this hour of darkness raised up, in one of her husband's friends, a hand to help her. This benefactor kindly furnished a small house for her, and procured her a situation as daily governess in one of the best schools in the town, for which the education she had received from her father fully qualified her. She occupied this sphere of labour many years, discharging its duties with satisfaction to all. Although with so large a family she necessarily had many hard struggles and many difficulties to contend with, yet she managed to maintain them respectably. Meantime her children grew up, two daughters were comfortably married and removed elsewhere, situations were obtained for her sons, but not in their fatherland—one went to the north, one to the east, and the others to the west. Only one sweet daughter, the image of her mother, remained to her. But she was never heard to murmur; the knowledge that the change was for their benefit was sufficient for her. Thus she passed down to old age, leaning on the love and affection of her only daughter, who now, in turn, supported and watched over the declining years of so worthy a mother, and amply repaid her care in tenderer years. Beloved and admired in early years, this mother continued to be so to the close of life. Long and noble had been the career of the village belle, but now it was drawing to a close. Stormy was the sea upon which she sailed to her home on high; many rude billows dashed over the frail bark, threatening to sink it; but it rose superior to them all, and safely anchored in the desired haven.

A DAUGHTER.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

CHILDREN, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand; make much of it while you have that most precious of all good gifts—a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes, the kind anxiety of tone and look, however slight

your pain. In after-life you may have friends—fond, dear, kind friends—but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh, in my struggles with the hard, uncaring world, for the sweet, deep security I felt, when of an evening, nestled to her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale suitable to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep; never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard; yet still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eye watches over me as I visit spots long since hallowed by the memory of my mother.

MACAULAY.

GENTLE WORDS.

GENTLE words are like the soft dew which falls from heaven and causes the earth to yield rich increase; for soft words provoke others to good deeds, and are in themselves like the language of the Saviour. Gentle words are as a shield, for they turn aside anger, and malice, and envy, and all evil thoughts, with greater certainty than the buckler of the mighty can turn away the sword of the warrior. Gentle words are as honey in the rock, sweeter than all honey—yet found in sterile plains, for this earth were a wilderness of sorrow if no gentle words chained heart to heart in sweet communion.

Gentle words are as gold from the treasury of the rich. They are easily given and not missed, but are prized more highly than treasure by the pilgrim who treads the weary highway of life. What shall we say of gentle words? They lull the infant to its rest; they teach the child the way in which it should go; they lead, with sweet influences, the youth in the paths of righteousness; they give strength to manhood when weary with the toil of the day; they calm the hours of him who goeth softly to his rest in the eventide of life. Oh gentle words, what influence have they among men! And yet they are the gift of heaven, for they are the Saviour's own. Jesus calleth the wandering sheep to its home with gentle words, and leadeth it to the fold of the Good

Shepherd. They are His soft accents we hear speaking to the
 storms of life, "Peace, be still;" and the gentle utterances of His
 voice shall welcome the ransomed to their eternal rest.

THE THREE KINGS.

THERE is a king that rules the world,
 And bends all people to his will;
 All monarchs from their thrones are hurled
 By him; he reigns and conquers still.

Nor rich nor poor

He passes o'er,

Yet he at last will prostrate lie,
 And time shall see that *Death* must die.

There is a king that conquers all,
 And vanished nations own his sway;
 The globe itself shall 'fore him fall,
 The heavens above shall pass away.

He spareth nought

That man hath wrought,

And yet his reign shall soon be o'er,
 And *Time* at last shall be no more.

But *Love*, the author of creation,
 The light and life and lord of man,
 Has neither birth nor termination,
 Ne'er ending as he ne'er began.

When *Time* is fled,

And *Death* is dead,

He reigneth evermore above,

For Love is heaven, and God is love.—*Selected by C. C.*

OUR LITTLE JOE.

HE was a sweet child. Even in infancy he was admired and
 loved by many who need not have noticed him. His was a joy-
 ous, happy, sunny life. Loved by everybody, and with childhood's
 pure trust, loving all around him—he grew to notice the beautiful
 flowers, and the bright stars, and to hear about that wondrous
 Being who made all these things,—and who peopled the earth,
 and loves the good, but is angry with the wicked every day. And
 he would with childhood's sagacity shake his little head, and look
 very angry at anything wrong in his brothers; nor would he
 exempt himself.

His contrition and repentance now come vividly before me: Being of a high spirit, his mother seldom resorted to stern measures as a punishment. A *sad* look, or a *look withheld*, would occasion the most bitter and poignant grief to his sensitive nature; and he would slowly—step by step—make his way across the room, his little bosom heaving with deep triple sobs, until he came near to his mamma, when he would glance timidly up with half-averted eye, and one might hear “Mamma—dear mamma.” “Yes, Joe.” “Mamma!” “Well, Joe dear, what?” “Kiss Joe, please, mamma. Me berry sorry me been so naughty boy.” And then the torrent burst of grief, no longer controlable, was sometimes not easily solaced.

But he would not be comforted until he was really good, and a frequent hiding-place was under the table, where the folds of the cloth could cover him until he felt “the old man,” or “the naughty man”—as he designated all his exhibitions of evil—were quite removed. “Come, Joe,” would often be said to him, “I think you may come out now; I dare say you are a good boy now.” “Not qite,” he would reply. “O, I think the naughty man is gone now, Joe?” “Him not qite gone,” the child would still say. But as soon as he felt quite happy, he would jump out with his restored joyous look, and be again all smiles and sunshine. He *was* the sunshine of our dwelling; the brightest flower of our pasture—we often called him so; but without any misgiving that our gourd was so soon to wither.

He had been a strong, healthy child, but scarletina laid him low. We rejoiced that he had it so mildly (as we supposed), but this proved to be the evil. Never having been thoroughly thrown out of the system, he recovered but slowly—remained puny; and being winter, and a severe one, we longed for spring that our darling might again enjoy the bright sunshine and the refreshing breezes. But a brighter spring than we anticipated was in store for him, and balmier breezes than fan this land of ours. He did go out again. He had begged and importuned that he might go to public worship, and two Sabbaths we took him there, and he seemed so thankful, and so to enjoy it. He was fond of singing, and would sing tunes that he knew with a slight nod of his head, and beat of his foot, without missing a note; and,

what may seem singular taste for a child, his favourite of all others was,

“ Shall Simon bear the cross alone,
And all the rest go free ?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.”

Once after this he was carried out (being too weak to walk more than a few steps), and his delight seemed unbounded to see the bright sunshine and hear the little birds; he kept talking of the birds and rejoicing in their merry chirp. A fortnight after this he was beyond the reach of birds or flowers.

“ An angel visited the green earth,
And took the flower away.”

More of “ Little Joe” to come.

WHERE WERE YOUR CHILDREN LAST SABBATH?

THIS is a question we would like to put to the numerous readers of the “ Mothers’ Friend.” We doubt not but it may have been put sometimes by a kind neighbour, and in doing so, they did you a kindness unspeakable. But do you know where they were? Do you reply, “ At the Sabbath school?” How delightful to know they were at such a noble institution, learning the moral and spiritual lessons communicated by their self-denying and laborious teacher. Where they nowhere else? “ Yes,” more than one may say, “ mine went a pleasant walk down the lane, through the woods, and by the rippling brooks, with companions of undoubted respectability.” Did you interrogate them respecting the walk, and how the time was occupied? “ I asked a few questions which were satisfactorily answered, and I felt no concern.” As you know so little about these walks, we may hope to be pardoned by introducing an account of one out of many we could narrate.

One summer morning—a more lovely one I never knew—a fine group of children were assembled at the door of a Sabbath school. I perceived some of them became thoughtful when one after another began to whisper to his and her favourite companion about an evening walk. One proposed a walk to

sea-side, another to the neighbouring fields of a friend, others into the woods and by the side of the crystal streams which graced their scenery, and thrilled with devotion any heart which could look from nature up to nature's God. Much discussion ensued, which terminated in the choice of the last-named walk. By this time the respected superintendent appeared, and hushed into silence the darling theme, except what a keen observer might ascertain by the stolen whisper, "You'll try to get"—and "I'll ask." "So will I." Every one was soon actively engaged in the duties of the Sabbath school; duties in which at times we must acknowledge they were not a little interested. These engaged them for an hour and a half, and were followed by an energetic and earnest discourse. But as they retired home at noon the same whispering was resumed, and a reluctance to part was apparent, which was ultimately succeeded by a resolute snap of the fraternal and sisterly union, to early meet again to perfect their soul-engrossing scheme.

No long interval had elapsed before they were again grouped together, relating their success with their parents for leave to take the evening walk. Filled with joy and expectation, they shortly afterwards re-engaged, though with some reluctance, in their respective class duties, anxiously waiting for the time when they would be freed from their fetters to take their evening walk. The desired time arrived, and the girls taking the lead went westward; the boys took a different direction; but all met ultimately at the one appointed place, furnished with a seat shaded by luxuriant trees, on the summit of a hill whose commanding view of a vale of woodland was fraught with interest of the highest character and well calculated to raise the thoughts to the great Creator of all. Distinctly might be heard the feathered tribe singing the praises of their Maker in sweetest harmony; but how devils would rejoice, and could there be mourning amongst the angelic throng, how angels would sorrow, when a song was proposed to be sung, yes, and approved of by the majority. O how heart-rending to parents had they seen and heard it! How teachers would have been grieved! But as far as we know, neither party would administer rebuke, correction, counsel, or exhortation.

Surely parents ought to know whither their children wander

on the Sabbath. It would disgust and offend the refined taste of parents to relate all that is practised on these occasions. Mothers! fathers! where were your children last Sabbath? If this has fallen into the hands of scoffers of Sunday schools and parental teaching, I fancy I hear them say, "Where is the result of all your painstaking, anxious care, and godly teaching?" We will tell you. They were not all of this class; there were a few who felt the force of scriptural teaching, and though ignorant of saving grace, feared the Lord and had respect to what their teacher had taught them. These were soon seen retiring from those mockers of God to an adjoining field, to pray and to ask forgiveness for anything they might have thought, said, or done amiss; and they did not forget their wicked companions they had just left, and who were engaged in such sinful practices. Parents, teachers, go on—we may yet learn that they afterwards were all brought to God.

HOPEFUL.

THE MOTHER'S INCONSISTENCY.

PASSING along the street the other day, I saw a mournful procession moving with measured step towards a spire that towered high above the surrounding trees, at the foot of which was a large gathering of grassy hillocks, many of which had upright stones at their head, with various inscriptions indented by the hand of the sculptor in their smooth surfaces of stone and marble. We follow the mournful company to the general receptacle of inanimate humanity, we see that coffin lowered into the cold ground, amidst the wailings of the disconsolate survivors, especially of the mother, whose eyes are red and swollen with weeping for that son who had a few weeks before been the picture of health and beauty, but was snatched off in the morning of his days. A short time has passed away, and again we traverse that grave-yard, and instinctively turn our eyes towards the place where the young man sleeps; there we see a monument of the survivors's affection for the departed one standing at its head, and, curious to see what inscription it bears, we thread our way through the grassy mounds until we reach it, and we read these words:

"Go home, dear friends, and shed no tears,
I must lie here till Christ appears;
And when He comes, I hope to have
A joyful rising from the grave."

I read it; what presumption! thought I; I knew that young man; he had lived a life of sin and thoughtlessness, in absolute disregard of his Maker and all that tends to the soul's welfare, and as he had lived so he died. He had not perhaps heard a word from his mother regarding his salvation; that mother, whose incumbent duty it was to train up his soul in the things that belong to its everlasting peace. Any one thoroughly acquainted with that mother's apathy, in regard to her children's best interests, might be justified in imputing to her total ignorance as to the existence of such a thing as the human soul. Left to himself, that young man had pursued the devices of his own evil heart; he had been a frequent visitor at the beer-house, many a time had he applauded the actors in the public-house brawls, or taken part in them himself; he had spent his life for nought, and its end was bitterness and death. "Love," say some, "hides all faults." How many are there in hell at this moment who might have been receiving the reward of the faithful had it not been for this blindness to the faults of dear ones! Stop and think, mothers! who have your children still in a probationary state, seek first the kingdom of God for yourself and then for your offspring, that you may enjoy the inestimable pleasure of hoping to meet them again in the peaceful abode of the blest. Take home this warning to yourselves, and it may save you an eternity of anguish and remorse.

H. M.

YOUR OWN WORK.

Did you ever see how far the candle in the cottage-window would send its rays streaming into the depths of night, though it should shine only to illumine the narrow walls of the humblest cottage? Do your own work; fill your own sphere. Why, brethren, the greatest things that were ever done on earth, have been done by little agents, little persons, little things. How was the wall built around Jerusalem? By every man, whether his house were an old palace or a cabin, building the bit

before his own door. How was the New World redeemed from gloomy forests? By every emigrant cultivating his own patch of ground. How have the great battles been fought and won? Not by the commanders that carried away the honour, got their breasts blazoned with stars and their heads crowned with garlands; not by these, but by the rank and file, every man standing at his own post, every man ready to die on the battle-field. They won the victory. It was done, not by one or two individuals, but by the many; and I say, if the world is ever to be conquered for my blessed Lord, it is not by ministers, it is not by the great and noble and mighty; but it is by every man and woman who is a member of Christ's church becoming a working member, doing their own work, filling their own sphere, holding their own posts, and saying to Jesus Christ, "Lord, what wilt thou have *me* to do?"

And when it is all done, brethren, I venture to say that after the busiest life, the busiest man, when he is lying on his bed and Death stands grim beside him, that man's thought won't be the pleasant reflection "How much have I done?" but the regretful one, "How much have I left undone—how many sinners might I have warned—how many wretched might I have blessed—how many naked might I have clothed—how many poor might I have fed—how many are in hell cursing me for my want of faithfulness—how few are in heaven blessing me for my Christian fidelity, care and kindness!" Prayer-meetings are good things, and so are preaching and religious services; but, my dear friends, they are not banquets at which you are to sit down to enjoy yourselves and gratify your tastes and indulge your spiritual appetite and gratify your spiritual taste and palate, so to speak, like a man sitting down to a feast and getting well-filled and gratified and happy. This is not the use but the abuse of them. Do you see yon sunburnt man, sitting down in a cottage to a simple meal. He rises to spend the strength that meal has given him on the field. So with our sermons, and Sabbaths, and services—they are to strengthen us for work; otherwise our religion is as selfish as the lives of those who indulge in sensual pleasures. They are for work, to strengthen me for God's work in the world, and at however far a distance to follow the steps of Him who is my pattern as well as propitiation—who went about doing good.—*Dr. Guth*

GOING OUT AND COMING IN.

In that home was joy and sorrow,
 Where an infant first drew breath,
 While an aged sire was drawing
 Nigh unto the gate of death.
 His feeble pulse was failing,
 And his eye was growing dim,
 He was standing on the threshold
 When they brought the babe to him.

While to murmur forth a blessing
 On the little one he tried,
 In his trembling arms he pressed it,
 Raised it to his lips, and died.
 An awful darkness resteth
 On the path they both begin,
 Who thus meet upon the threshold,
 Going out and coming in.

Going out into the triumph,
 Coming in unto the fight;
 Coming in unto the darkness,
 Going out unto the light.
 Although the shadow deepened
 In the moment of eclipse,
 When he passed through the dread portal
 With the blessing on his lips.

And to him who bravely conquers,
 As he who conquered in the strife,
 Life is but the way of dying,
 Death is but the gate of life.
 Yet awful darkness resteth
 On the path we all begin,
 When we meet upon the threshold,
 Going out and coming in.

RIGHT IN THE EYE.

A CIRCUS came to our town, and everybody knows how the grand tent and the horses and music set all the boys agog. Sixpences and shillings are in great demand; and many a choice bit of money have the circus-riders carried away which was meant for better purposes. A little boy was seen looking round the premises

with a great deal of curiosity. "Holloa, Johnny," said a man who knew him, "going to the circus?" "No, Sir," answered Johnny, "father don't like 'em." "Oh, well, I'll give you money to go, Johnny," said the man. "Father don't approve of them," answered Johnny. "Well, go in for once, and I'll pay for you." "No, Sir, my father would give me the money if he thought 'twere best; besides, I've got twice enough to go in my strong box." "I'd go, Johnny, for once; it's wonderful the way the horses do," said the man; "your father needn't know it." "I can't," said the boy. "Why?" "'Cause," said Johnny, "after I've been, I couldn't look my father right in the eye; but I can now."

MY MOTHER.

A SCENE of extraordinary interest lately took place in London; that place in which lofty piety and degraded vice walk side by side. At the first of the meetings of fallen women, the Rev. Baptist Noel addressed them, inviting them to come to a home, which had been provided by a number of Christian ladies and gentlemen for their welfare. At the second meeting, he addressed them again; and in the course of his remarks he drew from his pocket a daguerreotype likeness, saying, "To-day, I have received this likeness from a *mother*, begging me to search for her lost daughter." In an instant, like an electric flash, the whole assembly was moved. Scenes of childhood, pictures of happy days, images of maternal faces rushed into their memories, and the flood-gates of tears were opened.

THE SILENT VOICE.

"Do you see that lock of hair?" said an old man to a friend. "Yes; but what of it? It is, I suppose, a curl from the head of a dear child long since gone to God." "It is not; it is a lock of my own hair, and it is now nearly seventy years since it was cut from my head." "But why do you prize a lock of your own hair so much?" "It has a story belonging to it, and a strange one. I keep it thus carefully, because it speaks to me more of God and of His special care than anything else which I possess."

was a little child, four years old, with long, curly locks, which, in sun, rain, or wind, hung round my face uncovered. One day my father went into the wood to cut up a log, and I went with him. I was standing a little way behind him, or rather at his side, watching, with interest, the strokes of the heavy axe as it went up and down on the wood, sending off splinters at every stroke in all directions. Some of them fell at my feet, and I eagerly stooped to pick them up. In doing so I stumbled, and in a moment my curly head lay upon the block. I had fallen just at the moment when the axe was coming down with all its force. It was too late to stop the blow. Down came the axe. I screamed, and my father fell to the ground in terror. He could not stay the stroke, and, in the blindness which the sudden horror caused, he thought he had killed his boy. We soon recovered—I from my fright, and he from his terror. He caught me in his arms, and looked at me from head to foot to find out the deadly wound which he was sure he had inflicted. Not a drop of blood nor a scar was to be seen. He knelt upon the grass and gave thanks to a gracious God. Having so done, he took up his axe and found a few hairs on its edge. He turned to the log he had been splitting, and there was a single curl of his boy's hair sharply cut through and laid upon the wood. How great the escape! It was as if an angel had turned aside the edge at the moment when it was descending on my head. With renewed thanks upon his lips, he took up the curl, and went home with me in his arms. The lock he kept all his days as a memorial of God's care and love. That lock he left me on his death-bed. I keep it with care. It tells me of my father's God and mine. It rebukes unbelief and alarm. It bids me trust Him for ever. I have had many tokens of a father's love in my threescore years and ten, but somehow this speaks most to my heart. It is the oldest, and perhaps the most striking. It used to speak to my father's heart; it now speaks to mine."

Mother! look over your past life, and think of the many times God has proved His goodness to you by watching over you and delivering you in times of danger. Perhaps you have been sick, and thought you were drawing near to the grave; but His hand given you renewed strength, and you yet live as a witness of

His love and care. Should not these proofs of God's loving-kindness be as silent voices calling upon you to love and serve Him with all your heart? If you would listen *aright*, surely you must *obey*.

Selected by C. C.

I AM HAPPY.

Extract from a Letter written to a Friend by a Young Lady in answer to the question, "Are you Happy?"

"YES, I am happy, but my happiness consists not in giddy, trifling mirth, which, like a soap bubble produced and extinguished by a breath, does not last, and looks pretty only as the *light* glances on it, but a calm, deep joy, lasting as life. I am happy because I have a Friend who is devoted to me. He has secured my happiness now and for ever upon certain conditions. I am to feel convinced that nothing but *His friendship* can make me happy; that I shall renounce the friendship of His enemies; that I shall return His love to the utmost of my ability; that I shall be at all times willing publicly to confess my attachment to Him; that I shall be satisfied to be guided in everything by His holy will."

The writer of these lines has since passed with joy into the presence of that blessed Saviour and Friend whose love on earth made her so happy. Beloved friends, are you happy?—happy with God's own happiness, because partakers of His holiness? Is Jesus your Friend and Saviour? Have your souls been washed in His most precious blood, and are you day by day being renewed inwardly by His blessed Spirit, given to you in answer to your prayers? If so, you *must* be happy, for

"Happy the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all His ways they find
Their heaven on earth begun."

A. O. E.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

"God sees me." Carry into all your engagements a sense of the omniscience and omnipresence of God.

HINT TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

THREE stale loaves are equal to five fresh ones.

SMOOTH STONES TAKEN FROM ANCIENT BROOKS.

Many men's love to Christ is like the morning dew; it is like Jonah's gourd, that came up in a night, and perished in a night; but that love which accompanies salvation is like Ruth's love—a lasting and an abiding love.

As all lights cannot make up the want of the sun, so all temporal comforts cannot make up the want of one spiritual comfort.

LIFE.

What is life? 'Tis a beautiful shell,
 Thrown up in eternity's flow,
 On Time's bank of quicksands to dwell,
 And a moment its loveliness show.
 Gone back to its element grand,
 Is the billow that washed it ashore;
 So another is leaving the strand,
 And the beautiful shell is no more.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

A Mother's Lessons on the Lord's Prayer. By MRS. BALFOUR. London: Partridge.

A charming book, illustrated by pleasing pictures and instructive anecdotes.

The Family Treasury for April. London: Nelson.

This is a nice book, mothers, for Sabbath reading.

The Colony of New South Wales, with a Map of the Colony. London: Haddon.

A very useful little work for all who wish information on the country.

Away from Home. London: Book Society.

A charming book for the young, which will give them information about other lands.

A Mother's Lessons on Kindness to Animals. London: Partridge.

A delightful little book for our boys.

Thoughts on Early Training. Frome: Butler.

Little tracts, full of excellent thoughts.

Never Give Up. By NELLIE BROOK. London: Partridge.

A book that will interest mothers and fathers.

The Happy Home. Edited by Rev. N. L. WALKER. London: Houlston and Co.

No. I. of a new and attractive little periodical.

YOUNG MOTHERS.¹

OUR friends who have trained their dear children with all wisdom, and are reaping the reward of doing their work well in past years, need no counsel from us; indeed, we are glad to learn from their experience, when they will take the trouble to instruct us; but we never forget that our little magazine is read, every month, by young mothers who are just beginning their momentous duties, and are asking us to help them. Bear with us, then, while we gather thoughts and reiterate them from time to time for these beginners in the mother's pathway. We say, help us, if you can; and thus aid them by sending us a page from your home-life experience.

Speaking of life's first days, an old divine remarks, "How little attention is excited by the birth of a child! It may, perhaps, if it take place in respectable life, be announced in the paper, and inquiries may be made concerning its sex and form—it may be viewed and embraced by the friends who call ceremoniously on the mother; but what moral or religious reflection is ever indulged by those who are informed of the event, or even by the parents themselves? The interesting sufferer herself may be pleased with the congratulations paid her, and forget her anguish for joy that a man is born into the world, and feel a lively gratitude for the mercy she has experienced; but no one thought may arise in the mind respecting the all-important result in the production of a new being—and such a being, too! Yet the birth of a child can scarcely be deemed less than a miracle of nature and providence. That child is a piece of divine workmanship, fearfully and wonderfully made, and as fearfully and wonderfully preserved and endowed. When the Creator made it, He did a far greater thing than when He made the sun. The sun is a mass of unintelligent matter; it sees not its own light, it feels not its own heat, and is not destined to shine and burn for ever; but there is a spirit in that child, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding. He is a moral being. He is the subject of reason and conscience. These principles are not yet developed, but they are lodged in him, as the flower is in the seed and the oak in the acorn. He is

an heir of immortality; and though his existence began yesterday, it will never, never end. He will hear the heavens pass away with a great noise, and see the elements melt with fervent heat. He will stand before the judgment-seat of Christ, and go away into everlasting punishment or into life eternal. He is also to be viewed relatively as well as personally; and what an awful interest does he acquire from the evil he may occasion as well as suffer, and from the good he may produce as well as experience. He may prove a viper in the bosom that feeds him, a disgrace to his family, a curse to the nation. Many may be vitiated by his example and led into hell by his influence—‘One sinner destroyeth much good;’ or he may make a glad father and prove a blessing to the neighbourhood, and serve his generation by the will of God, and levy a tax of gratitude on future ages.”

Who that had seen Isaac Watts in the arms of his mother, sitting at the door of the prison where his father was suffering for conscience sake, could have divined that this precious babe would be the sweet psalmist of the Christian Israel; and that the little hand that stroked her cheek was ordained to hold the pen that should instruct and edify the world to the end of time? Had we heard when the babe wept, and looked into the ark of bulrushes, we should have seen the scholar learned in all the wisdom of Egypt; the scourge of Pharaoh; the deliverer of the Hebrews; the king in Jeshurun; the lawgiver and the prophet of the Lord, with whom he spake face to face. What says the Lord of all? “Despise not one of these little ones, for I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my heavenly Father.”

Mother! thy babe is tender; nurse it well;
 Let not a solitary pang inflicted be
 By heedlessness. O let it never tell,
 In fits of crying, of thy cruelty.

Mother! thy babe is transient; perhaps a day
 Will snatch it from thy tenderest embrace;
 Make not an idol of it—rather say,
 “It is the Lord’s;” and ever trust His grace.

Mother! thy babe is precious; need I tell
 To thee how precious? Death would prove it so.
 But ah! it has a soul, which heaven or hell
 Will shortly claim! Where wilt thou bid it go?

Mother! thy babe's impressible; from thee
It will receive impressions, good or ill;
'Twill watch thy every movement narrowly—
O pray for grace each duty to fulfil.

Mother! thy babe is sinful; awful fact!
'Twas born in sin; all are, since Adam's fall.
But Jesus shed His blood to welcome back
Repenting sinners who on Him will call.

Mother! thy babe is dying; it began
To die the very moment that it drew its breath.
God only knows how short—how long its span
Of life may be; one thing is certain—death.

Mother! thy babe's immortal—it must live
When worlds decay—it will not, cannot die!
Oh! teach it earnestly, and heavenly lessons give,
That its abode may be at last on high.

THE DYING CHILD.

A LITTLE daughter, ten years old, lay on her death-bed; it was hard to part with the pet of the household. How could she be given up? Between this child and her father there had always existed, not a relationship merely, but the love of congenial natures. He fell on his knees by his darling's bedside, and wept bitter tears. He strove to say, but could not, "Thy will be done." His sobs disturbed the child, who had been lying apparently unconscious. She opened her eyes and looked distressed.

"Papa, dear papa," said she, at length. "What, my darling?" answered her father, struggling for composure. "Papa," she asked, in faint, broken tones, "how much do I cost you every year?" "Hush, dear, be quiet," he replied, in great agitation, for he feared delirium was coming on. "But please, papa, how much do I cost you?" "Well, dearest, perhaps two hundred dollars," he replied, with a shaking voice, to soothe her. "What then, darling?" "Because, papa, I thought maybe you would lay it out, this year, in Bibles, for poor children to remember me by."

With what delicate instinct had the dying child touched the

springs of comfort! A beam of heavenly joy gleamed in the father's heart; the bliss of one noble, loving spirit mingled with its like. Self was forgotten, the sorrow of parting was alleviated, and the lonely future cheered by hope. Nought remained but the child's mission of love, and a thrill of gratitude that in it he and his beloved were co-workers.

"I will, my precious child," he replied, kissing her brow with solemn tenderness. "Yes," he added, after a pause, "I will do it every year as long as I live; and thus my Lillie shall yet speak, and draw hundreds and thousands after her to heaven."

The child's very soul beamed forth in a long, loving smile, gazing into her father's eyes, gazing still till she fell asleep. Waking in a few minutes, she spoke in a loud clear voice, and with a look of ecstasy, "O papa, what a sweet sight! the golden gates were opened, and crowds of children came pouring out. O, such crowds! And they ran up to me, and began to kiss me, and called me by a name; I cannot remember what it was, but it meant, 'Beloved for the Father's sake!'" She looked up, her eyes dreamy, her voice died into a whisper, "Yes, yes, I come, I come!" and the lovely form lay there untenanted by the lovely spirit.

John Lee arose from his knees, with a holy triumph on his face. "Thank God," said he, "I am richer by another treasure in heaven."

GEELONG.

OUR LITTLE JOE.—No. II.

SEVEN years ago, from the time I write, we laid the remains of our little Joe in a quiet, secluded grave-yard close to the river Medina, in the Garden Isle. He had breathed this atmosphere but three years and five months. Why should I seek to call any notice to such brief career? Not, surely, because for a while he rejoiced our eyes and gladdened our hearts—it is enough for us to know this. Nor because it called forth the sympathy of warm and loving hearts—though this is a rich store, and we treasure it up in grateful remembrance; but because of the abundant consolations which God, who is rich in mercy, bestows upon His children, even whilst His wisdom sees fit to afflict or bereave.

That mother can never forget—and the return of the season of the year brings it before her most vividly—the wonderful support so kindly given by her heavenly Father during those days of agony. For a week it was evident the hand of death was on him; and whilst he lay one morning on his mother's lap, and she gazed on those deep-blue eyes, now half unconscious, she marvelled within herself how she should so soon bear to see them closed. From their birth she had offered her children to God—for life or death. Her prayer had been,

“For each child let it be
A holy life, or early death;
But which I leave to thee.”

And she felt that now the test of her submission was come. She did not shrink from the surrender, for she knew that “her Father's hand would never cause His child a needless tear;” but she shrunk from the parting—her nature shrunk—and she clung with her throbbing heart to her Father in heaven; and suddenly strange strength was given her, and marvellous light shone upon an old familiar precept and promise, “Trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.” The fulness she saw in that Scripture seemed enough for a lifetime of trial. The way in which the sentence was couched—how one word strengthened another—was wonderful to her; and feeling herself a mere crushed reed, surrounded and upheld by everlasting strength, with streaming eyes she exclaimed aloud, “It is enough, Lord. I will trust thee now and for ever.”

In that strength she was enabled to watch his last days of convulsive agony, when death did seem to be indeed an iron hand; and when the last throb had ceased, and the happy spirit had escaped to join the glorified ones above, she knelt at that bedside and gave God heartfelt thanks. It was the first early morn of a Sabbath in March; calm moonlight gleamed into the quiet room. Her spirit was subdued but trustful, and she thanked God for the endless Sabbath on which her child had entered, and almost felt she could pierce through the veil that separates us from the unseen. In that strength, with calm energy, she lifted her child once more upon her lap; it would have seemed sacrilege for other

hands to touch him, so sacred did he seem—washed him, combed his hair once more into their own lovely curls, and laid him back upon a bed, as though asleep. Yes, he slept! that long sleep from which the angel's trump alone shall arouse him; and those who watched that mother through her heart's warfare, and thought she sorrowed not as others, knew not the secret of her strength.

At that time she could not speak much of it, but she has been able to speak words of comfort to many a sorrowing mother since, and from her heart she thanks God for that trial.

FOR SAILORS' MOTHERS.

THREE SCENES—TWO ON EARTH AND ONE IN HEAVEN.

ON a beautiful Sunday morning in summer, in a quiet village in one of the midland counties, rose from among a number of apple and pear trees the roof of a lowly cottage where dwelt a poor, pious widow, who had an only son, now far away in a foreign land. The bedroom window was open, and through it streamed the rays of the sun, and the sweet soft breathings of a south wind gently played with the thin white locks of the poor lonely widow, as with clasped hands and uplifted eyes she knelt by the bed whereon he used to lay, around which hung the pretty chintz furniture which had amused the waking moments of her far-off boy.

Before the throne of God is standing the Spirit who "maketh intercession." He is presenting to the Almighty Father of all the prayers offered up by the poor woman; they were for the conversion and preservation of her darling boy. The Intercessor pleads, and leaves His pleading, and the prayer mingled with the incense of His death, in the hands of God.

On one of the rocky islands in the South Pacific Ocean—dreary, because uninhabited—kneels a solitary man. His clothes are torn, his feet are bare and bleeding, his hands are very much cut by clinging to the sharp rocks, and his thin, pale face looks very sorrowful. He has been shipwrecked, and is now in the act of praying. He has, on that uninhabited island, in his

desolate state, remembered that it is Sunday. He has called to remembrance his mother's prayers and teachings, his own bedside, and how he used to kneel down by it whilst his mother prayed with him and for him. He has remembered how he and his mother used to read, in alternate verses, chapters out of the Bible; he has felt his need of a Saviour and Deliverer; and he has cried unto the Lord in his trouble, because there was none to help and see him. As he rises from his knees, his face has lost the colour, and he says, "Surely goodness and mercy have followed me," for he now sees that "fools because of their transgression and because of their iniquities are afflicted;" but that when they cry unto the Lord, "He saveth them out of their distresses;" and as he lifts his eyes towards heaven to bless God, with his heart full of love and gratitude, he beholds a sail, he raises a signal, is taken on board, and is so brought to his desired haven.

THE DYING SABBATH-SCHOOL GIRL.

It was one of spring's loveliest and softest days, everything in nature was calm and beautiful, and a gentle breeze slightly ruffled the foliage of the trees overhanging the lane. I knocked at the door of a cottage to inquire for a young girl who had been some time ill. The mother opened the door and asked me in; I followed her upstairs, and entered the sick room—that room which was so soon to be the chamber of death. On the bed lay the poor invalid, a lovely girl about eighteen, her light silky hair, bright sparkling eyes, and hectic flush gave her the appearance, at first sight, of one in health; but another moment and you are undeceived; the sick, heavy breath, followed by a distressing cough, convinces you that consumption is making rapid progress. The grandmother is seated near the bed, gazing earnestly at her, mingling her sighs with the sobs of the almost broken-hearted mother. The sufferer gazed at them both, then looked towards the open window, as though she were thinking of the land beyond that far, blue sky, where no grief was known, and where she so soon hoped to be. She said she felt happy at the prospect of death, and shuddered not when we mentioned what, to some, would be a melancholy subject.

I left her some books to read, promising to call again ; but the mother could not be comforted—she thought it so hard her only daughter—her only comfort—should be taken away. Her husband was addicted to the sad, sad habit of drinking, and they were obliged to take in a little needlework in order to obtain the necessaries of life. She could not look to him for consolation, she saw not for what purpose this stroke was designed, she saw not a hand pointing to a rich source of comfort. Some little time passed, I called again. It was a Sabbath afternoon ; E. was worse than when I last saw her, and as she had fallen asleep I would not allow her to be disturbed. Two of her young companions, Sabbath scholars, had been reading to her. Blessed occupation ! Oh ! that Sabbath scholars would oftener visit their sick school-fellows ! Should these lines fall into the hands of such, may they learn a lesson and spare a little time for the afflicted. Time sped on, and I heard she was better and had been brought downstairs ; but, alas ! it was only the flattering nature of the disease—for the next account was that her spirit had fled, without doubt, to a happier world. Sudden seemed her death, and we seemed almost ready to say, with the weeping and disconsolate parent,

“Death ! why didst thou cull the flow’ret so gay ?
Why didst thou take such a young one away ?”

But we felt assured

“It was to take her from this world of care
To bloom in a land more lovely and more fair.”

Oh ! what selfish, discontented mortals are we ! Were our loved ones always to remain with us, what loadstone would attract us to the better world ? Oh ! that we could learn to “set our affections on things above, and not on things of the earth.”

PATTY MARIA.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

A SHORT time ago we had two children staying with us—one a boy of eleven ; the other, his sister, a year or two older. They were both sweet children, and had fewer faults than many have at

that age. The boy, whose name was Edward, had one great enemy to conquer, and that was temper. He had been with us some little time when, one day, some trivial matter put him out. I had missed him some time, when his sister asked me to go to him, as she had found him sulking in his room. She said she tried to win him to be good in vain; also our servant, a pious girl, had been talking to him, but to no purpose. I did not go immediately, judging it might be better to let him think awhile; when I went, I found the poor unhappy boy weeping and sulking. I talked to him, coaxed him, and used all the persuasion I could to win him over, but he seemed to grow more obstinate. I then went away; but not liking to give him up, soon returned, and spoke, if possible, more lovingly, entreating him not to spoil my day, it being my birthday; but still the lad remained unsoftened. I again sorrowfully left him, and prayed that God might shew him his sin.

I then went to his room, and taking his hand, said, "Come, and I will pray with you." He was immediately subdued, and came willingly. After praying earnestly with him, I bade him wash his face and tidy his hair, and cautioning him to be watchful over himself, I took him downstairs, looking quite happy and peaceful. The family were much surprised, and more than one asked, "What *did* you do with Edward? for we could do nothing with him." A lady, who is now the mother of a large family, once told me that, although she lost her mother when only seven years old, she could well recollect she never punished her without first praying with her.

Oh! mothers, be not faint-hearted, ever pray on with your children, they will remember your prayers when many, many other things have faded from their memories.

P. B.

"I HAVE NONE BUT GOD LEFT NOW!"

"I HAVE none but God left!" said a poor widow, who had been freely pouring out her troubles to an aged friend. She was dressed in black, and had years on her brow, while her face had in it a mournful and anxious expression; but the relation of her

sorrows seemed to give relief to her heart. By the poor widow's account she had passed through deep waters of affliction, and endured, as she said, "more than her share of trouble." One of her two children had been drowned, and the other was then in a lunatic asylum. She had lost her brother and sister, and only three weeks before had buried her husband, being left alone and in poverty. "All the day long," said she, "I am grieving; and when I wake in the morning my pillow is wet with tears. Everything seems to have melted away, and I have none but God left now."

"None but God left now!" poor broken-hearted pilgrim. Knowest thou Him who is yet left to thee? Hast thou felt that God is good? Hast thou tasted that the Lord is gracious? If not, no wonder, then, thy trouble is heavier than thou canst bear. Hasten to Him with thy burden. Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord, for then thy language will soon be, "Blessed be the Lord, because He hath heard the voice of my supplications. The Lord is my strength and my shield; my heart trusted in Him, and I am helped; therefore, my heart greatly rejoiced; and with my song will I praise Him." (Psalm xxviii. 6, 7.)

"None but God left now!" Poor desolate widow, tossed with tempest, and not comforted. He who has wounded thee can heal thee; and He who has bereaved thee can be to thee more than a husband, and give thee a better heritage than that of sons and daughters. Full as thy cup is of sorrow, peace and joy may yet be thy portion, for the promise of the Redeemer is gone forth, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—(Matt. xi. 28.)

"None but God left now!" poor, poverty-stricken mourner. Knowest thou not that the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; the silver and the gold, the beasts of the forest, and the cattle on a thousand hills? Thy desires are not so large as His possessions. There is nothing that is good for thee that He cannot bestow. He can wipe the tears from thine eyes, bind up the bones which He has broken, change thy gloom into gladness, and fill thy mouth and thy heart with thanksgiving. Up and be doing.

Broken-hearted pilgrim! Onward and upward, desolate widow!

To thy home, poverty-stricken mourner! If thou hast God left, then hast thou more need to praise Him on an instrument of ten strings than to hang thine harp on the willows. Go boldly to an ever-open throne of grace. "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened."—(Matt. vii. 7.)

POWER OF MATERNAL PIETY.

"WHEN I was a little child," said a good man, "my mother used to make me kneel down beside her, and place her hand upon my head while she prayed. Ere I was old enough to know her worth, she died, and I was left too much to my own guidance. Like others, I was inclined to evil passions, but often felt checked and, as it were, drawn back by a soft hand upon my head. When a young man, I travelled in foreign lands, and was exposed to many temptations; but when I would have yielded, *that same hand was upon my head*, and I was saved: I seemed to feel its pressure as in the days of my infancy, and sometimes there came with it a voice in my heart—a voice that must be obeyed, 'O do not this wickedness, my son, nor sin against God.'"

Why gaze ye on my hoary hairs,
Ye children young and gay?
Your locks beneath the blast of cares
Will bleach as white as they.

I had a mother once like you,
Who o'er my pillow hung,
Kissed from my cheek the briny dew,
And taught my faltering tongue.

She, when the nightly couch was spread,
Would bow my infant knee,
And place her hand upon my head,
And kneeling pray for me.

But then there came a fearful day;
I sought my mother's bed,
Till harsh hands tore me thence away,
And told me she was dead.

I plucked a fair white rose, and stole
To lay it by her side,
And thought strange sleep enchained her soul,
For no fond voice replied.

That eve I knelt me down in woe,
And said a lonely prayer ;
Yet still my temples seemed to glow
As if that hand were there.

Years fled, and left me childhood's joy,
Gay sports and pastimes dear ;
I rose a wild and wayward boy,
Who scorned the curb of fear.

Fierce passions shook me like a reed,
Yet, ere at night I slept,
That soft hand made my bosom bleed,
And down I fell and wept.

Youth came ; the props of virtue reeled ;
But oft, at day's decline,
A marble touch my brow congealed ;
Blessed mother ! it was thine.

In foreign lands I travelled wide,
My pulse was bounding high ;
Vice spread her meshes at my side,
And pleasure lured my eye

Yet still that hand, so soft and cold,
Maintained its mystic sway,
As when amid my curls of gold
Its gentle pressure it lay.

And with it breathed a voice of care,
As from the lowly sod,
" My son—my only son—beware !
Nor sin against thy God."

Ye think, perchance, that age hath stole
My kindly warmth away,
And dimmed the tablet of the soul,
Yet, when with lordly sway,

This brow the plumed helm displayed
That guides the warrior throng,
Or beauty's thrilling fingers strayed
These manly locks among,

That hallowed touch was ne'er forgot,
And now, though time hath set
His frosty seal upon my lot,
These temples feel it yet.

And if I e'er in heaven appear,
A mother's holy prayer,
A mother's hand and gentle tear,
That pointed to a Saviour dear,
Have led the wanderer there.

THE DARLING.

HAST thou a child?—a little loved and loving thing, nestling at its mother's breast, whose joyous gambols are the joy of your heart, and whose merry prattle is to thee music more melodious than was ever produced by any stringed instrument? If thou hast, thou possessest one of the greatest blessings that God bestows on fallen man. "Tis pleasant to know that an eye will mark our coming, and look brighter when we come," says a certain writer, and the pleasure is not lessened by the knowledge that the voice of the prattler will greet you too. But if such are the feelings which possess the breast of a parent towards his child, what must be the pain he feels if called to part with it? Who has not seen the head of father and mother bowed down in sorrow because of the lost "darling?" We have seen them driven almost to despair when the worshipped one of the family has been suddenly taken ill, and, after a short sickness, died.

The father who hitherto had been, in his evil hours, a terror to the family, and the mother who had stood the curses and blows of her brutal husband, have been found by the couch of death hand in hand, praying for mercy and forgiveness to Him who knoweth all things—who had noticed the evils that had been in the house that should have been a home, and in punishment, as it were, had plucked the most beauteous flower that the branches had ever borne. I remember well, as 'twere but yesterday, the coming of the little coffin, the day of burial, the scene at the side of the newly-dug grave, and the last look of those around at the casket that contained all that was left of the gem once so beautiful, so fair, so lovely. But the lesson was not without its effect

That home has become a home of peace and love. No longer is there to be found the drunken and brutal husband—the terror-inspiring father ; but surrounding that hearth are the happy parents and their only child, the only one left of the family ; and what the death of the “darling” failed to accomplish, the living one is doing ; for by her simple but earnest prayers the mother’s heart has often been touched, and the father’s eyes have not been tearless.

A FATHER.

THE THIRTY YEARS' PRAYER.

AT the weekly prayer-meeting in —, an aged, wealthy, and influential man entered, who, during a long life, had been seemingly indifferent to his spiritual welfare ; and to the surprise of all present he rose, under deep emotion, and asked the prayers of God’s people for his own conversion. The next week he was again among them, apparently a penitent at the foot of the cross. As the intelligence of his hopeful conversion spread next day in the congregation, it reached an infirm and aged Christian, who had for many years been confined to his house and was daily waiting his summons to depart. On hearing it, he insisted on being carried to see the wealthy man, and would entrust his message to no one. After a long interview he returned home rejoicing. The cause of the infirm man’s interest in this visit was, perhaps, known only to himself and his venerable minister.

Thirty years ago, as he was burning coal on the mountain side, two of his neighbours visited his little shantie, found him engaged in reading his Bible and in prayer, and joined in his devotions. Ere they separated they agreed to meet again the next week on the mountain, to pray as did the Saviour ; and from week to week they met in this quiet retreat, which proved, indeed, a Bethel. One evening they spoke of their wealthy neighbour, mourning that he was living for this world only when he was so much needed in the church of Christ ; and at last they entered into an unwritten, secret covenant with each other before God not to cease praying for his conversion until he should be brought in or die, or they should all be called to their final account. Years of prayer passed on, during which their faith

failed not. One of the suppliants was at length called home, then another, and the old coal-burner, though left alone, still persevered. Thirty years had passed when the above news reached him ; his visit was made, and he came out of the house of his wealthy neighbour, saying, " Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

A PAIR OF PICTURES.

MOTHER ! here are a pair of pictures for you ; hang them by your fireside, that when engaged in your daily duties you may often be reminded of that of which they are the feeble representation. Look at that bright-eyed boy, whose rosy face is half-hid by the ringlets of his young and hopeful mother ; see how she looks upon him as she calls him her boy, and loves him as a treasure sent from heaven ; see how she presses him to her bosom as his sunny face is lit up by the smile that she has called forth by the music of her love. Ah ! and no doubt that mother thinks that her infant must be the most beautiful that was ever brought into this world of ours ; see, it is with a mother's love that she imprints the kiss as she bids him run to meet his father as he returns home. Hark ! how his merry laugh echoes through their dwelling as he is caught in his father's arms, and his mother's heart is full as she tells her partner of his childish prattlings.

* * * * *

Years have passed by, and the infant has passed into romping, laughing youth, and from thence into manhood. What form is this which makes us sick at heart as we look at the bloodshot eye and quivering frame, with its almost unconscious gaze ?—Hark to the oaths and curses which proceed from those lips. Look at that thin form that stands yonder, which would almost tempt us to think that our heavenly Father had forgotten His promise to lay no greater burthen on his children than they are able to bear. Mother ! the pictures represent the same ; and what has caused his change in the bright-eyed boy that we saw basking beneath the smile of his mother's love ? What has wasted the form of that youthful mother, so that, instead of a smile stealing over her

features as when we saw them before, we now look upon them with mingled feelings of pity and disgust? Strong drink has wrought this change; it has ruined the son, and well-nigh brought the young mother with sorrow to the grave. Mother! hast thou a son that cheers thy heart with his infant lisplings? O think, he may become a drunkard; then use your influence to rid your country of its foulest curse. Forget not, hopeful mother, that every drunkard was once like your boy—the object of a mother's love; and as you teach the young idea how to shoot, teach him to abstain from that which intoxicates, that he may not, if he dies a drunkard's death, say, as many have done, that the first step to ruin was taken in their infant home, while holding the hand of their mother.

NOT WRATH, BUT LOVE.

“Provoke not your children to anger.”—EPHES. vi. 4.

NEVER punish a child when you are angry. Wait till you are cool. If you punish in a passion, you are but rousing bad passions in return; you are souring your child's temper, and hardening his young heart.

We greatly increase the need of punishment by punishing too often, and by dealing out the same correction for small offences as for great. You thus wound your child's sense of justice. Your child may have broken a plate, or spilt a jug of milk, through accident; or he may have done so in wanton disobedience. The loss to the mother is just the same, and the trouble is the same but the offence is widely different, and the punishment ought not to be the same. Never mistake an accident for a fault.

Never forget that the true secret of a mother's sway over the mind and conduct of her children is love. If she is loving and thoughtful towards her children, she will generally meet with love and obedience in return. We shall generally reap according to the seed we sow. If we sow the bitter seeds of unkindness, we shall mostly reap their bitter fruits. If we sow the sweet seeds of kindness and tenderness, with God's blessing we shall mostly gather the dutiful fruits of love and obedience. It is never too soon to begin to sow the seeds of love. Begin at once. Even

the little baby on your lap knows the difference between a loving smile and an unloving look ; when it turns from its mother's bosom to the face bending over it, the smile of love is soon answered by baby's own smile. Love for love, smile for smile.

Mothers ! these things are no trifles. I know a mother—a small and feeble woman—crippled by rheumatism, and often unable to lift an arm or to move a foot. Six tall, stout sons grew up around her. It was beautiful to see the loving reverence of these great boys for this little mother. To dispute her words, or to disobey her wishes, never seemed to enter their honest heads. And now, though scattered over the world, each in his own little world of action, the lads still remember the crippled mother praying for them at home. "What would mother think?" is still a question which settles many a conflict with sin and temptation. The secret of her authority and of their obedience is love. And the secret of her love is the knowledge of a God of love, who has given us the two-fold exhortation, "Children, obey your parents. Parents, provoke not your children to wrath." (Ephes. vi. 4.)

The strength that God gives to the souls of those who love and serve Him, is invisible ; but it is also invincible—it cannot be conquered. Would you like this strength to be given you ? Trust in God, believe in Jesus Christ, and "Ask, and ye shall receive ;" for Jesus said, "whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do." (John xiv. 13.)

HAVE YOU ANY DEAR ONES IN HEAVEN?

"Oh ! yes," says one mother, "I had three dear ones who bloomed for a little while on earth, and then went up to bloom in that better land." The eldest of these was little James ; he was always a delicate child. His parents were pious, and felt very, very anxious for the salvation of the souls of their children. He very soon took great delight in singing and in hearing of pious children, and ever manifested deep sympathy for the distressed. He had always been taught the necessity and privilege of going to God in every trouble, however small, especially when afflicted. About twelve months before his death he was thoughtlessly placed upon a high horse ; the horse was struck, made a sudden

spring, and threw him off. He received a severe wound in the forehead, the effects of which he felt till his death. Whilst suffering one day, he asked, "Mother, can Jesus make me better if I pray to Him?" "Yes, my boy," his mother replied, "He can." So he tried the efficacy of prayer, and after his restoration he would frequently say, "I prayed to the Lord, and *He* made me better."

From that time he acquired a love for prayer, and would often kneel down by his little chair and pray that God would pardon his sins and make him ready to die. He was very fond of a hymn which had this expression, "Ready to die," in each verse. He stopped suddenly one day in repeating it, and ran to his mother, saying, "Does it mean *quite* ready to die?" "Yes, dear, we must be quite ready, or we shall not reach heaven;" and ever afterwards he would say, "*quite* ready to die."

About a month before he died, as we were at tea, his mother noticed he looked very sorrowful, and asked him if he were poorly. He did not speak. She told him to come to her, and urged him to tell her what was the matter. He only said, "May I go upstairs?" When leave was given, he ran up and knelt down by the bed and cried, "Lord, save me, and save me *now*; change my heart, and change it *now*." He prayed in this earnest way for many minutes, adding to every petition, "Let it be *now*." This was not the only time, for frequently has he gone alone and prayed so long and fervently that his father has often with difficulty kept from going to lift him from his knees lest he should be exhausted. Every Sabbath, after dinner, he and his little sister would retire to read and pray before they went to the Sunday school. They were both seized with scarlet fever, but they seemed to get nicely over it, and dear little James was so lively—he was frequently singing.

The Saturday evening before his death, when his father returned home, he climbed on his knee with his little sister and said, "We have been singing, 'I have got a brother Johnny in the promised land;' shall I go to that promised land?" "Yes, if you love Jesus." Little did his father then think that, before the next Saturday, he would be there. On the next Wednesday, his mother was making him a little jacket; he said, "Be sure to have

it done, mother—I shall want it on Sunday ;” but in less than an hour a marked change was seen ; dropsy had followed the scarlet fever, violent pain seized him, and continued through the whole night. Early in the morning, his eldest brother entered the room, and said he hoped he would soon be better, if he took his medicine. He said, “I don’t want to get better; I want to die and go to Jesus.” He soon became unconscious, and in a few hours his wish was realized. He never feared death or the grave, and if anything was said about the grave being cold and dark, he would say, “Never mind, I shall not feel; I shall be in heaven.”

Little James was five years and seven months old. His little sister, who was his constant companion, only lived six days after him. She was too young to understand what death was. When her brother was carried out of the room, she said, “He is not dead; he is gone to see my brother Johnny; and when I get better, I shall go and play with them.” She was only three years and a-half old. They now lie side by side, and—how sweet the thought!—they are saved to sin no more.

M. A. S.

YE SHALL REAP.

THINK of this, you that are well-nigh weary of well-doing; you that stand alone in a godless household, and who sometimes grow disheartened amidst the coldness and the opposition and the jeering; you who have enlisted under Christ’s banner, but who, if you have not actually forsaken house and lands for His sake, have at least felt constrained to let pass many a golden opportunity; you who have for years been watching for a soul, if haply you might win it, and who still see it as far from the kingdom as ever; you who have long been contending with a wicked temper or an unholy passion, and who dare not say that you have gained any sensible advantage over it. O be not weary! Think of the day of harvest. Think of the day when you shall rest from your labours, and these works shall follow you. Think of the day—the humbling, affecting, overwhelming day—when the cup of cold water will re-appear as an ingredient in the everlasting glory. “Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season you shall reap if you faint not.”—*Dr. James Hamilton.*

FOR JESUS' SAKE.

A LITTLE child was lately dying. Her mother, leaning over her, said, "Pray God, my lamb, to make you well." The dear child opened her eyes, and added, "For Jesus' sake. Amen."

Through hours of restless tossing
The fever came and went,
As o'er thy bedside, watching,
Thine anguished mother bent.

"Pray God, my lamb, to heal thee,"
Breathed out that mother; then
Thine own voice lowly answered,
"For Jesus' sake. Amen!"

Now death has sealed thine eyes, love,
From ours fall tears like rain;
Yet God doth give us comfort,
"For Jesus' sake. Amen!"

To join the blessed angels,
Washed free from every stain,
We know our Father took thee,
"For Jesus' sake. Amen!"

And though thy voice on earth, love,
We never hear again,
Its dying notes we cherish,
"For Jesus' sake. Amen!"

And when life's journey endeth,
If we God's kingdom gain,
We'll bear the message heavenward,
"For Jesus' sake. Amen."

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

SCRAPS FROM SPURGEON.

PRAYER is as the rustling of the wings of the angels that are on their way bringing us the boons of heaven.

There never was a saint yet who grew proud of his fine feathers but what the Lord plucked them out by-and-by.

Men who have no brains are always great men in their own esteem.

You have heard of the haddock having the mark of the thumb of Peter on it. It is a fiction, of course; but I am sure all the fish we get out of the sea of providence are marked by Jesus' finger.

THE MATERNAL MEETING.

TEACHING—INFLUENCE—REWARD.

toch the green rind of a sapling, or wantonly twist it in the soil, scarred and crooked oak will tell of thee for centuries to come."

IN and again we reiterate the truth that a mother's teaching or ever, either for evil or for good, but, alas! how few mothers believe the fact. So many thoughts press on our hearts as to the work of a mother's teaching and its consequences, that a whole volume would not be too much to read about one of them. Perhaps the most important things to impress on children's minds

God is a God of TRUTH, therefore He must hate a lie; that is called "the father of lies" by Jesus. Teach your dear children, also, what a lie is—that anything *said* or *done* in order to constitute a lie—that persons may *act* as well as speak. A nod or a shake of the head will sometimes convey a lie to the mind of another; and when mothers say one thing, and do another, little children very soon discover that the mother who conducts herself is unfaithful and *untrue*. Teach your children, by precept and example, to hate sin, and that one of the most heinous of all is the sin of LYING.

Now, if you would have your children beloved as they go forth into the world, teach them to be TRUTHFUL, TRANSPARENT, and GENEROUS, never to conceal anything. A liar is always everywhere despised, and even when an habitual liar does tell the truth, people ever doubt him. One single lie would drive the most pure and lofty angel headlong from his seat of glory into hopeless ruin; he could not remain where the God of truth dwells.

There is among the human family a natural respect for truth, but how few there are who never lie, from the little lisping child to the white-haired old man. Yet we affirm that the foundation of this sin is generally laid in *childhood's days*. Some parents, no doubt, cause their children to become liars by their treatment and passionate ways—the father's loud, angry

voice, and frowning brow, from which all gentleness has gone, tempts his children to lie from fear—the mother who storms and scolds at every trifle, with blows given in a pet, teaches her little ones to lie.

A dear little child, very happy and joyous in his young days, with his heart full of melody and sunshine, was altogether changed by losing his parents, and being thrown into a family where was heard nothing but the loud reproof, the cruel threat, the bitter, taunting words of rude reviling. Soon he crept to his bed a changed character, a shivering victim of household cruelty, a cowering and cowardly liar; and THUS it is that many of the false-tongued men and women, who cast their mildew and blight over the homes of earth, are made.

It is most important that every father and mother should encourage the full confidence of their children, so that the little ones may, without fear, tell all their little troubles and doings to them; and in later years they may feel that their parents are their best friends, to whom they may go in life's sorrows, feeling sure of a patient hearing and a loving, sympathising heart.

From one such mother a young girl in humble life was one day tempted to run away. The pleasure she expected, after a few months became anguish, and she thought of her loving, gentle, widowed mother's weeping over her in her cottage with bitter sorrow. At length she resolved to return and confess her sin, resolving to be held in Satan's net no longer. At midnight she stood in the stormy night before her cottage home in her native village. "Perhaps," said the repenting young woman, "my mother may be awake, praying for me. I will lift the latch; maybe she will hear." To her surprise she found the door open; gently she entered, and walked up to her mother's bedside, exclaiming, "Oh, mother! I am come back, very sorry for what I have done; will you forgive me, and ask God to forgive me also? But, mother, how came your door open?" "My child," replied the loving, sorrowful woman, "my door has never been fastened since you left me. I knew you would come back, like the prodigal the Saviour has told us about." Now, in all human probability, if this erring girl had been the child of a harsh, passionate, ungodly mother, she would

een afraid to draw near her dwelling, and would have con-
the world's wanderer till death had overtaken her unpre-

Her mother's gentleness saved her.

in, who is the father of lies, sometimes tempts a child, in a
gulated household, to commit the sin of lying; but the
of such a child, trained in a home of truthfulness, will be
nd lasting. Hear the account of one such child, told when
ad was white with length of days.

remember it," said she, "as yesterday. The roses blush by
e as if newly opened, they hang from rude trellises over the
tchen. How delicious the woodbine smells! I scent it
h the open gates of my childhood's memory. And that
ee garden, that my mother loved and tended; and the old
a pump, with its necklaces of green moss. A little winding
d to that pump, and by it out into the orchard. I think
ien a little girl my mind must have been poetically inclined,
have stood many a time with swelling heart and clasped
gazing at the trees all in blossom, and likening them to so
things—to drops of snow, to bits of fleecy clouds, to
wool white and soft, to everything tender, pure, and
ul."

mother, how the recollections of life's first days come back
emory's storehouse, and how you and your home will be re-
red for sixty years to come! Again, we must remark ere we
, how very needful it is that mothers should watch to become
ted with childhood's early thoughts and tendencies—to
he little poet-mind, pointing out to the opening eyes in the
rld everything beautiful and refining.

e day," continued the old lady, "in early spring, my father
t home some choice young fruit-trees, and they were placed
black earth, so that they were a pleasure to gaze at. I was
little thing, not quite four years old, and I remember his
g to all my questions with that straightforward simplicity
ever used towards children, and indeed to everybody. He
, that in a year or two there might be some beautiful red
on those pretty trees, and asked me if I could wait with
e till then, and if I had faith to believe that of which there
sign. I had a vague idea then that the apples lay hi-

the trunk somewhere, and somebody had once told me that angels came down and put the fruit on after the blossoms had gone; but it was not hard to believe my father, for he *always told the truth*. Two springs passed, and at last there came a few blossoms on the little tree—beauties they were, tinged with little pink edges, streaked with faint veins, and some of them I could see plainly by standing on tiptoe, for the trees were very short. That year an aunt died, and I was sent for to pass a few months with her motherless little girl. It made me sad to see her looking so sorrowful, and dressed in black; but by degrees she became better, and we had fine romps, and after the fun was exhausted, we sat in the housekeeper's room, listening to mirthful stories.

"At last October came, and I had to return home. Pleasant as my stay had been, I was wild with delight at the thought that I should soon meet my gentle mother and my dear, dear father. How I flew round the old house, after I had kissed everybody and almost everything, even to the sober old cat, who gave an ungracious protest, and jumped angrily over my head. The flowers had faded, but the autumn glories were out in all their vivid colouring and beauty of apparel. The pump still bore its wreaths of moss, and its iron handle, standing almost upright, received a hearty shake at my hands. I passed into the old orchard. It was filled with fruit, and on one of the transplanted trees hung one—only one—great rosy apple, so tempting, so luscious-looking that from the very first I felt a desire to possess it; and before I had given myself time to resist the evil, the apple was in my hand.

"Oh! how strangely I felt for a moment. I turned to go into the house, and give it to my father, trusting that he would ask no questions, or if he did, my frankness would be my mediator; but the melting lusciousness that seemed even on the glossy rind broke my resolution, and I hurried breathlessly to a large tree at the end of the orchard, and as guilt always strives to do, *hid myself*. Not a mouthful did I enjoy. It was sweet, delicious, but in my wicked haste I choked it downward, and had eaten to the core, when I heard my father's voice. A clap of thunder had not sounded more terrible than those mild tones just then. I threw down the remnant of the apple, wiped my hands, and with cheeks that seemed bursting, went forward to my father. He looked at me

y, and we passed into the house, to meet a little friend who called to see me after my long absence. I was so filled with great misery of my sin, that I could hardly force myself to be pleased with the visit, and all that long afternoon my heart . . . 'I am sorry, mother,' said my father, 'but the apple you had so much is gone.' I cowered as I stood watching my mother preparing sweetmeats for my little friend and myself. My mother paused with a look of anxiety as she said, 'Who do you suppose has taken it? It was there this morning.' 'I am afraid of the children——' 'I didn't touch it,' cried I, before he finished. 'No one has accused you, Maria,' said my father, interchanging glances with my mother. 'Why are you so ready to deny before the question has been asked?' I said nothing. In a little while my father took me into his work-room and showed me a little toy he had been making for me. My cheek turned, and I kept choking back the tears. I was suffering the greatest agony of a lie unconfessed. Suddenly my father took my hand and drawing me towards him, held up the very apple-core which I had thrown away. 'I never touched it—I never saw it—I never throw it there!' I cried in incoherent sentences, then, in my agony I began to sob and cry piteously. 'My mother, you took the apple,' said my father, in his calm, sweet

And oh! as I looked at him, I saw tears in his eyes, and his face trembled. That was terrible! I could have borne his scolding; I longed for him to scold me, and call me a wicked, lying child; anything but that look, that look that pitied me so.

I stopped crying, but I thought in the silence that followed that my heart would burst; my eyes were bent to the floor, and it seemed as if I could scarcely breathe. I felt his fingers under my chin, pressing it to make me look up. I heard his voice, now a stern voice, saying, 'Lift your eyes up, my child.' And I did so, looking heavily to his sorrowful face. Then he talked with me of my dreadful sin, till my very soul was melted within me, and at last I cried out, 'Oh! forgive me, forgive me! I took the apple—I told a lie—I am very wicked—I never can dare to pray again!

'I am old now,' said the sweet-faced lady, as she concluded her story. 'I am old now, but the prayer that my father offered to

heaven—that agonising petition, mingled with the sobs of strong feeling—I seem to hear it as if it were a thing of yesterday. Days, weeks passed, before I felt innocent again. Alas! I have always, and shall carry to the judgment the *memory* of that first lie. For months my cheek tingled at my father's glance, and my heart felt faint when I thought of my sin. But never since then—never *once*—have I been tempted to falsehood; the sting of remorse left a wound that bleeds afresh at the thought of wrong. Oh! I often think, if children who are thoughtlessly left to work out their own life-problems, could have the benefit of a supervision like that of my gentle, praying father's, to watch for evil, and apply the remedy, what a different world would this be! The solemn, awful responsibility of parents, only eternity will reveal. Watch for the first sin, mother; and especially let your tears, your prayers, bear witness to your horror of that awful sin, when your resolute but erring boy, your blue-eyed girl, stand weeping before you, burdened with the guilt of their **FIRST LIE**."

We see, in this old lady's accurate account of a sin committed in her early days, how sore a punishment it brought to a child trained to love the truth and fear a lie. The rosy, tempting apple proved, indeed, she was one of Eve's daughters; yet we see also she could not be a hardened, habitual liar, like those who are *dragged* up in a double-dealing, wicked home. Again, the picture she gives us of all the minute things about her childhood's home, so many, many years ago, shows us that impressions of early days last for ever—the very impressions we are all as mothers making every day now; and we shall hear of them all again when the dream of life is past, and we meet our dear ones before the great white throne.

Youth is the seed-time,
The season of sunshine and showers
That nurtures the delicate germ,
Which in life's autumn
Will bring to our bosom sweet flowers,
Or thorns and a cankering worm.

* * We hope to give the second reading next month.

THE MOTHER'S TESTIMONY.

was only a few weeks ago I was in a home where affliction laid its overwhelming hand. Four of its inmates were the victims of a raging fever; one a young man, passing in an unconscious state the fearful boundary-line between time and eternity. Had he lived a life of forgetfulness of his God, he had totally neglected the momentous interests of his immortal soul, and as he lay so was he dying, passing with unregenerated heart into eternity against whose righteous laws he had lived in habitual disobedience.

A weary mother, long deprived of that rest necessary for the weary, was pacing the floor in the intense agony of her tortured heart, never and anon giving vent to the long-drawn sigh that spoke of anguish in the listener's ear, the only expression of a sorrowing heart broken down with long and unmitigated grief, under a succession of troubles, such as it is seldom woman's lot to experience. "He is dying, but he is not prepared; what must become of him?" Such was the poor woman's expression in that perhaps the darkest portion of her life. "He is not prepared!" what a testimony of one who is passing, and already half through the dark portals of the next world.

Mother! do you wish to experience the overwhelming terror of a son in hell? You feel indignant at the question, is your conduct consistent with the feeling? Surely you are presumptuous enough to expect a better fate for him you call on, who is the constant companion of fools, wasting life's precious hours in the pursuit of every demoralizing vice. A raging fever may seize that young man whom you profess to love as your son, and deprive him of reason at once; he may have to meet the monster in a state of unconscious agony, and thus terminate a life spent in open rebellion against a holy and just God. Yet you expect a better fate for him; you may hope for it, but what are the grounds on which you build your expectations? Are you doing anything towards the accomplishment of the desired end? If you are a stranger to God yourself, it cannot be expected of you; are you willing to share with your offspring the fearful doom of unregenerated souls in hell? No!—then turn and make your peace with God, that you may be so enabled to walk before your

children that they may testify that you have been with Jesus. Walking in the strait way yourself, you will be able to lead your children in it also; having found grace yourself, let your wrestlings with God be long and incessant in behalf of your children; and though the once tender sapling may be growing into a stubborn tree, that grace is all-sufficient, and it will, most probably, in answer to a mother's earnest prayers, be extended to them; and those who are now travelling in company with you to the regions of darkness and despair, to add by their presence increased horrors to the bitterness of your doom, may shine as bright jewels in your crown, when you shall come into your Father's kingdom.

How often do we see the morning sun of youth set to rise no more, and the brightest flower of the domestic circle may be rudely torn from its place by the sweeping winds of death, to leave to the survivors a painful blank behind. Mother! the very next victim of the grim-visaged monster may be that son whom you account the glory of your household, and the testimony of your own heart in his last struggle with the unwelcome visitor may have to be a fac-simile of the poor woman's "He is not prepared." There are but two places to which mankind are hastening heaven and hell. It remains in a great measure for the mother to decide the destiny of her children; it is the hand of the mother that is to mould the plastic material of her youthful charge into vessels meet for the Lord, and if neglected while soft and pliable, and permitted to grow hard and brittle under the influence of every species of degrading vice, how extremely improbable it is that such will experience a more desirable end than the dying young man over whom a heart-stricken mother was called to mourn as one lost for ever. Let the mother of every such youth stop and think, and adopt every available means for the prevention of such a fearful issue. Sow your seed in tears and you may reap a rich harvest of joy and peace, when you shall see your corn gathered safely into the garner of heaven.

H. M.

NEXT CHRISTMAS.

"Next Christmas," said Florence Bayney; "you will be with us then, you know, and you shall see how much we enjoy the merry,

time." Florence and her cousin had been having a girl's chat all about Christmas and its pleasures; and the former grown quite animated over her descriptions of family gatherings and German trees, and all the almsgivings of the time. These having, perhaps, the chief place given to them by Florence, had a gentle heart, and loved by word and deed to soothe the woes of the poor around her.

"Look up, Alice, dear," she continued cheerily, "are you not saying that old Christmas would make haste about it, if he is to visit us at all?" "If," said the younger girl, leaning her head upon her hand, "oh, Floy dear, how do I know that I shall see him then?" Florence's gaiety subsided into a sympathetic sadness as she said, "We cannot tell, dear; we must desire to wait until it is ready, and then leave the time to God." "Ah! it is for you, Florence, so full of health and life, to say all this, —" and she spread her thin white hands out before her as if to poke, "I stand close to the cold river, and I am *not ready* for a plunge through its dark waters." Florence could not speak, but sank down beside her, and they wept together.

Alice had spoken of her cousin as "full of health and life," and had spoken truly. There was something about Florence's eyes which attracted even a stranger's gaze; something in the shape of the face, the rose-tinged cheek and laughing eye, which led one to say, "God has indeed given health there, and a mind at ease." It was true, and Alice well knew what a contrast all must observe between her slender form, her lily cheek, and her look of sadness, the buoyancy which marked her cousin's every look and

It is not always, when Death comes and wants to bear away his prey, that, as the Ruler of the skies say, "Lay thy hand upon the drooping flower." No; for our brightest, our most healthful flowers are often carried in a moment hence. So was it here. Her cousin came and Christmas was hastening on, but she who had looked for it, and who had scarce known sickness all her life, the only daughter, and the joy of the household, laid her head upon her mother's breast and breathed her life away!

"It is very gloomy, aunt," said Alice, drawing nearer to Mrs. Grey as they sat in the still twilight, "I have missed Floy's

laugh to-day." There was a long pause. "I wonder," continued the child, as if thinking aloud, "I wonder if she will be better by Christmas; she spoke so much about those pleasant days that I quite long for them." The mother leaned her head upon her hand. Oh! that sad, sad heart! "Alice dear, I must tell you of something which will grieve you;" and again the face was hidden by the hands. "Alice, dear Florence is very, very ill. You remember," she asked, rousing herself with an effort, "you remember, how this fearful disease raged around us?" Alice could scarce say, "Yes," there was a choking sensation in her throat which checked her words, and yet she could not weep. "This disease, Alice, has seized our darling, and they tell me she may die," continued her aunt, and then a long silence followed, while neither wept. Oh! how long it seemed to both. "I have left her for the first time to-day," said the mother, "that I might tell you this, and that I might say also that it will be our duty, dear Alice, to send you from the house until"—Alice felt an added weight upon her heart. "Must I leave them," she asked herself, "now in their sorrow?" But she would not add to her aunt's grief, and her head was bowed in mute assent. "Oh! Alice, if I knew that Florence was *ready* for death, half the weight of grief would be removed. Shall we kneel, dear child?" she asked, as the welcome tears began to flow, "shall we kneel and ask Jesus to draw her *now* to Himself?" And in the deepening twilight they knelt side by side; and in a low voice, with many a sob between, the mother prayed for the salvation of her child.

It was more the sighing and the tears, than any words she uttered, which rose up to the throne on high. As she ceased, an earnest voice continued to supplicate. It was her pastor's, who had entered in the darkness unperceived, and the mother learned from his brief prayer one of the sweetest things a mother ever learns—that her child was one of God's redeemed children. What joy could equal *this*? Oh! mother, dost thou wish thy child to taste earth's joys—to enjoy earth's high honours? Ask it not. Desire *this* glory, and *this* honour, and *this* joy for thy beloved one, and eternity shall prove that thou art *wise*.

Not many weeks before the hand of disease was laid upon her, Florence had visited her pastor and had told him of her deep con-

is of sin, and her yearnings after peace with God ; and it
 been his blessed privilege—how high a privilege, let angels
 to tell—to lead her on to Jesus. And now, in her illness,
 I come to visit her, and, entering the room where her mother
 had heard her prayer and learned that she knew not of
 child's great happiness. In prayer, as we have seen, he told
 what he knew, blessing God that the beloved one was prepared

mother," said the dying child, "I have kept back from you
 I know will give you joy. I have been wrong in so doing.
 now, do you not long to know if I am *ready*?" "I do, my
 the agitated mother tried to say. "Mother, I believe in

I have cast my soul on His finished work, and I feel—oh !
 happy. I cannot tell you how happy. Death," she continued
 truly, "*death* with his arms around me—death opening
 His gate—oh, it has *no* sting." Next day she said, "I
 did not profess myself a Christian, mother." "No, dear, you
 had no opportunity." "I do not know," she replied, in a low
 voice, "but it has not been because I was *ashamed*. Say that
 to me, dear mother." Her mother began, but tears checked
 her utterance. "I should have liked to have sat at His table,
 as young as I am ; but heaven is before me, and *there* I
 lay down at the marriage supper of the Lamb."

How long, as we sit by the bed of death, to say *more* than
 and how our tears *will* choke our utterance ! Delirium
 and the parents watched in vain for another look of love.
 looked up to heaven and prayed for one interval of reason,
 was granted. "Mother !" "My love, do you *know* your
 child?" How tenderly those words were spoken. "Father."
 She took her hand. Servants, pastor, friends, she saw them all.
 "—I love"—murmured the dying child. Is it some earthly
 love she would express ? Ah ! no ; not thus does she breathe out
 her soul. "I love Jesus." And the life is gone. They laid her
 in the tomb, and very soon father and mother joined her in the
 land. And Alice, spared to grey hairs, sits in the twilight,
 gazing at the days gone by, and blesses God that He has made
 her child's *death* the means of *life* to her. Shall it bear a message
 to your dear young friend ? "Prepare to meet thy God." You
 will be here "next Christmas."

THE OBLIGING WIFE.

THERE lived at B—— an opulent citizen, whose wife was a believer, but he himself feared not the Lord. His practice was to spend his evenings in a wine-house, where he would often tarry till eleven, twelve, or even one o'clock. On such occasions his wife always used to send her servants to bed, and sit up herself to await the return of her husband. When at last he came she used to receive him very kindly, never reproach him in the least, either at the time or afterwards, nor complain at all of his late hours by which she was kept from seasonable rest. Moreover, if it should be needful to assist him in undressing himself, when he had drunk to excess, she would also do this in a very meek and kind way. Thus it went on for a long time.

One evening this gentleman was as usual at the wine-house, and having tarried there with his merry companions till midnight, he said to them, "I will bet, that if we go to my house we shall find my wife sitting up and waiting for me, and she herself will come to the door and receive us very kindly; and if I ask her to prepare a supper she will do so at once, without the least murmur or unkind expression or look." His companions in sin did not believe this; at last, however, after some more conversation about this strange statement, as it appeared to them, it was agreed that they should all go to see this kind wife. Accordingly, they went; and after they had knocked, the door was immediately opened by the lady herself, who courteously and kindly received them.

The party having entered, the master of the house asked his wife to prepare supper for them, which she at once in the meekest way prepared to do; after a while, supper was served by herself without the least sign of dissatisfaction, murmur, or complaint. Having now prepared for all the party, she retired to her own room. When she had left, one of the gentlemen said, "What a wicked and cruel man you are, thus to torment so kind a wife!" He then took his hat and stick and, without touching a morsel of the supper, went away. Another made a similar remark, and left without touching the supper. Thus one after another went till they were all gone, without tasting the supper, and the master of the house was left alone. The Spirit of God brought before him

is dreadful wickedness, and especially his great sin towards his wife; and the party had not left the house half-an-hour before he went to his wife's room, told her that he felt himself a great sinner, and asked her forgiveness for all his behaviour towards her. From that time he became a disciple of the Lord Jesus.

G. M.

ONLY A SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHER!

There is no work in dignity equal to that of endeavouring to save a soul. Yet worldly men see no glory in it. On a calm morning there stood in the street of one of our country towns two men engaged in conversation. As they talked, a female passed by with a New Testament in her hand. "Who is that?" said one to the other. "She is only a teacher of the Sunday School," was the reply. Only a teacher in the Sunday School! Who art thou, proud mortal? Mayor, statesman, hero,—I care not who thou art. I tell thee, that the young man who on the holy day of God gathers around her a few girls, and seeks to inbreathe into their young natures the loving thoughts of Jesus of Nazareth, does a more glorious work for the universe than any magistrate as magistrate, statesman as statesman, hero as hero, ever achieved. Those thoughts live and spread, and work beneficently in the realm of thought, long after the most enduring thrones have crumbled into dust, and the most illustrious of earth's names have been blotted from the roll of memory. Tell me of a greater work.

You say, Moses performed a great work when, with his mystic rod he smote the rock of Horeb, and caused it to send forth streams to refresh the Israelites for forty long years; but that old Bible you can perform "a greater work" than that. With this moral rod you can break the rocky heart of humanity, and use it to send forth vivifying sympathies and life-giving truths that shall roll down the ages with a soul-renewing power. You say that Elijah did a great work, when on Carmel's brow he confounded the idolators of his day, by bringing down from heaven a divine fire to consume his sacrifice. You can

do "a greater work" than that. With this old Bible you can kindle a fire in the hearts of men that shall burn up their depravity, consume their lusts, and transmute their nature into the image of their Maker. You say that Christ did a great work, when on the Galilean Sea He hushed the furious storm. I would not say a word to depreciate any work wrought by the Son of God; still I say, that with the old Bible thou canst hush more fierce and furious storms than that. Thou canst go to the poor widow whose spirit is tossed with grief, and say to her, "Sorrow not as those without hope. If you believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him, and under Heaven's gracious influence they shall have peace." Thou canst go to the young man, whose spirit is borne hellward by the furious tempests of polluted passions, and thou canst say to him, "Acquaint now thyself with God, and be at peace; thereby good shall come unto thee;" and by God's grace he shall have peace. Or thou canst go to the poor soul-convicted sinner, beaten by the tempests of a guilty conscience, and say, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;" and he shall find joy and peace in believing. There is no work in the universe greater than that of enlightening, quickening, enfranchising, and raising to the ever-heightening blessedness and ever-advancing honours of immortality, souls that are sin-benighted, enslaved, degraded, and lost.

FAMILY RELIGION.

BY REV. J. H. MERLE D'AUBIGNE.

PARENTS! if your children do not meet with a spirit of piety in your houses; if, on the contrary, your pride consists in surrounding them with external gifts, introducing them into worldly society, indulging all their whims, letting them follow their own course, you will see them begin to grow proud and vain, idle and disobedient, impudent and extravagant. They will treat you with contempt, and the more your hearts are wrapped up in them the less they will think of you. This is but too often the case; but ask yourselves if you are not responsible for their bad habits and

ces, and your consciences will reply that you are; that you are now eating the bread of bitterness which you have prepared for yourselves. May you learn thereby how great is your before God in neglecting the means which were in your power for influencing their hearts, and may others take warning from your example and bring up their children in the Lord. Nothing is so effectual in doing this than an example of domestic piety. Public worship is often too vague and general for children, and does not sufficiently interest them.

Lessons learned by rote, if unaccompanied by anything else, lead them to look upon religion as a study, like those of mathematics or history. Here, as everywhere, and more especially elsewhere, example is more effectual than precept. They do not merely to be taught out of some elementary book that they must love God, but you must show them that God is loved. To observe that no worship is paid to the God of whom they hear, the very best instruction will prove useless; but by means of daily worship these young plants will grow "like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in season; his leaf also shall not wither." Your children may leave the parental roof, but they will remember in foreign lands the prayers of that parental roof, and those prayers will protect

OLD WOMEN.—No. V.

ASSOCIATED with my earliest recollections was a house situated in a village garden on one of the most salubrious hills of our country. It was a very sunny spot, beautiful with manifold fruits and flowers, but it is not with these we have now to do, but with one living flower who shall flourish for ever in the "Paradise garden of God." She had been poor, though now, from accumulated savings of a life of toil, comfortably off; and she had spent many years in this house attending to the raising of the fruits of which were sold at the nearest market-town. She had been grievously injured by some relatives, and the husband, whose soul was not so well attuned to the divine principle of love as his partner, often vented his feelings in no

measured terms; and she, sorely as she allowed she felt their ill-treatment, soothed and calmed the old man with that feminine tact which all women, especially wives, should cultivate.

He died, and the aged widow, still inhabiting the same spot, gradually drooped until she became unable to leave the room. I remember her well, as she sat in her easy chair, and the strange conviction that stole on my childish heart that she was not to be long with us. A sweet smile was on her face as she spoke of the land whereto she was hastening. She had before been a woman of few words, and it was more by the uprightness of her conduct and the gentleness of her deportment that we knew whence she drew the water of life; but now her tongue seemed loosed, and until the very last she was able to speak of Him who died for her to her attendants, passing away like a shock fully ripe.

THE MOTHER'S DEATH-BED.

SOME of the readers of "THE MOTHERS' FRIEND" have no doubt attended at some time or another the death-bed of a pious friend, and could tell us that, much as they loved their departed friends, they would not, if they could, bring them back to earth again; so happy was their dying hour, so calmly they yielded their breath to God, and so readily gave up all in this world to be with Christ, which they felt was far better. The lady of whom we are about to speak was the mother of five dear children; she had married early in life, and her path had been one of unusual brightness; she loved her husband and children very dearly, perhaps too much so.

One autumn evening, when the leaves were lying dead upon the ground and all nature seemed to speak of decay, Mrs. M— feeling herself dying, expressed a wish that all her family might be called to receive her parting blessing; they accordingly came. Taking the hand of her eldest son, she said, "My dear boy, when I am gone you will, I know, think of me, and remember the counsel and advice we have often given you, and try to profit by it. Prepare yourself in this world for the next." Then looking affectionately at all her other children, she said, "Dear children, if it had been the will of God, I should have liked to remain with

little longer, to guide you as well as I could in the slippery of youth; but I know God can guide you better than I can, will never forsake you. You, my daughter, will soon fill my place; try and do it better than I have done; act a mother's part to your younger sisters." Turning to her husband she said, "Dearest, grieve so for me; though I love you so dearly, I would much rather be with Christ. Still it is a hard trial to part from those we love so well; those who have been our earthly joys and those who have been our hopes; and I know, dear, you do not mean to stay in this world of sorrow when God sees fit to call me. All of you meet me again in heaven; so may God will it." She sank back exhausted with the effort, and died a few days after in the arms of her husband.

Her loved ones do not mourn her as those without hope; they have a good expectation that they will all meet their mother in heaven; to part no more. Mothers! would you die such a death, to have your children rise up and call you blessed? Then follow her example as far as it was good, and follow wholly that of Christ.

"Far from this world of toil and strife
She's present with the Lord;
The labours of this mortal life
End in a large reward."

HENRY.

ARE THEY NOT ALL MINISTERING SPIRITS?

How delightful the thought that the angels in bliss
Daily bend their bright wings to a world such as this,
And leave the sweet songs of the mansions above
To breathe on our bosoms some message of love.

They come, on the wings of the morning they come,
Impatient to bear some poor wanderer home—
Some pilgrim to cheer or direction afford,
Or lay him to sleep in the arms of his Lord.

How swift on their message of mercy they fly,
To bear some bright spirit away to the sky,
Where, basking for ever in sunshine above,
It swells the loud chorus of Christ's dying love.

And when all the storms of life's ocean are past,
And the anchor within the bright haven is cast,
They delight to attend the redeemed on their way
To the regions of bliss in eternity's day.

SYMPATHY.

THERE are few sources of consolation of so exalted, so close, so endearing an order as those which spring from human sympathy. To have one who enters into our case and circumstances, our sorrows and our joys, our hopes and our fears, what we dread and what we endure, who feels when we feel, in a measure *as* we feel, is surely one of our very costliest mercies. It is a choice flower in the midst of weeds, a garden amidst a desert, a shelter when the storm rages around us. But it is in this as in everything human. Human sympathy has its limit, and oftentimes a very narrow one, beyond which it cannot pass. If we attempt to force it beyond this limit we may weaken, perhaps destroy it. Human sympathy can fully enter into but few of our real circumstances. It cannot deeply feel in the absence of all personal experience of those things which occasion another's sorrow. It cannot really enter into that of which practically it knows nothing. Where it feels the most, yet there are ever some of the finest springs which it can never touch. Even where it enters most fully, in the vast majority of instances, human sympathy has little power to give effectual relief under the trouble, still less to remove it. Such is the limit which is fixed to the choicest earthly good. The very nature of man fixes it. But this is of divine appointment, that we may rest not in human sympathy but in that of Jesus himself.—(Heb. iv. 15.)

Mother, your sympathy with your dear little ones may be and ought to be unbounded. Your dear boy's tears over a lost or broken toy, or a dead rabbit, or pussy, are real tears of sorrow from a heart full of regret. Do not turn away from him, saying, "Nonsense, it was not worth thinking about." We knew a mother once who would never heed her children's sorrows, and even when the little legs were aching and the head burning with anguish, would take no loving notice of it, but just say in a rough way, "You had better go to bed, child." Was this as a tender, loving, Christ-like mother would act? No; no. Do cultivate lovely sympathy, it will make your heart grow tender and larger. and thus will you imitate the blessed Jesus, whose sympathy was

- called forth by the suffering of the children of earth.

SYMPATHIZE WITH THE LITTLE ONES!

SPEAK gently to the little child,
So guileless and so free ;
Who with a trusting, loving heart
Puts confidence in thee.
Speak not the cold and careless thought,
Which time has taught thee well ;
Nor breathe one word whose bitter tone
Distrust may seem to tell.

If on his brow there rests a cloud,
However light it be,
Speak loving words, and let him feel
He has a friend in thee.
And do not send him from thy side,
Till on his face shall rest
The joyous look and sunny smile
That mark a happy breast.

Oh ! teach him—*this* should be your aim—
To cheer the aching heart ;
To strive, where thickest darkness reigns,
Some radiance to impart.
To spread a peaceful, quiet calm,
Where dwells the noise of strife,
Thus doing good and blessing all,
To spend the whole of life.

To love, with pure affection deep,
All creatures great and small,
And still a stronger love to bear
For Him who made them all.
Remember, 'tis no common task
That thus to thee is given,
To rear a spirit fit to be
The habitant of heaven.

DEATH NOT AN ENEMY TO THE CHRISTIAN.

It seems to be a difficult lesson, even for *true* disciples, to learn that death is on their side. The understanding may, indeed, soon be convinced, but no decision of the judgment can quell the heart's antipathy to that dread messenger. It seems an instinct of humanity to shrink with loathing from the serpent's touch, even when we know the serpent has been deprived of its sting. The feeling seems to be the same with Christians as it was with the twelve apostles in regard to the dying of their Lord Jesus ; as we

learn from the evangelists *three* several times He told them plainly that He must soon suffer death. The first time they were angry. "Peter rebuked Him and said, Far be this from thee, Lord." The second time they were very sorrowful. The third time they seem to have received the intimation in silence. I suppose a Christian who has at last gotten the victory would, in the hour of his departure, give a similar history of his own experience. In childhood, when first the certainty of death began to break into his mind, he raged violently against it; afterwards he was solidly convinced of its truth and necessity, but the prospect made him very sorrowful; but now, when it is near, he meets it calmly, if not joyfully, as the dark, narrow door in the partition-wall between time and eternity, through which the children are led from the place of exile into the mansions of the Father's home.

Selected by C. C.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

AN EXAMPLE WORTH IMITATING.

A DEAR little child, about two years of age, was accustomed to have a biscuit placed under her pillow at night, for her to eat as soon as she awoke in the morning. One day I tried to explain to her why a blessing was asked before she partook of any food. The following morning she as usual looked for her biscuit, and began eating it, but suddenly stopped, kneeled in her bed, and asked a simple blessing on it. She then laid down and finished her biscuit. We think this must be a lesson to those who eat of the bounties of God without remembering Him who is the giver of them.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

A Hundred Hymns for the Evening Time. By Rev. F. LANE, M.A.
London: Aylott and Son.

Nicely-selected hymns for evening hours.

Jesus lives for you. Who is on the Lord's side? Jesus died for you. By
Rev. O. WINSLOW, D.D. London: Sumner, Shaw, and Co.

Dr. Winslow's books have long classed as favourites, and the three now before us are cheap and good.

THE MATERNAL MEETING.

Second Reading.

TEACHING—INFLUENCE—REWARD.

TEN again, mother, teach your little ones to love God; tell of His goodness, of His power, of His care over all He made, of His all-seeing eye, of His being always near; tell He is love itself; tell them of the gift of Jesus to die for; tell them of the pretty dove winging its way from the Ark if the world was getting dry, and of the good Noah putting his hand to pull it in again when it came back. Tell them the story of Moses, whose mother put him in a little basket by the river, leaving his sister to watch him, because the cruel king had ordered to kill her baby-boy, and of the kind God inclining a Princess to show compassion on the crying baby. Tell them of Joseph, who was thrown into a pit by his brothers because they were jealous of him, but afterwards became a great man. Tell them, above all, of the heavenly babe in the manger at Bethlehem with the oxen and donkey near Him; tell how the angels sang a song of joy and praise to the poor shepherds who were keeping watch over their flock by night; tell them why God gave His Son to die for them. At this time would fail us to mention all the interesting teachings our mothers may find in God's word.

Teach them thus, mothers, and pray *for* them and *with* them, when you are gone to your reward the world will be the better for your teaching, and the children of your love shall carry on your work from one generation to another till the sun and moon shall wax old and fade away. Hear what an old man tells of his early days. Eighty summer suns and winter snows had passed over him, yet he says, "I remember now, as if only a few days of last week, the words and doings of my mother. She was so kind in my young days, but her pale, fading face and her words of warning and encouragement have gone with me through my long life. I remember how they carried her away, on her death-day, when the ground was covered with snow, and the black pall and the streaming hat-bands in contrast to the

white world made me think that earth was a strange and sorrowful place. Oh, my mother's life was a beautiful tale to me, and a thing to be remembered for ever; and I have tried to train up my large family on the model of my mother's life, and now, at the end of my long journey, I hope above all things to meet my good mother in heaven. Do you wish to be thus remembered? Sow the same seed—ask for the same heavenly showers—you shall reap the same harvest.

How rich the reward, too, of a mother's teaching! She enjoys the delight of seeing her children walking with God here, and if called away from this shadowy vale she sees them pass away supported by a glorious hope of immortality beyond the grave. Sometimes, indeed, pious mothers are called to exercise faith in the promises of a kind God for many weary years ere the fruit appears—her son, it may be, leaves his home without giving evidence that he had passed the great change requisite to his everlasting happiness; but the eye of her heavenly Father follows him, and often her heart is made glad by news from a far-off land, and what her home-teaching fails to accomplish her love-breathing letters succeed in doing; we will tell you one such case.

A young sailor left his pious mother's home followed by her prayers and her loving letters. Amidst bustle and companions the home counsels seemed forgotten, but the far-off son was as near to God's eye and ear as his excellent and ever-praying mother.

At length he fell sick, and became very anxious about his safety for an eternal world; in his sorrow he asked a young man to read to him, but the books he brought were not suitable to the poor sick young sailor—sick in body and mind. He asked for a Bible; none could be found. At length he requested a boy to read over and over to him his mother's letters. To his anxious heart and listening ear the words were like heavenly music. "Ah, these are the thoughts I want," said he, "thoughts about my mother's Saviour." His painful malady was removed, but the storm within was not hushed. When the vessel got into port, the young sailor walked, with a restless spirit, street after street; at length, seeing a place of worship, he entered and listened to a sermon, which seemed, as he said, "all for him."

minister shot the bow at a venture, God directed the arrow. Gospel reached his heart, and confirmed him in the truth he early learned. Again he sailed, and after a safe voyage he returned to the same port, and found the same place of worship where he had received so much good. He introduced himself to the minister, and was by this good man introduced to a lady with whom both gentlemen dined. The young sailor, after some time, brought to the recollection of both his friends the sermon which had been made so useful to him; and, strange to say, they said at the same time the sermon was delivered that both preacher and lady considered it a very uninteresting one!

How often does it happen that God uses means for His own glory and the happiness of His sinful creatures, that men think nothing of. This sermon, thought so meanly of, was made the power of God unto salvation. This should encourage *ministers* as well as mothers.

Again, we can tell you of a mother's reward enabling her to withstand sorrow and tears to rejoice in a faithful and promising God.—Mary Clifford had been trained by a pious mother at home where God was honoured, and where His blessing, which maketh rich, was enjoyed. For eighteen years heaven's sunshine was on that lovely household, and the reckless king had no breach; but now clouds and darkness gathered, and death came silently in to lay his icy hand upon its master; not, indeed, to hurry him away in the midst of his days, as he often did the wicked, but like a friend who opens the gate for us as we approach a mansion of blessedness. Mr. Clifford had been a generous, self-denying man, loving to do good, and dying to be blessed! Now "the Master had come and called for him," saying, "Come up hither," and the voice was not unwelcome to the good man.

Requesting his dear wife and daughter to draw near his bedside, he commended them in prayer to his God, and addressed them:—"For your sakes I would remain yet awhile on earth to procure for you the comforts we require in a probationary state; but for me to depart and be with Christ is better, and I know He will take care of my dear wife and precious child. I leave you in His care. I have been young and am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his

seed begging bread." Thus calmly did the good man bow his head to the stroke of the reaper, and angels doubtless were near to carry him to Abraham's bosom. Deep was the sorrow of that household, and many the tears which fell as the tomb received his fading body till the resurrection morning.

As it too often happens when the master of a family dies, a happy home is broken up, and the bereaved ones have not only to mourn over the departed in bitter anguish, but they have also to suffer the loss of a home endeared by many years of happiness, and strangers tread the hearth where their children played. So now in the case of the widow and fatherless. When all demands had been met, it was found that a very small income would remain to Mrs. Clifford, and one deep sorrow to her heart was, that her efforts in the vineyard of her Lord would be ended for lack of means. Mary was grieved for her mother's sake, and she pondered in her mind how she could meet the difficulty and thus make her mother more happy by working amidst her old duties.

Some few months passed when one day Mary addressed her mother, looking lovingly into her tearful face, saying she had, through a kind friend, obtained a situation as governess in a very excellent family, and her salary would be far more than she would need; therefore her dear mother might carry on her benevolent work, and Mary would feel that she also was working by aiding her. "You are a worthy child of your sainted father, my dear Mary," Mrs. Clifford exclaimed, "but what shall I do without you?" "God will comfort you, my mother, as He has done," said the lovely girl; "I have the promise of being allowed to see you at least four times a year, and the beautiful penny-post shall bring you a letter every week; so you can hear all about me, and you can tell me how much you are enabled to do in the same delightful way which you have been accustomed to; and then you see, mother dear," she added, with her arms round her neck, "we are to live altogether in heaven for ever; so we can afford to be self-denying here, as dear papa was; let us follow his example, for he followed Jesus." "Be it so, my precious one; I am afraid to hinder you in your chosen path, lest I should be found fighting against God. I always remember a dear friend of mine who hindered her daughter from going out

the wife of a devoted missionary, but that mother soon saw idolized child in a consumption."

Two years passed—the daughter proving a blessing to her up of pupils—the mother, through her child's help, labouring among the poor and outcast. Unmixed happiness and prosperity not found on earth; indeed, one of the last things our Jesus here He returned to His heavenly home, was, "In the world shall have tribulation." *This only is a world of light and lows. Heaven is all light and perfect happiness, hell all darkness and utter misery.*

In the midst of her usefulness Mary was smitten by a direful case, and her mother was summoned to her daughter's dying-bed. A solemn place was this room of suffering—the parting place of mother and daughter; yet only for a little while, the sister will reunite them soon again in a home of joy and love. "Oh mother dear," the dying girl exclaimed, as she stretched out her hand to welcome her, "I am so glad you are come; I was glad I should go up to join my dear father before I received a message from you to take to him. I feel sure I shall converse with him, and talk of the things of earth, for memory is not lost in heaven. You remember, dear mother, Moses and Elias talked with Jesus on the mountain of the things that were to happen on earth; and when John was going to worship what he supposed to be an angel, he was told to do it not, as the speaker was one of the prophets, and of those who keep the sayings of the book, which angels never did. Thus, you see, glorified saints, who are said to be 'equal to the angels,' do feel interested in the doings on earth." Exhausted, the dying girl sank back on her pillow, and her mother, with streaming eyes and anxious heart, took the dying girl's chair to keep her finger on the now quivering pulse.

After resting a short time, again the lovely Mary spoke in broken accents—"Dearest mother, do not weep when I am gone from the great assembly; think how your kind instructions have been blessed by God; how happy you have helped to make my life. Oh, I thank you, beloved mother, for all your early instructions; they saved me from a thousand snares. I am only going to the better land a little before you; we shall be together again, an unbroken family, above the clouds of earth, washed in

the Redeemer's blood. I thank God with my dying breath for giving me the best of all earthly gifts—a pious mother." The last words were fainter and more faint, and the word "mother" was the last soft whisper of the passing spirit.

In her hand Mary had tightly clasped some beautiful flowers which had faded in her grasp, but like some sacred treasure highly valued she held while strength lasted; she raised them with a smile to her mother's gaze—they had been presented to Mary by one who ere long hoped to call her his "bride," but she went up to the marriage supper of the Lamb. The heart-stricken mother took these tokens of affection, as life passed away, and placed them in her bosom—a precious relic of her own faded flower, gone to bloom where everlasting spring abides, and never-withering flowers.

Here was a rich reward for all that widowed mother had *done* and *suffered*. She was left, indeed, alone in a vale of tears, but with a good hope that when life's weary pilgrimage is over she shall find all she loved living in the land of light and glory, and shall be ushered in with a "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

FADED FLOWERS.

These few pale autumn flowers,
How beautiful they are!
Than all that went before,
Than all the summer store,
How lovelier far!

And why? they are the last—
The last! the last! the last!
Oh! by that little word
How many thoughts are stirred
That whisper of the past!

Pale flowers! pale, perishing flowers,
Ye're types of precious things—
Types of those better moments
That flit like life's enjoyments
On rapid, rapid wings.

Last hours with parting dear ones,
(That time the fastest spends!)
Last tears in silence shed,
Last words half uttered,
Last looks of dying friends.

Who but would fain compress
 A life into a day—
 The last day spent with one,
 Who, ere to-morrow's sun,
 Must leave us, and for aye!

O, precious, precious moments!
 Pale flowers! ye're types of those—
 The saddest—sweetest—dearest—
 Because, like those, the nearest
 To an eternal close.

Pale flowers! pale, perishing flowers!
 I woo your gentle breath.
 I leave the summer rose
 For younger, blither brows—
 Tell me of change and death!

THE SCHOOL OF INFANCY.—No. VIII.

PLINGS FROM JOHN AMOS COMENIUS, WRITTEN IN 1633, IN
 LATIN.

LET suitable clothing and warm covering in winter defend the
 dren from cold and atmospheric changes. (What would John
 os say to the poor little half-naked children in the present day,
 h their bodies and frills?) To express the matter in few words,
 their health sustain no damage from bruises, from excess of
 t or cold, from too much food or drink, or from hunger or
 st—observing that all these be attended to with moderation.
 t is likewise beneficial to observe due order; for example, how
 n infants should be put to bed in the course of the day, and
 and refreshed with play, since this conduces to health and
 omes the basis of subsequent regularity of conduct. Although
 ; may appear frivolous to some minds, yet it is certainly true
 t infants may be sufficiently inured to decorous and agree-
 e order.

asmuch as our life consists in vital heat and natural fire, and
 ess it have a thorough draught of air and repeated agitation
 n goes out, it is in like manner necessary that infants have

their daily exercises and excitements; for this purpose, before they are able to move themselves and run about, the devices of rocking in the cradle, carrying them about, transferring from place to place, and being drawn in vehicles must be adopted; but when the little ones take to their feet, allow them to run and play. The more a child runs about and plays, the sweeter is its sleep, the more easily does its stomach digest, the more quickly does it grow and flourish in body and mind, care being only taken that it in no wise injure itself—therefore a place should be found where they may run about and exercise themselves with safety. A joyful mind is half health. According to Sirachides, the joy of the heart is the very life-spring of man; therefore parents should never allow their children to be without delights. Whatever is found to be agreeable or pleasing must on no account be denied to a child, and if some little occupation can be provided for its eyes, ears, or other senses, it will contribute to its vigour of body; such things only should be denied as are adverse to piety and morals. More in its own place.

THE BABY.

Oh! 'tis a tender twig, mother, thou'rt pressing to thy breast,
 No wonder thou so carefully art hushing it to rest;
 Thy gladness now seems all complete, thy cup runs o'er with joy,
 As nestling closer thy fond eyes behold thy darling boy.
 Yes, 'tis a tender twig just now, but soon 'twill not be so;
 With summer's suns and winter's blast this fragile thing will grow—
 'Twill grow, if not cut down by death, perchance a beauteous tree
 So high, so noble, and so graced, it oft admired may be;
 And friends will look expecting that its fruits will soon appear,
 And looking, will watch anxiously while passes many a year.
 When disappointed, they may turn and seek some humbler shade,
 Which, though an odd mis-shapen thing, embellishes the glade,
 But fruit it yields, and well it shields, who'er beneath it stayed.
 Then, mother, pause, think o'er the work thy God has given thee,
 A *Soul* thou hast beneath thy care, 'twill live eternally.
 Oh, strive not that its outward mien be lofty, noble, grand,
 Or that his childhood's steps may tread where only pleasures stand;
 Seek not that he may never know what 'tis to shed a tear,
 But tell him that the way is rough and often rugged here.
 Then tell him of that better home where reigneth endless day;
 Point him to heaven, and tell him *there* all tears are wiped away;

Tell him of Jesus—how He loved all children brought to Him ;
 Bring him thyself, and fervent pray he may be kept from sin.
 Oft talk to him, in gentle tones, of Jesus' majesty,
 And how He left His throne above for him and all to die.
 Ah, soon thou'lt hear him call thy name in baby accents sweet ;
 Oh how that sound will make thy heart in loving fondness beat !
 And well it may, and much I love to see a mother's joy,
 Nor would I for one moment cast one shadow of alloy ;
 Yet I would have thee call to mind thy babe by God was given,
 And He may with a voice of love recall it back to heaven.
 Say, art thou willing, should the icy messenger pass by,
 To see the babe of thy fond love within his grasp to die ?
 Methinks thou art, for then he'd reign in endless bliss on high.
 Oh train him that he oft may bless his gentle mother's care,
 That when to riper years he's grown, *he* may your burden bear ;
 And 'stead of bringing down thy steps in sorrow to the grave
 It may be his delight to love, to shelter and to save.
 But mourn not should his life be short, nor bow thy head with grief,
 That God has dealt in wisdom,—let this be thy firm belief.
 But if thy Saviour should, in love, this precious blossom spare,
 Oh train it well that it may thrive beneath thy tender care,
 And that thy babe may grow in grace should be thy earnest prayer.

SARAH ANN.

PAGE FOR THE BOYS.

THE LITTLE IRISH BOY.

MAURICE MOORE is the orphan son of Irish emigrants. His only relation who can be a protector is a sister, who is now without employment even while the cold of winter is upon them, and without means of buying the food, and raiment, and fuel, which even they, though inured by a hard experience to hunger and cold, need to sustain life. One week since, Maurice, with bare feet, uncovered breast, and ragged clothes, came into the office of Mr. R——, a publisher, to solicit a customer for a single periodical, which was his whole stock-in-trade. Meeting with no success, he turned to the writer, and in a subdued tone, and a look as if he expected to be turned away, asked to be *trusted* with a book which he thought he might sell at a profit. In answer to inquiries, he said he had sold books, and that "Mr. D——, a publisher, had trusted him with one book at a time, and that he had always honestly paid, but that Mr. D—— would not trust him now."

He persistently declared himself honest, and so he undoubtedly is, as far as he has been taught at home, and by the associations to which he is exposed. His mild blue eye, and so far as could be seen through the dirt—for dirt obscures even virtue—his unvicious expression of countenance, together with the bare feet and rags, successfully advocated his cause. He was trusted with a book, against which he voluntarily deposited his whole capital.

In this first day of trial, Maurice sold three books, and realised a profit. Once this day Maurice was thought to deviate from truth, and was kindly admonished that he could obtain credit only by strict truthfulness. He now asked for another book on credit, and all the money which belonged to him, saying, if he "did not take his money home that night, his sister would punish him." His request was complied with, though with some fear that the poor boy might be unfaithful, and deprive himself of the aid which it was resolved should be supplied to any extent that his fidelity and capacity might warrant. The next morning his patron was glad to see Maurice tripping in with an expression plainly telling that he had sold his book. He now proved something of a philosopher, and began to think that "time was money," and so asked for more than one book, that he need not return so often for stock. In this he was gratified.

During the second day Maurice sold seven books, and at night found himself the happy possessor of an unencumbered fortune of some shillings; besides having treated himself to a substantial dinner—an unusual happiness in his poverty-stricken life. While standing by the fire, and counting his gains, he congratulated himself in an undertone, and with an exultant shake of the head, upon the greater credit he enjoyed now than he formerly had with Mr. D——, and the effect of that enlarged credit in producing so much greater amount of sales and profits during the day.

It was now Saturday night, and Maurice went to his home, feeling of some importance in his own estimation, and evidently rejoicing in the belief that he was rising in the estimation of those who had aided him. On the following Monday, Maurice was early at his business, bringing with him a young friend, whom he introduced as "an acquaintance of three or four years, and as ———— boy." This friend sold four books during the day, at a

of ten shillings. Maurice was less fortunate, and for sever a had indifferent success. Selling but little, but still working nder the encouragement of his patron, sometimes finding mers for a periodical, and occasionally selling a book. At eriod he was absent two days, and we began to fear that five had proved too great a temptation ; but at the close of the lays he came in with his stock unsold, and fearing, as he ly said, "that his friend was thinking that he did not intend urn."

the end of the week his stock on hand numbered six books, only a small debt against them. He had bought this lot here, and as he came in on his way home, "See," said he, my stock : I'll be a rich man some time." He was now given e of gold as his Christmas present, with the injunction to it as his own to trade upon. The joy which lit up his eyes nimated his face, now cleanly washed, on receiving this gift, ader may feel assured, made the giver of the money quite as as this poor boy himself. This is as far as Maurice has yet. In telling this little story, the writer would ask if there a wise philosophy in giving the poor confidence ? Does it use gratitude and integrity ? And may not every man who l off himself make some one of God's poor better and happier ping his struggles for bread, and his honest endeavour to e himself ? Help the poor ! Help them to help themselves ! s the Father of us all, rich and poor, and we must help others ! Help the poor !

F. C.

A LESSON A LITTLE BIRD TEACHES US.

: little lark teaches us heavenly-mindedness. She lives on ound in the clover meadow, or the ripening corn ; and when however occupied she may be, she is silent. But 'she can- nain there long together. As often as possible (as if she not refrain herself) she spreads her wings and soars sky- filling the air with her melodious notes—up and up, higher gher, till her warblings are scarcely audible. Then she is in ment ; then she appears to be in rapture ! Will she ever

descend? Of course she must; but as she goes her tongue is stilled, and she drops into the dewy grass without a sound.

So while we must toil on through the cares and crosses of our lot, let it be joy—let it be our joy—to rise in spirit to the realms of the blessed, and where our precious Jesus is; let us meditate on all that awaits us there. How refreshing it will be, how strengthening, how comforting, how tranquilising! If our treasure is there, it will be easy and agreeable to ascend thither—it will be natural to us; then we shall ever be renewing our peace, throwing off our troubles, growing in meetness for glory.

“ Oh! had I but thy wings, sweet bird,
I'd mount where angels be,
And leave behind the world of sin,
As happily as thee.
I'd mount where golden harps proclaim
Emanuel's worthy praise,
And gladly mingle with the saints,
And my hosannas raise.”

ON THE DEATH OF C. C.,

A FORMER CONTRIBUTOR TO THE “MOTHERS' FRIEND.”

CALMLY the moon looked down from the sky
On my own dearest mother about to die;
Death stood by her side with his terrible face,
To snatch her away from our clinging embrace.

But the glory of Jesus above her was shed,
And the arms of His mercy around her were spread,
The terrors of death He hid from her sight,
And there beamed on her soul pure heavenly light

Of the Gospel truths she had learnt while in health,
That heavenly store—that unspeakable wealth!
Her body was with us, her spirit away,
As with quick fleeting breath and with closed eyes she lay.

Her thoughts drawn away from earth's woes and its weals,
The sweet peace of God in her spirit she feels;
We stood and we gazed on that loved one's form,
And our hearts were moved with affections warm.

But we could not weep, we could not sigh,
While that spirit passed to its home on high.
No! we looked and we learnt some lessons dear,
That we'll never forget while we sojourn here.

A lesson of patience, a lesson of trust,
That will help us to reach the home of the just,
Unwearied by toil, unvanquish'd by sin,
Till through the high portals we all have pass'd in.

We'll never forget thee, my mother! whose love,
So precious to us, was a gift from above;
Its influence ever shall breathe on our life,
While we pass through the whirl, and the din, and the strife.

Jesus saw all her pain, He knew all her grief,
And opened the path to eternal relief;
He loosened the cords, that her spirit might fly
To its home far above the bright moon-lit sky.

Our sorrowing father she left to our care,
We knew her large heart, and her pure love so rare;
We knew her last thoughts, though she could not then speak,
For the conflict with death made her silent and weak.

She is gone to the land of the spirits of light,
She is clad by her Lord in vestments of white;
She walk'd through this world of sorrow and sin,
Meekly bearing her cross, that her crown she might win.

The palm of the victor is placed in her hand,
Her name is enroll'd in the Conqueror's band;
Ah! now she has triumph'd, subdued is the foe,
She smiles from above on her children below.

Beloved by all, her kind spirit has fled,
The rich and the poor will mourn that she's dead.
How selfish we are! She has gone to the fold
Where the mourners of earth are by Jesus consoled.

With the joy He has given she looks on His face;
Oh, why wish her back to this suffering place?
Our lives must be such that we'll meet her again,
Where no parting will be, nor sorrow, nor pain.

My mother! we're trying to travel along
The pathway of life, and we'll sing the new song,
When Jesus sees fit, in the holiest land,
To permit us again to clasp thy fond hand.

This hope is the balm which, applied to our hearts,
Will soften the pain of death's piercing darts.
Canst thou see us, my own! Oh, would that we knew—
But the words from above, though suggestive, are few.

"Ye cannot imagine, ye cannot divine,
Weary pilgrims of earth, dear children of mine;
The joys that my Saviour has given to me,
For ever with Him—for ever to be.

"From trial and pain I am free—always free ;
Oh, can ye not *trust*, though ye cannot now see ?
A little while longer, and then ye shall be
For ever with Jesus—for ever with me."

C.

BEAUTIFUL FAITH IN A LITTLE CHILD.

IN one of the streets in Paris resides a poor working family, who have been lately suffering great distress. The wife has been for some time ill, and the husband has met with an accident, preventing him from following his usual labour, so that his family of five children were well-nigh starved. Among the children was a little, intelligent girl, who attended a charity school every day. She was now obliged to remain at home, to attend upon her brothers as best she could. She had been taught at school that those in distress ought to address themselves to God, and the idea entered her mind that if she sent a letter to God, relief would follow. She got pen, ink, and paper, and wrote the letter, asking for health for her father and mother, and bread for herself and her brothers. Thinking that the poor-box which she had seen in the church of Saint Roche was the letter-box of God, she took an opportunity of stealing quietly out of the room, and running off to the church.

While looking round to see no one was near, an old lady noticed her movements, and thinking she was at some mischief, stopped her, and inquired what she was doing. After some hesitation, the child confessed the object of her visit to the church, and showed the letter. The lady took it, and promised the child that she would take care that it should reach its destination, asking at the same time to what address the answer must be sent, which the child gave, and returned home with a light heart. On the following morning, on opening the door of the room, she found a large basket filled with different articles of wearing apparel, sugar, money, and many other things, the whole packed up with a direction card, on which was written, "From the good God." Some hours after a medical man also came to give advice. Let us become in faith as little children.

THE BURMESE BOY AND HIS MOTHER.

Dr. JUDSON was one day sitting in his zayat with his servant. A little boy passed the door with his father, one of the only inhabitants of the place. The little fellow, apparently attracted by Dr. Judson's inviting smile, ran to him and leaped upon his knee. Dr. J. was surprised at the act, believing himself to be an object of aversion to the people. However, he wound a dkerchief round the head of the boy by way of a turban, and the child then ran off and joined his father. Dr. J. inquired of his servant if he could account for the child's familiarity, but he could not.

A short time afterwards the dear child appeared, this time accompanied by his father. Both came into the zayat, and the child again leaped upon the knee of the missionary. The father begged him to relate somewhat concerning *his* religion. "Tell me," said he, "some of those romantic stories you have about coming from the skies—some prince or other; and how he died for us poor people." The man of God, still wondering at what he heard, told the beautiful tale of our redemption, and the great man listened attentively. All this time he had been occupied with the father, not heeding the child. He was startled by the words from the boy, "Papa, listen; oh dear papa! he speaks of the golden land—the land where our father dwells." "Let us pray," said the missionary. The child slid from Dr. Judson's knee, knelt down and clasped his hands while prayer continued.

Having risen from their knees, the father said not a word, but with a courtly bow bid Dr. J. adieu. They came no more. Some time after this a man called at the zayat, and requested Dr. J. to go in all haste as his master was dying. He went with the man, and led him to a princely mansion, and after passing by numerous attendants he was brought into the sick man's room. There, seated on a dying bed, was the man whom he had seen at the door.

"Do you *now* trust in your gods?" said he. The dying man poked his head not. "Can you look to *Jesus now*?" the missionary asked.

The departing one pressed his hand, gave a look of intense joy and passed into eternity. "But come, Sir," the attendant said, "look in here." He led him into an adjoining

apartment, and there, on a little bed, was the corpse of the lovely child—the boy he had once more longed to see. The dying groans of a woman, who lay near, attracted his attention. He turned and saw the nurse of the child. “My beloved one is gone to the golden country,” she said, “and meets his mother there.” “I went to you, Sir, more than a year ago, for medicine for my mistress; you said the only medicine you could give was the book which my mistress loved. You gave it to me for her. She read it, but my master, with whom you have just now been, took it from her, and *said* he burned it, and she died. Thus my boy learned of Jesus and loved Him and loved you too. *I*, too, am going to Him.” On the breast of the great man’s corpse was found a copy of St. Matthew’s Gospel. He had *not* burned it. Thus did the city plague add three inhabitants to glory.

He’s gone to the golden country—gone,
All wreathed in gold;

Up, up, far away in the dark blue sky,
His bright rosy lips and his love-lit eye
His praise unfold,

Who changed the fair flower from its earthly toil,
Lest the breath of a sunless world should spoil
Such a sweet, sweet rose.

His beautiful lips, ere he passed away,
Once parted, as oft they had parted in play,
And I listened to catch what my boy would say:

He gazed and smiled,—

“Look, look, Mah-aa! do you see yon crown?
But why do you weep? Sure we’re not alone,
I’m home, Mah-aa—
Jesus Christ! Mah-aa.”

Oh then, from the depths of his deep dark eyes,
I *felt* his bright spirit to Paradise rise;

He smiled and was then in heaven.

Yet a lingering gleam of celestial light
Played over those features before so bright,
And I looked for the soul that was taking its flight;
But the sky was all veiled in the dark, dark night,
And my boy was gone!

He smiled no more, yet a ray on his cheek—

As though from an angel shed—

Seemed to utter in words that no lips could speak,

“Thine own Moun Moun is not dead,

For he rests in the golden land,

In the golden country he dwells,

With a glittering harp in his beautiful hands,

Moun Moun is not dead.”

No, the tone of celestial bells
 To the dwellers in Paradise tells,
 While music, unearthly, melodiously swells,
 "Moung Moung is not dead ;"
 He's gone to the golden country—gone,
 All wreathed in gold,
 Up, up far away in the dark blue sky,
 His bright rosy lips and his love-lit eye
 His praise unfold,
 Who changed the fair flower to another soil,
 Lest the breath of a sunless world should spoil
 Such a sweet, sweet rose.
 No, no, Moung Moung is not dead,
 His rest is a calm repose.
 Away, far away, hath his spirit fled,
 To the land that no sorrow knows.

S. O. M. C.

E.—*Zayat* is a small house. *Mah-aa* means a nurse; and *Moung* was the child's name.

A QUESTION.

ATHER," said a boy to his profane father, who had just
 ed a curse on his soul if he failed to win a bet, "father, are
 illing God should take you at your word?" "No," gasped
 onscience-stricken man, "no, no." This question of his
 son stuck to him all day. He could not saw it off, saw as
 s he would. Suppose the great God should take him at his

He left off work at an early hour, in much distress of
 and in the evening went to a prayer meeting in the neigh-
 ood, with the awful question still sticking into him. It was
 r than a two-edged sword. Then he stated his case, and
 d his neighbours to pray for him. It ended in his conver-

The swearer turned believer. "Oh," he said, "the most
 ful preaching I ever heard was that anxious and solemn
 on of my little son."

LETTERS BY A LITTLE MOTHERLESS GIRL OF THREE YEARS.

R AUNTIE,—You will not want your crutches up in the happy
 here dear mamma is gone. We warmed ourselves, and the fire was
 and yellow. I played with my playthings out of the box before I

had my lunch. I am going to bed now, and be washed in my bath; and Cousin L. always washes me by the nice parlour fire; and we all say verses, and dear papa comes up to see me. I hope you will come here some day in the "puff, puff," and spend the day. Here are some kisses for you and Auntie —, and Auntie —, and grandpapa.

Good-bye, dear auntie, from dear little

DEAR AUNTIE,—You won't want your crutches up in the happy land: I send you a locket of my hair, and some kisses. Little Freddy is coming to see me, and look out of the window. I am going to write a letter to dear mamma to send by the kind angels; and I am going up in the sky some day, and have a little golden harp and golden crown, and auntie will have one too, and Mrs. — too; and dear papa and cousin are going to the happy land and leave the housekeeping.

Good-bye, dear auntie, from little

DEAR AUNTIE,—I thank you for the nice note you sent me, and for the kisses and flowers you sent in Cousin —'s letter. I like them all so much. Perhaps we are coming to see you in the summer. I put some little seeds in dear mamma's garden (this is the name by which the dear child knows the little spot covered with flowers, which marks her mamma's resting-place) this morning, and I will send you one of the sweet flowers they will make in the summer. We are all so happy!

Good-bye, dear auntie, from little

[Would that all mothers would train their dear ones, as this precious child, to think of heaven as a holy, happy place. Alas! how short a time had this beloved young mother to do her work! Are you ready, dear mother, to go up and join the glorious assembly, if the summons should be on the wing?—ED.]

BED-TIME.

"MOTHER, you have forgotten my soul." So said my little niece, as her kind and careful mother was about to put her in bed. She had just risen from repeating the Lord's Prayer. "But, mother," she said, "you have forgotten my soul!" "What do you mean, Anna?" "Why, 'Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep. If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take.' We have not said that."

The child meant nothing more, yet her words were startling. And oh, from how many rosy lips might they come with mournful significance! You, fond mother, so busy, hour after hour, preparing and adorning garments for the pretty little form, have you forgotten the soul? Do you commend it earnestly to the care of

od and Saviour? Are you leading it to commit itself, in and love, to His keeping?

THE YOUNG TRACT DISTRIBUTOR.

the Lord's day a pious mother in Geneva impressed upon children's minds the duty of being at work for the cause of , by giving away tracts in season and out of season. The morning her youngest son, about fifteen years old, felt us of commencing, though of a humble and timid turn of

He took three tracts, which he determined to deliver on y to school; but *he first prayed to God for a blessing on them*, then went on his way. About one o'clock, a baker's man l to speak to the boy's father, who was a minister, and told at a few hours ago somebody had dropped a paper into his , and that after his errands were finished he was very is to know what was written in the little book, because, a German, he could not read French easily, and as he ed the tract to be a religious one, he was the more desirous nformed of its contents.

consequence of this application was a long conversation n the minister and the man, who proved to have been ed in a religious family in the Canton of Berne, and to be r prepared from above for a larger blessing. He went away g the Lord for the advantages he had derived from the

On the return of the young distributor he was asked about rning tracts. He said that the first he had given away was : called "It is my Holiday," which he had dropped into the of a baker, as the man was passing; and he added, that he rnestly prayed to the Lord that He would give an-increase : seed. "Pray, my father," said the boy, "again supply me stock of tracts, for I think the Lord will be pleased to *bless* of them, as I hope He has blessed that first one." That t was immediately complied with. O may our Lord make ple and active in well-doing, for in due time the seed will s blessing from above!

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

A MOTHER'S WORDS REMEMBERED.

A LITTLE boy of four years, on going to take leave of his sick mother for the night, asked her if she had prayed. On being answered in the affirmative, he said, "But God did not hear you." "Why, dear?" asked the mother. "Because you did not kneel, mamma." "But God knows mamma is ill, dear, so He will hear her prayers, although she cannot kneel." "Oh! will He? I remember you told me once that God would not hear us if we did not kneel and think about Him." The mother remembered that, some time before, when she wanted the little boy to say his prayers, he wished to lie in bed and say them, because it was cold, and she then told him God would not hear little boys if they did not kneel.

DREAMS.

A woman once told Rowland Hill that she thought she should be saved, because she had dreamed so. The wise old gentleman replied, "Well, my good woman, it is very nice to have good dreams when you are asleep, but I want to see how you act when you are awake; for if your conduct is not consistent with your dreams when you are awake, I would not give a snap of my finger for your dreams."

A WORD FOR A CORNER.

Mothers, even if the *rod* be necessary, teach obedience within the first *two years*. It will not be so easy to enforce it after that time as you may suppose.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Sainthood. By Rev. T. HENSON. London: Tresidder.

A charming little book for Christians.

The First Dissenter. London: Tresidder.

The Rev. J. B. Owen, Incumbent of St. Jude's, Chelsea, has written a preface to this little book, in which he highly recommends the work.

THE MATERNAL MEETING.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCE OVER A DEAD MOTHER'S CHILDREN.

How often do we urge each other to bear in mind ever that the influence of mothers, either for evil or good, is undying; that a thought thrown into the mind of a little child lasts for ever; the lesson we are teaching to-day, by precept and example, shall hear of again in eternity.

The mother's influence lives when her body has fallen to dust in the tomb, and her immortal soul has long lived in happiness or in the spirit-land; and, believing this, how many a dying mother has taken comfort in the special providence of God, as he ordered the cold river of death. Come and look now at one mother—she is young and poor, but resting on Jesus; her life has been one of many, many trials, dense clouds have hovered over her path, but now she is about to pass into the eternal sunshine of the celestial city. One little daughter and two boys must be left behind, almost worse than orphans, for all she knows no kind father's guiding hand will be theirs, and the thought makes Jordan's waves overflow its banks; and the thought that her brutal, degraded husband was ruining body and soul, and that the probability is they part here for ever, causes her heart to be very sad—for however unkindly a husband may treat his wife, it is not in woman's heart to think of an eternal farewell without deep anguish; and in this case the dying young mother saw her husband's soul being wrecked under the influence of strong drink.

"I fear you will have a hard time after I am gone, my poor mother," said the dying mother; "I do not know how you will get on; it will be a good while before the boys will be old enough to do anything, and I am afraid your father will not consider my poor little Rosa." "It will not make much difference what happens to us when you are gone, mother," said the weeping daughter. "You think so now, my dear, because you have never

known what it meant not to have plenty to eat, such as it was, and clothes enough to keep you warm—but I must not worry; I have promised my heavenly Father I would not, and He has as good as told me He would take care of my children if they will only let Him. Do not forget that if you do get into trouble to be patient, and let God take His way in getting you out of it, and His time too.” “I shall not seem to know what to do when you are gone, mother,” said the little girl, sadly. “At first, my dear, you will not feel much heart for anything, I know; you have had so much to do for me, poor child, in this long sickness, you will be quite adrift at first; but you are very handy about the sick, and maybe you can find some other poor body to nurse in my place. I do not know of anything that will comfort you like that.” “They say, mother,” replied the child, “that old Jacob is sick in bed, but he will not let anybody go near him.” “Poor creature! but maybe he would let you, my dear; he is a decent old body, and would not be rough to a child, I am sure. If I do not live to use up the meal and things the lady sent, you might make some gruel and carry it in to him, and I doubt if I shall live many days.” “Oh, mother,” said the poor child, who could not bear to hear her mother talk of dying, “oh, mother, I do wish father would promise not to drink so much.” “Maybe, darling, seeing me lying in my grave will touch him,” said the poor wife, hopefully, “I cannot but think it will, and if he leaves drinking you will all be well cared for.”

A staggering step was heard at this moment, and the drunken father came in with his hat on, and threw himself into a chair. “Where’s the dinner?” he said. “I forgot it, father,” cried the little girl, “I was seeing to mother and I forgot it.” “Take that, then,” he cried, aiming a blow at the child’s head. As the blow resounded through the room a sudden change came over the mother’s face. “James,” said she, “James, are you going to break the child’s spirit in that way? She is not one that needs beating to make her behave herself; oh, promise me that you will not do it after I am gone, or my heart will break.” “Let her behave herself, then,” said the man, sullenly.

“Oh, I feel faint,” cried the mother, “come here, my child;

ember what I have told you ; do all the good you can ; go and fort old Jacob, and do it in the name of the Lord Jesus."

I do really believe she's dropped off," cried the man, ing up from his seat and approaching the bed ; "why, who ld have thought it ? and she a-scolding away just as natural ould be, not five minutes ago ! It beats all !" So saying he k away. The poor little girl sank down on her knees beside bed, and her long-repressed tears burst forth. "Oh God," l she, "mother said you would take care of me, and you will, t you ?" This was the first prayer she had ever offered in life, except in set words and forms, and it was so real, so est, so agonizing, that she almost heard the answer—"I *will*." r-and-by a neighbour looked curiously in, and seeing the of things, went and called another. Everything needful was , and the three children were led away and kindly sheltered he funeral was over. The other inmates of the house were oor people, half crushed under the burdens they had to bear, the dying mother knew, too, that they were not the sort of ons she should wish her children to associate with ; and little knew this also—therefore, as soon as possible, she went back eir own room with the boys. As her mother had foreseen, ad no heart for her work, and long before the close of the day her eyes were sore with crying, and she sat, listless and not knowing what to do. "Oh," said she, "if I had only n my mother was going to die, but I never would believe it, did not half listen to what she said ; but there's old Jacob, ld me to see after him and I forgot all about it."

ob's room was next to their own ; he was old and lame, and and friendless. Taking the two little boys by the hand, went and knocked gently at the door, but receiving no r she stepped into the room.

Who's there ? What do you want ? Be off, with you," cried a voice. "It's me," gently replied the little girl, "and I came if you want anything." She looked about the dismal room, was, if possible, more forlorn than their own. "It's you, is returned Jacob, "well it's water, water, water, I tell you ! " you mean you want some water ?" Rosa asked, setting

down the child in her arms. "No, no, water for my plant there," returned the old man, "my plant, that is dying of cold and of thirst;" and he looked eagerly towards the window, near which was placed an old pot filled with earth, containing something that seemed trying to look green. "Oh, if that is all, it is soon done," said the little girl, and she ran down stairs in search of a cup of water. "The sun shines into our window every morning," said she, when she returned, "and if you like you might keep your plant down in our window; I could water it for you—and may be it would grow if it could get the sun." The old man answered by a groan, and looking at him more attentively she saw that he was very ill. "I will run and make him some gruel," she said to herself, and in a few minutes somewhat of the dead weight was gone from her heart. She ran about just as she used to do when occupied for her mother, with almost cheerful footsteps, and soon remounting the stairs, had the pleasure of seeing the old man revive under the influence of the gruel.

"What were you doing it for?" he asked, as soon as the last spoonful was swallowed, "MONEY? But where should a poor old soul like me get money? Bless you! I'm as poor as a church mouse!" "Why, of course you are," rejoined the child, "and that is the reason I was so sorry for you—I mean, that is the reason *she* was." "Who's *she*, I want to know," asked Jacob. "Well, it is my mother," returned Rosa, "that is just dead and left me all alone,"—and the poor motherless one burst into tears—"and just before she died she charged me to come and take care of you." "Ah, she was a 'cute one," cried Jacob, glancing uneasily at his plant, "I s'pose she told you old Jacob would remember you in his will! Ha! ha! ha!" "Oh no," replied the little girl, quite puzzled at the old man's manner, "she said I was to do it in the name of the Lord Jesus." "You don't say so? Well, I do declare!" grunted Jacob with a sigh of relief, "and maybe you will be looking in in the morning to see if a poor fellow is lying here starving." "Indeed I will, and I will bring you some more gruel, and I'll sweep up your room and make it look as nice as can be."

Rosa returned to her own room, gave the little boys their

per, taught them to kneel and ask God to bless them, and soon
y were all sleeping in sweet forgetfulness of their sorrows ; and
ough the morning waking brought with it the dull pain again,
lso brought the image of the solitary, churlish old man, who
suffering and in want of care. Rosa was just leaving the
n, with his bowl of gruel in her hand, when she encountered
father. "What's that?—where are you going?" he cried.
poor child trembled, for she saw how he had spent the night.
ld Jacob is sick, and he's got nobody to take care of him, and
her said I was to do it." A cruel blow sent the bowl and its
ents down the stairs. A neighbour hearing the noise opened
door, looked out, smiled, saying "Oh, ho!" then returned to
breakfast. "And so she told you to take to feeding beggars,
she?" cried the man; "let me see you do it again, will you?
aking the food out of my mouth to fill his, to be sure!" "I did
think you would care, father; it is made of some meal a lady
to mother, and there's a good deal left." She went back
the room, and silently prepared her father's breakfast,
tering her brothers as well as she could, and receiving more
one blow intended for them. In the midst of her shame and
her heart swelled with honest pride when she saw how the
creatures clung to her, as they used to cling to their dead
ner. "I'll be good to them for her sake," thought she.
er father threw himself upon the bed and soon fell into a
y slumber. The woman from below stole in with a cup of
tea and a bit of toast—"I thought I'd bring you some
kfast, as you lost yours," said she; "poor child, I know how
ity you—there, eat this and you'll feel better. As soon as
was gone Rosa seized the kindly meant gift, and hurried with
old Jacob—"I have a right to do what I please with this,"
ght she; "I'm sure mother would say so." She found the
nan looking very faint and feeble, but he revived after taking
breakfast, and when she had washed his face and hands he
ed quite himself again. "I hope you will be able to get up
id-by," said she, "for father won't let me bring you any-
; and you will starve if you lie there." "I'll tell you what,
girl," returned the old man, "I am never going to get out

of this bed again, and if you won't take pity on me why it will be short work with me." "He did not say I must not take care of you; he only said I should not take the food out of his mouth to put into yours." "Ah, that's the dodge, is it?" asked Jacob. "Well, well, we are not so poor as we might be; if we *are* poor—here—here's some money. You take it and buy me some meal and make me some more gruel. Don't tell the old one, or he would be taking the food out of my mouth to put into his—ha! ha!"

Rosa hurried out and executed this commission with delight, and as her father still slept on she had time to sweep old Jacob's room, make up a little fire in the grate, and set the gruel on to boil. Meanwhile the little boys amused themselves as best they could, and their pranks seemed to afford some pleasure to the solitary old man as he lay and watched them. "They are as lively little young ones as ever I saw," cried he, at last; "I'll tell you what, little girl—the next time the old man comes home out of sorts you bring them up here and hide them; only you may as well set that plant on the table close by me, or they will knock it down skirmishing round."

Rosa moved the forlorn plant and watered it; the time had passed rapidly, the clock was striking twelve as she went to give the children their dinner, and little by little this weary day slipped away; and so did many days, and Rosa's sad life was not all sadness. Her love for her mother formed new channels for itself every hour. Old Jacob's was not the only face that lighted up with joy and hope at her approach, and yet she was only a child, and had more than a woman's cares upon her; she toiled on with her mother's bright example living before her as her cares grew heavier.

THE MESSAGE TO THE DEAD.

THOU'RT passing hence, my brother—
Oh! my earliest friend, farewell!
Thou'rt leaving me without thy voice,
In a lonely home to dwell.
And from the hills and from the hearth,
And from the household tree,
With thee departs the lingering mirth,
The brightness goes with thee.

But thou, my friend, my brother,
Thou'rt speeding to the shore
Where the dirge-like tones of parting words
Shall smite the soul no more.
And thou wilt see our holy dead,
The last on earth and main,
Into the sheaf of kindred hearts
Thou wilt be bound again.

Tell, then, our friend of boyhood
That yet his name is heard
On the blue mountains, whence his youth
Passed like a swift, bright bird.
The light of his exulting brow,
The vision of his glee,
Are on me still, and still I hope
That smile again to see.

And tell our fair young sister,
The rose cut down in spring,
That yet my gushing soul is filled
With lays she loved to sing.
Her soft, deep eyes look through my dreams,
Tender and sadly sweet,
Tell her my heart within me burns
Once more that gaze to meet.

And tell our white-haired father,
That in the paths he trod,
The child he loved the last on earth
Yet walks and worships God.
Say that his last fond blessing yet
Rests on my soul like dew,
And by its hallowing might I trust
Once more his face to view.

And tell our gentle mother
That on her grave I pour
The sorrows of my spirit forth,
As on her breast of yore.
Happy thou art, that soon, how soon
Our good and bright thou'lt see ;
Oh ! brother, brother, may I dwell
Ere long with them and thee.

I never trusted to have lived to bid farewell to thee,
And almost said, in agony, it ought not so to be ;
I hoped that thou within the grave my weary head would lay,
And live beloved when I was gone for many a happy day.

With trembling hand I vainly tried thy dying eyes to close,
 And almost envied in that hour thy calm and deep repose;
 For I was left in loneliness, with pain and grief oppressed,
 And thou wast with the sainted, where the weary are at rest.

Yes, I am sad and weary now, but let me not repine,
 Because a spirit loved so well is earlier blessed than mine;
 My path may darken as it will, I shall not much deplore,
 Since thou art where the ills of life can never reach thee more.

LITTLE LISTENERS.

How careful ought mothers to be that in no word or act at one time they contradict the principles inculcated at another time: children are sure to notice it. A mother had been confined to the house some weeks by affliction, and one Sabbath day, being better, she had her children about her and was reading herself, when one little boy, between two and three years of age, came to her asking some question; she, not wishing to be disturbed, said, "Go, run away and play." The little fellow quickly replied, "Mamma, you tell me sometimes not to play on the Sabbath day." Here was a lesson she did not soon forget.

A gentleman was in the habit of calling at a neighbour's house, and the lady had always expressed much pleasure in seeing him. One day, just after she had remarked to him her happiness from his visit, her little boy entered the room. The gentleman took him on his knee and asked, "Are you not glad to see me, George?" "No, Sir," replied the boy. "Why not, my little man?" "Because mother don't want you to come," said George. Here the mother looked daggers at her little son and became crimson. But he saw nothing. "Indeed; how do you know that, George?" "Because she said yesterday that she wished that old bore would not call again." The gentleman's hat was soon in requisition, and he left with the impression, "great is the truth, it will prevail."

It is always well to avoid saying anything that is improper, but especially before children. Children have as many ears as grown persons, and they are generally more attentive to what is said

fore them. What they hear they are very apt to repeat, and as they have no discretion, and not sufficient knowledge of the world to disguise anything, it is generally found that "children and boys speak the truth." See that boy's eyes glisten while you are talking of a neighbour in language that you would not have expected. He does not fully understand what you mean, but he will remember every word, and it will be strange if he does not see you to blush by the repetition.

"Mother sent me," said a little girl to a neighbour, "to come and ask you to take tea with her this evening." "Did she say at what time, my dear?" "No, ma'am, she only said she would ask me, and then the thing would be off her mind; that's all she said."

We remember well, when a little thing, sitting by two ladies conversing on a subject in which many mothers are interested, when one bright eye glanced on the little chair where the tiny one was sitting. She nodded to her friend as if to say, "She is listening." "Oh," said the other, "she does not understand anything I say." Never was there a greater mistake, for the subject, the words, and the looks are all remembered at this moment. Mothers, be cautious.

A THOUGHT FOR OUR YOUNG MEN.

How tragical are the scenes often presented to the view of sisters, as they pass from one sick room to another in the discharge of their important duties. The short but sad tale we are about to relate may perchance have a tendency to impress on youthful hearts the uncertainty of life, and the fear lest they should leave the world, feeling the horrors of a tormenting science, and the awful forebodings of eternal despair:—

"I was sent for," says the good man, "to visit a young man who was suddenly taken ill at an inn. In compliance with the request I immediately went. I was no sooner in the room than the poor sufferer fixed his eyes upon me with the most expressive concern, and with all that wild, extravagant air which arises from the most tumultuous and disordered passions of the mind. Before

I could speak to him he exclaimed, 'I am lost, Sir!—I am a lost soul!—God has overtaken me in my sin. I once professed the true religion—I belonged to godly people; but I have fallen off from His ways, and become an apostate. I am lost!—I am lost to all eternity!' This was attended with the most hideous shrieks, connected with various petitions expressed with all the energy he could exert.

"After the shock of so unexpected an introduction was over, I endeavoured to relieve his mind by speaking of Him who died to save the chief of sinners, and of God's readiness to receive all who would come to Him through Jesus; but nothing I could say to him, nor the prayer I put up, had any pleasing effect on his mind. I left him in much the same state as I found him, and he died a few hours after in all the horrors of despair."—"Those who being often reprov'd harden their neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." When God makes a man a terror to himself, and allows him to feel a sense of his aggravated sins—particularly after a profession of religion, and nothing presents itself to the mind but a fearful looking for of judgment, and the fiery indignation of God—the stoutest heart yields, guilt rushes into the mind, the face gathers paleness, the heart sinks like lead, and the knees tremble as the soul enters eternity. It is a solemn time when the disembodied spirit goes into the presence of a holy God.

THE LOST PARCEL.

WHEN reading an article on prayer in a recent number of the "MOTHERS' FRIEND," I was reminded of a striking incident in my early life, productive of lasting impressions of the worth of prayer. Nearly fifty years ago I was apprenticed to a printer in a country town in Suffolk. On the occasion I am about to relate, an auctioneer had forwarded an order for catalogues, &c., to be printed *immediately*, as the auction was to take place in two or three days. With great expedition and working at them all night the work was accomplished, and I was requested to saddle the pony and take the parcel home, a distance of about eight miles.

I strapped the parcel at the back of the saddle and rode off at

part trot. When, however, I had arrived within about two miles of my destination I looked behind me and discovered the pack had broken and my parcel was gone, I knew not where. I once turned back in great dismay, searching carefully along the road I had just passed, till I came to a blacksmith's shop. I asked the men there whether they had observed a parcel behind as I rode by. They said they had not. I still pursued my course back, searching closely, hoping to meet some one who might have picked it up, but to my great disappointment I met none. Seeing some men in a field I called loudly to them to come to my assistance, but could not arrest their attention. All my help failing, and almost in despair, I was by some sudden impulse induced to stop and earnestly pray to God to assist and direct me to the spot where I might find my parcel. I have often, in the course of my life, thought of the remarkable circumstance that I should have been thus arrested *within a few paces where I discovered my parcel*, nearly concealed in the long grass on the side of the road.

I could relate many signal answers to prayer in the history of my life, to myself equally surprising, and which have called forth my felt gratitude to the Giver of all good. I was the only son of a good mother, who always endeavoured to impress right principles upon my mind, and is gone to her reward. I am spared to live very near to "threescore and ten," to bless her memory, my family of nine children, all living.

R. B.

THE SAILOR AND HIS TESTAMENT.

GEORGE C——, with another sailor and a boy, put off in a small boat to procure Fuller's Earth; but the poor fellows were driven on the sand in a storm, where the boat presently sunk and was filled with water ten miles from the land. Then the poor fellows prayed that some vessel might be sent to rescue them—for half an hour longer and it would be flood. The men were unable to hold by the mast of the boat, and all things that would float did swim out of her, among which George saw his Testament in the water, caught it, and put it in his bosom.

By-and-by the boat was dry, but so broken that they could not save her; but they found the chest which contained five pounds six shillings and eightpence belonging to George, who took it from the man that got it up and cast it into the sea, saying—"If the Lord will save our lives, He will provide us a living."

When the water returned they got upon the mast and there hung by the arms and legs for ten hours; in which time the poor boy was so weary and sea-beaten that he fell off and was drowned. When the water was gone, the two men took down the mast and committed themselves to the sea; at ten o'clock at night it floated. In this situation they continued till the next night, when George's companion died from hunger, fatigue, and watching. Poor George continued in this dreadful situation all that night again, and till six o'clock the next evening, when he was taken up by a vessel. All this time, though he had thrown away his money, he had retained his Testament in his bosom.

The ship's crew, and the people of Antwerp—the place to which the vessel was bound—were so struck with George's wonderful deliverance, and especially with the account of the money and the book, that they flocked from all parts to see him, gave him clothes, and collected for him among the English merchants six pounds ten shillings, marvelling at the wonderful ways of God. What need have sailors' wives and sailors' mothers to be women of constant prayer for the dear ones battling with the rude waves, though little do they ever know of the dangers to which their husbands or sons may be exposed.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

THE DISOBEDIENT BOY.

ARCHIBALD was the son of a widow—her only child. Though not unkind to his mother in other respects, he sorely afflicted her by making up his mind to go to sea. Yes; though he knew his mother's heart was wrapped up in him, he was set on the sea, and to sea he was determined to go. Not being able to get his mother's consent, he started off one night after she was gone to

, with his bundle in his hand, and took the road to a seaport n.

It was not long before Archy was received on board the "Mary Anne," being a well-formed lad, and likely to become a good seaman. It was all very pleasant to Archy to see the sailors about the ship, setting and furling the sails; to watch the rolling waters of the heaving ocean, and to gaze on the playful porpoises and the stormy petrels. So long as these things were new to him, and so long as no accidents occurred, he was tolerably happy; but after a while the captain, the mate, and even the crewmen treated him roughly. If Archy had been strengthened in the feeling that he had done his duty, he might have borne all, more than all he endured, without a murmur; but conscience made him a coward. "My son," says the wise man, "hear the reproof of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother." Prov. i. 8.

At last a storm arose; it was a dark day for Archy when the thunder rolled awfully, and the lightning flashed fearfully across big, black clouds, for he felt that there was a God in heaven who knew of his disobedience, and who could bring a heavy punishment down on his head. Often and often did the dying words of his father seem to ring in his ears, "Stay at home, my son, and take care of your mother." The masts began to creak, the sails were rent by the howling tempest as it swept over mountainous billows of the raging ocean. Two sailors were blown from the yards, but no help could be given them; another, had fallen maimed on the deck, with great difficulty was carried away. Suddenly the ship received a stunning blow; she had struck on a rock beneath the waves. A loud cry was raised by the crew; the vessel had sprung a leak, and the water was fast pouring into her hold. Soon after this the ship went to pieces, almost all the seamen perished; but Archy and a few more got into the boat, where they were tossed about on the heaving sea for a day and a night, without food, miserably cold, and drenched with rain to the skin. Archy wished a thousand times he was sitting by the arm-chair of his mother. More about Archy next month.

THE SCHOOL OF INFANCY.—No. IX.

CULLINGS FROM JOHN AMOS COMENIUS, WRITTEN IN 1638, IN
LATIN.

It will be the prudence of parents not only that their children may have the means of living, but also to labour that their minds may be imbued with wisdom. Solomon says that he was instructed by his father from infancy; and although he was the beloved son of his mother, that did not interfere with his education.

The *natural* knowledge of infants is to eat, drink, and sleep. In the second and third year they begin to understand all things about them, and to call things by name, as also the use of the external members of the body—eye, ear, and so on. The beginning of *optics* will be to look up at the light, a thing natural to children, for the instant it becomes visible their eyes turn to it. They must, however, be watched, and not permitted to look with fixed eyes on excessive light and brilliancy, strongly affecting the power of vision, especially at first, lest that power be weakened or extinguished by overstraining. Let them have the means of seeing moderate light, especially of a green colour, and gradually anything that shines. In the second or third year, optical exercises will be to present to their contemplation coloured and pictured objects; to show them the beauty of the heavens, of trees, of flowers, and of running waters. Anything beautiful presented to the eye, they delight in; nay, the brightness of the eye and the acuteness of the mind are stimulated by looking even in a mirror.

In the second and third year, they may learn the elements of *astronomy*, by looking at the sun, moon, and stars. In the fourth and fifth they will be able to understand that the sun and moon rise and set; that the moon sometimes shines full, sometimes a half moon, and sometimes a crescent moon. Then they can be instructed that the days are shortest in winter—that the night is then longest; whereas in summer that the day is long, and the night short.

Then the elements of *geography*—distinctions and names of

es in the house, and learn to understand what a city is—what village—what a field, garden, forest, river. Then they are to be taught distinctions of *time*—day, night, morning, evening, noon, night; how often during the day they should eat, sleep, or rest; that a week consists of seven days, and what days follow one another; that six are common days, but the seventh is the Lord's day, and then labour is to be discontinued, places of worship attended, and the day held sacred; that Christmas comes in winter, Easter in spring, Whitsuntide in summer, and so on.

When they ought to be exercised in *history*, and in the *remembrance* of things. Many things will fix themselves in their memory, and there is need of circumspection; in order, as the youthful memory begins to store away treasures for itself, that it may lay nothing but what is good and useful in obtaining virtue, and noting the fear of God. All things of a contrary kind ought not to be permitted to meet their eyes or their ears.

LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

MOTHER used to take her children with her into her chamber never an hour from the busy day could be found. There she would read a Bible story with them or for them, sometimes about Samuel, or David, or Joseph, but more often about Jesus, and Mary, and Lydia, and Timothy. Then she would question, and converse, and explain, till the mind had caught the truth it heard, and the conscience had felt it. She kneeled then by the child, and the child knelt likewise. Sometimes she prayed for the child oftener with him. He was taught to repeat, at his own request, to an unseen God, the petitions, short and simple, she had taught him. And so years passed on, and there is no forgetting, even the power of those seasons. She respected the covenant with her Saviour; she talked of it, and urged it, and lived in it, so fully, that her words were carved in the slab over her grave, "the covenant-keeping God."

Children are taught to "say" prayers too exclusively. They

should be encouraged to compose their own petitions as early as possible. These may be at the end of their set forms. Add one new one frequently—a prayer for some particular grace which is wanting, or against some particular sin which is besetting. “Give me a better temper;” “Guard me from being so heedless;” “Keep me from all untruth;” “Help me to love study more.” Anything like this is legitimate; only clothe it in simple words, and teach the child the connexion between his prayer and his own effort. Make him understand that he must not ask God to make him amiable, unless he tries to check his own temper. He must remember his prayer, and try to improve. Now these are the mother’s prayers, about which we hear so much in the stories. You see how simple they are; but you cannot overrate their influence. Sailors on the sea, soldiers in the field, prisoners in the penitentiaries, and even maniacs in the asylums, are vulnerable to their remembrance. There is a story of a heathen king who ordered that the garments his wife had worn should become, when she died, the models for female attire throughout his kingdom. Believe me, there are better heritages than this to leave among a Christian people. A mantle of holy influence, a crown of piety, a circlet of devotion, these are worthier patterns.

In the preface to one of our exquisite Sunday-school songs, there is told the story of a lad who worked for the support of his widowed mother, and brought home every night the hard earnings he had gained. One day it was very rainy and dark, and the three-mile walk was severe on the tired boy. But when he neared the home he loved, weary under the big bundle he bore, that feeble but faithful parent met him with a kiss of pity. “God bless you, my dear child. It is hard for you; but hereafter I will always set a light in the window for you.” Years passed on, and yet that clear gleam from the pane met him every night as he drew nearer. And then he went to sea. No news came or went, and at last he returned; but his mother was dead. “Yet tell him,” were her last words, “I am going to heaven—a better home than this.” And are not a mother’s prayers lights? O for more faith to fill them, more zeal to trim them, more love to set them! I have a pocket Bible at home, which my mother gave me

ty years ago. On the fly-leaf, with my name, are written the words:—

“Number thy lamps of love, and tell me now
How many canst thou relight at the stars,
And blush not at their burning? Only one.”

How well what that one is. I have seen it many a dark day. It is long ago become to me my “light in the window” overhead. Christian mothers, remember these little words I have been humbly trying to say to you. We look over the edge of our lives to yours, and we think you have the best ones. And more than all, we know that it is your faithfulness which sends workers forth. Your mission is a mighty one. In one of the Eastern lands the nurses are wont to bring forth the new-born infant into sunlight, that from the earliest hour there may be seen to be life in his eye. Oh, how much worthier is your office—to hold our children under the Sun of Righteousness, till thereafter they may be light in their hearts!

THE BLESSING OF A GOOD MOTHER AND WIFE.

How often do we observe, in passing along life's pathway, that in this life the pious mother and faithful wife has a rich reward before she goes up to the rest of heaven. Her teachings and example cause her children to walk in wisdom's ways, and often trains the worldly-degraded husband to seek mercy from the Lord of his wife and family. This encouraging truth was beautifully illustrated in the case of Mary Raiford and her family. In the midst of many trials, privations, discouragements, gentle Mary led her numerous family to be members of society on earth, with a good hope that death would to them only be the gateway to admit them to everlasting life. Mary had married the son of her early love, poor but honest, hard-working and industrious, alas! a few years after their marriage, evil companionship led him to become disorderly and intemperate, and ruin

would most certainly have followed, but for the pious, humble, persevering wife and mother.

George had fallen into sad habits, very distressing to his wife and children, and, among other evil things, his tongue was inured to blasphemy and his conduct unrestrained. For some time he forsook his family and wandered as an exile from place to place, that he might more freely indulge himself in sin. After some time he returned, and just then a new minister came into the neighbourhood of his home, and this wanderer went to hear him preach. The sermon seemed to awaken his fears, and this was all.

About this time some of his dear little children manifested much serious thought for their age, and delighted in talking about heavenly things, thus encouraging the good mother in her excellent way of training these little ones. One boy in particular, about eleven years of age, was continually reading on the subject of religion wherever he could obtain a book, and would commit large portions of Scripture to memory, and make inquiries about this and that portion.

Every evening, on the return of the father from the labour of the day, the children would question him about God, Christ, heaven, and hell, until he was at a loss for answers, and he was obliged forcibly to change the conversation, or make an excuse to leave the house, though sometimes he was utterly unable to do either, but would burst into tears, his children weeping with him. This led him at length to think about the things of eternity, and to listen to the word of God with attention, that he might understand the subjects he was so often constrained to talk about. In this way he began to discover his state in the sight of heaven, and was almost driven to despair of obtaining mercy. At length he was truly converted, and believed in the precious Saviour with all his heart, as the only refuge "from wrath to come." What encouragement is here for mothers to work on in hope, even amidst trials and sorrows of various kinds; remembering her heavenly Father may so bless her training as to make her dear children ministers of salvation to her ungodly husband; thus blessing her in them. What ye sow, that shall ye reap.

LITTLE MARY AND THE WIND.

I LOVE to listen when winds blow high,
 And hear the music of the sky,
 Because I think 'tis the angels' song
 That sounds when the fleet winds sweep along ;
 Swift as they ride on their cars of cloud,
 Hark how they sing to their fellows aloud !
 We catch not the words, but the sweet notes swell
 Down here, and the music I love so well
 Sounds like the distant notes of the lay
 Borne by the gentle breeze away,
 When the good on earth from their humble abode
 Send up their evening praise to God.

Now with awe their voices are still ;
 No, there's a sound so sweet and shrill,
 It must be an infant such as I,
 But lately a tenant of the sky,
 Trying the powers of his little voice,
 While the rest all listen—now, now they rejoice,
 And join with him in the praise of God,
 Who washed his young heart in Jesus' blood,
 And took him away from mortal sorrow,
 Before his little heart was riven,
 For a bright, long day without a morrow,
 To unite with them in the songs of heaven.

I wish that his mother, who weeps for him,
 Could hear the sound of his joyful hymn,
 And see how happy her child is there,
 In those blue regions so soft and fair ;
 I'm sure she'd never weep again,
 If she could hear that heavenly strain !

Mother ! if I should ever go
 Where the angels are singing so,
 I'll sing so loud that the winds shall bear
 My voice on their wings to my mother's ear ;
 And I'll tell you not to weep for me,
 For Mary's as happy as she can be,
 And I'll pray the Highest to send for you,
 And when you've done all He'd have you do,
 Oh ! then, my mother, you shall come,
 Happy and glad, to your daughter's home.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

A MOTHER who had laughed at religion and religious people was seen restless and miserable on the bed of death. She desired that her children should be called; they came, and in broken accents she addressed them—"My children, I have been leading you in the wrong road all your life. I now find the broad road leads to destruction. I did not believe it before. O seek to serve God, and try to find the gate to heaven, though you may never meet your mother there." Her lips here closed for ever, and her soul departed, while the terror-stricken household looked on speechless. Mother! father! would you die thus? Oh, no! then point to heaven, and *lead* your children in the way.

TRUE WISDOM.

If you would be wise, learn justly to estimate heaven and earth, the soul and the body, time and eternity.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Madame de Gascoigne. London: Tweedie.

An attractive temperance tale.

Lunaria Saxifrage. London: Tweedie.

An interesting tale of temper and triumph.

Trees and their Uses. London: Wertheim.

A charmingly useful little book for a present.

The Good Shepherd and His Little Lambs. London: Wertheim.

A beautiful little story book with pictures.

Simple Questions and Sanitary Facts. London: Tweedie.

A cheap book, full of useful information.

Infant Breathings. By JAMES EDMESTON. London: Wertheim.

Sweet little hymns for little folks.

Little Pinky; The Black Lake; Little David; Charlotta; Heaven (a Dream); The Children of the Kingdom. London: Wertheim.

Six very nicely written little tales for children and young friends.

REMEMBRANCE OF THE PAST.

“ On like a river,
 Time bears us ever—
 The rushing stream of life.
 We grasp the rudder,
 Then start and shudder:
 The waters roar in strife!”—LONGFELLOW.

As we take up our pen to prepare the last number of our messenger for another year, the storehouse of memory brings before us the shades of many dear ones gone from our midst; some who were our helpers will wield the pen for us no more—their busy hand is motionless—the warm heart has ceased its beatings; some have gone with trembling steps down to death’s river; others went joyfully the untried path of the shadowy—“glad to die.” Many household flowers have been blighted, faded, and fallen; many precious buds of promise are gone to bloom in a more congenial atmosphere; some have been down to the border-land, almost getting a glimpse of the country where there are no shadows, and returned back by Heaven’s behest to wait and wait.

How busy this morning is *memory*—undying memory—bringing back the past and giving it a living voice, reviving scenes and impressions long gone from the mind, and renewing them in our presence! A thousand familiar thoughts start up in our thoughts from the land of silence, to approve or condemn. Memory waves her magic wand, and life’s ills and joys and crimes stand before us; it opens its secret flood-gate, and a mighty tide of thoughts and emotions rush upon us from the days and weeks and months of the receding year. Memory imparts to all we say and do the force of an endless life, and much of our pleasure or grief may be traced to it; it fills the mind with peace or alarm, joy or sadness, and throws on the retired hour numberless images of beauty and sorrow. And when life’s journey is ended, and memory retraces its steps and lingers amid the scenes of probation, pondering its trials and results, it will be like an angel smiling on us and filling our ears with all pleasing sounds, and our hearts with joy and gladness; or like a fiend to reproach the folly and guilt of the past.

L. III.—NEW SERIES. N

of the past, and embitter all the future, exclaiming, "How have I hated instruction, and my heart despised reproof!" "REMEMBER," said Abraham to the rich man, "thou in thy life-time had thy good things." Oh! what a contrast to the life of ease remembered, was his state now!

We have heard a mother say, amidst pain and poverty and neglect—"I wish I could die!" But, alas, we replied, the most wretched woman who ever lived on earth would be glad to return from the torments of the lost, to suffer ten thousand times ten thousand woes in the most horrid home ever known among mortal men, if she were only allowed to do so. The power of memory bears affecting testimony to the fearfulness of our being. We know but little here of the strength of its grasp, the extent of its range, its power for happiness or misery, but hereafter it will shine out, through the mists of forgetfulness and the clouds of a sin-darkened and sin-stricken being, with a clear strong, impressive light, and make eternity blissful or wretched.

There are times now when memory speaks out with a startling voice, and thrills the soul with the music or the terror of departed days. The days of our childhood! How they linger in our thoughts, and become more distinct and vivid in our recollection as we recede from them. How they come trooping around us with all the faces and the places of our earliest days, as if only of yesterday! When the time of imminent peril or of death was nigh; and the hour of bereavement, when the grave closed over precious ones—how memory restores all the past! What testimony do death-beds bear to the power of memory? It seems to put on new life and energy, as the powers of physical being decay—things and events long forgotten are now brought fresh to mind; amid the stillness of death's conflict and at the open portal of eternity it speaks as never before, and the soul trembles or rejoices at the sound of its voice. How often have we heard words spoken in agony when standing by the departing—"Oh! but I remember;" "Oh! I cannot get from my mind," so and so. Let us give earnest heed that neither we nor our children may suffer these painful regrets, when memory's storehouse opens before the distressed vision to close no more for ever.

We remember reading of a gentleman who was taken out of the water when life was apparently extinct, who affirmed that during the three minutes he was in the water, the *whole of life*—deeds of *manhood* and the scenes of *youth* and *childhood*—passed detail before his mind, and with a vividness and power of impression which he had never before experienced. Will it not be as with undying memory before the great white throne, in that day that will reveal secrets? Come with us to a household where the memory of the past year causes the tears to flow.

‘Lucy! Lucy! where are you, dear?’ asked the sweet voice of a loving mother. Lucy had been weeping bitterly, and for a short time she was unable to answer; her mother entered the room where Lucy was attempting to mend a torn part of her black frock. “My darling,” exclaimed Mrs. Moreland, “why are you so distressed?” “Oh, ma, it was only just the tear that made me remember all the many things that have passed this year; and my dear sister Alice used to say so kindly when I tore anything, come here, little lady, let me see if I can needle it up.” Oh, mamma, I must cry;” and poor Lucy laid her head on her mother’s neck, and wept aloud.

Mrs. Moreland wept too, for it had been indeed a year of deep sorrow to that household—daughter and little son, and venerable mother—the bearded grain, and the beautiful flowers that grew between—all gathered by the Reaper during the receding year. When Lucy’s overwhelmed heart had poured forth some of its anguish, she again referred to the dear ones lately passed away; Oh, ma, to think how like an angel dear sister Alice looked, just as a bride sleeping, with that lovely smile, telling us she was happy! And how beautiful baby looked in his tiny coffin, with the white robes; I always thought it was a pity to bury him; I should like to look at him now he has been dead longer. I wonder if any one ever did have a grave opened just to look at the dear ones again; do you think any one ever did, ma?” “Yes, dear, I know none who have, but it was only to add sorrow to sorrow. We must not *indulge* our grief when God takes away our dear ones; we are allowed to weep, but not to murmur. I knew a gentleman who lost a wife he loved very dearly, and he very nearly lost his

reason, for, alas ! he had not sought and found a friend in Jesus then ; and when his beloved wife had been buried some weeks, he paid a considerable sum of money to have the vault and the coffin opened that he might look upon the face of the dead ; but he soon turned away, saying, "Nothing that I loved is there." A Christian friend led his thoughts away to the spirit-land, and his deep affliction was the means of bringing him to the feet of Jesus, where alone we can find rest in earth's deepest sorrows." "Yes, ma, I know you get comfort from Him, and pa too, but sometimes I feel as if we never could be happy again, as we have been; and I think sometimes, ma, if dear sister Alice had not nursed baby so much, she would not have had that bad sore throat."

"My love," rejoined Mrs. Moreland, "in sorrow like ours it will not do to look at second causes; every thing is ordered or permitted by our heavenly Father, and we are quite sure He doeth all things well ; nor dare we linger much in thought about the dark grave and the fading clay, if we would get comfort, but try to keep our hearts directed to that better land where our precious ones still live in the sunshine of that home where no tears, no pain, no old age or grey hairs, and no shadow will ever come; and while we feel the trials of earth overshadow us we must try to rejoice in the thought that our darlings are safe away up in the fold of the Divine Shepherd." "Oh, ma, I feel a little better now, but last night when I was in bed I was thinking how dull this Christmas will be—no dear sister making up our Christmas tree, with baby crowing, and dear grandpa, so funny, coming in to dinner saying, 'Here I come, like old Father Christmas, with my grizzled hair and iced beard;' and then what amusing stories he told us about himself when he was a boy like little Charlie. How we shall miss them all ! it can never again be just as it has been !"

For a few minutes mother and daughter wept together, for the remembrance of the past was very precious, but very very sad, as they thought of the sparkling eyes and loving hearts that had passed away from earth for ever during the past year. "We must try to remember, Lucy, darling, how many mercies we have left. Look at poor Marian Logan, left fatherless and motherless in a home of strangers. Our sorrows might always be worse than they

; our heavenly Father kindly spared your dear papa when he
 med near the gate of the dark valley, and we are surrounded
 comforts which many have not; we can say—'Not more than
 ers we deserve, but God has given us more.' We must try
 count up our mercies, darling, when the great shadow of our
 reavements hang low over our household; and although it never
 be just as it has been, let us remember it might have been
 rse. We must try to think less of earth and more of heaven."

THE SAILOR'S MOTHER'S PAGE.

MOTHER! sailor's mother! did you ever put a Bible and some
 e little books and tracts in your boy's sea-chest, when he left
 ir home? Oh, if you never did, pray begin the next time he
 ves you; *do, mother*. Such love-tokens, placed there by a
 ther's hand, may prove a messenger of mercy to your sailor-
 's heart when the storm rages, when temptation assails, or
 kness pales his cheek, far, far away from love and you; aye, it
 y be the means of leading him to that haven where there shall
 "no more sea." To encourage the effort of giving our sailors
 le works of usefulness, we will tell you of the blessing of
 aven following this easy labour of love.

A lady presented to the captain of a vessel a package for his
 w to read when they were far off on the deep blue sea; but he
 ll tell his own tale. "I took them," said he, "a short time
 ore I sailed, and distributed them among the hands, until the
 ole had gone the rounds among them. In a very few days, the
 ond mate—a well-bred and intelligent young Scotchman—came
 me and said, 'Sir, I hardly know what is the matter with our
 n, but your tracts have produced a feeling among them that I
 e never seen before. If you have any doubt on the subject,
 t go and look into the fore-castle, and see for yourself.' I
 pped down, and, sure enough, every man was reading with
 eagerness as though his very life depended on it. On returning
 the cabin, the mate continued, 'Sir, they wish the Bible read
 them, and to-morrow (meaning the Lord's day) they wish to

obtain your permission to hold a religious service among themselves in the fore-castle.' 'I can have no objections to that, I am sure,' said I; 'but who will lead them, mate, seeing none of us make any professions that way?' 'I shall make my best endeavours,' was the reply, 'and I suppose the others will do the same.' 'Very well,' said I, 'there is a prospect of fine weather; make all snug, I will take the helm, and let every one who wishes attend the service.'

"The arrangements," continued the captain, "were made, the Sabbath came, and a meeting among themselves was held, morning and afternoon. Again they asked to be allowed to have a prayer-meeting in the evening. I objected. 'But,' said the mate, 'you had no objection all the day, why object now?' 'My wish is,' I replied, 'that you do not hold the meeting in the fore-castle, but in the cabin, where I may have a spice of the privilege myself, since I have accommodated you all day by standing at the helm.' Accordingly, in the evening every man came down into the cabin. I took the Bible and read a chapter, and called upon the mate to pray. In a moment all were upon their knees. The mate proceeded a little way, but was soon choked with tears, and could proceed no farther. The cook then attempted to pray, but failed in the same manner. I then said to one of the apprentice boys, 'Billy, can you pray for us?' The little fellow began, and made an excellent sweet, little prayer, and seemed to get along the best of any of us. The fact is," continued the captain, "we were all overwhelmed with a sense of our sins, and as there was not one of us that had made any profession of a religious experience, we made rather lame work of it at first; but I do hope that God, in His mercy, has heard our poor petitions, and converted every man on board."

Mother, could your little Billy, or Jack, offer "*a sweet little prayer*," if placed in such circumstances? Alas! the only prayer many a little sailor-boy hears in his early home is the prayer to "be damned!" What a marvel that the great God does not answer by hurling the wretched father into the pit of lost souls, where tears for ever flow, and dying they shall never die; but wailing in utter misery they cry, "the harvest is past, the

ummer is ended, but we are not saved." Oh, mother! let your sailor-boy ever have to remember a home of prayer, and a praying mother.

THE MATERNAL MEETING.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCE OVER A DEAD MOTHER'S CHILDREN.

NO. II.

THE degraded father concerned himself less and less about his motherless children, and they began to know what it was to go often to bed hungry and cold. One morning, as Rosa stood by old Jacob's bed feeding him, he suddenly said to her, "I tell you that, little girl, I have a good mind to give you that plant of mine." "I will take good care of it," she replied. "It's something very extraordinary growing in that pot," continued Jacob; why, you might almost make your fortune with it, if you had it." You don't say so," rejoined the child, "why I thought it was an old rosebush!" "Well, no, I *don't* say so, I was only joking. It is a rosebush, and no mistake; but as I am going to leave this place, and can't carry it with me, and you have been good to me, believe I will give it to you." "Going to leave this place!" cried Rosa; "why, where are you going?" "That is just what I don't know myself," said the old man; "I kind of wish I did. The fact is, little girl, I am going to die." "Dear me," rejoined the astonished child. "Yes, I am going to die, and I will give you that plant. You take good care of it; don't set it where the boys will be knocking of it down, and breaking it; and don't tell the old man, nor anybody else, where you got it; and some time, when you are so heartsick that you'd as lief die like a dog, and so I told that you can't keep body and soul together, and so hungry that you feel as if eagles were gnawing you—why, then, you lock the door, and take a stick and dig down to the roots of that old rosebush—and do it, little girl—do it in the name of the ONE our mother was speaking of when she was speaking of me." "Poor old man," thought Rosa, "he is getting out of his mind;" but she answered, "yes—yes—I will do what you say." Jacob was silent for a time; at last he said, "Have you got any friend you can trust, little girl?" "I have only got Jesus," she replied.

"Well—well—but if good luck should ever come to you, you would want to run and tell somebody of it, and it is not everybody that is fit to be trusted. To think now that I am going to die, and have nobody to depend on but this little girl!"

There was a long, painful silence. Jacob lay panting for breath, exhausted by the effort he had been making, yet holding Rosa's hand in his, as if unwilling she should leave him. At last she said timidly, "I think you look very sick; had I not better run and call some of the neighbours?" "What for?" he asked quickly; "to sit and stare me out of countenance as I lay dying? No—no—I came into this world alone, I have worked my passage through it alone, and I may as well start alone for the next one. None of them could go with me, and they would not if they could." "Maybe the Lord Jesus would if you asked Him," urged Rosa. "I have no objection to His doing it, if He has a mind," replied Jacob thoughtfully; "and I won't deny but what I have had my ideas about it—but as to *asking* Him, that is another thing. I should cut a pretty figure talking off into the air—should I not, now?" "I don't know what you mean," cried Rosa; "is not God here in this room? and does He not hear all you say? I do not like to hear you talk so about God." "I did not mean to say anything against Him," returned Jacob, "it only comes kind of awkward to me to say what is in my mind. I was thinking, little girl, could you not get down on your knees and say over a prayer like, so I could kind of get the meaning of the thing, and maybe get to saying it myself." "Did not your mother teach you your prayers when you were a little boy?" asked Rosa, astonished. "Well, I never was a little boy, and I never had any mother as I know of," said the old man; "I never had any bringing up, and there is nothing clear in my mind." "Poor man! Well, maybe you could say, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'" "Yes—yes—that's it," cried Jacob; "I have heard those words before. Yes, I will say them. Go away now, little girl, and take that plant with you, and don't forget to water it every day, and to be fond of it; and mind, you are not to tell the old man, or anybody, who gave it to you."

Rosa took the plant, saying, "It is very heavy, and we don't

any fire in our room now, and I do not believe anything can there." "The old one does not take good care of you, I hat plainly," said the old man; "but you will have a fire time, and warm clothes, and plenty to eat too. The old one et tripped up some of these days, and then, when you have d of him, you will have old Jacob's plant to fall back upon." is out of his mind again," thought the child, and being a little

of him she called the boys, and they all went away together. hort time afterwards the father came in. "How is that old Rosa, in next room?" he asked. "He is very ill," replied ; "he says he is going to die." "Where does he keep his z, do you know, child?" "He keeps it in an old rag under llow. When he needs anything, he gives me pennies to buy h. I do not give him our meal, since you forbid it," she , anxiously studying his bloated face. "Well—well—you the right side of him, and if you happen to be there when he off, you come and call me; but don't you tell anybody else. m not at home, you take what is under his pillow, and keep I come." "Oh, father, that would be stealing!" cried the

"Take that, and see if I am in earnest," and his brutal fell upon her neck in a shower of cruel blows; "and I will ou another thing for your comfort, if you have not had h. I am not going to feed and clothe three children like hen there is Gregson sits at his ease, eating and drinking his young ones bring in. You will go out all of you, and up your own living; and what is more, you will pick up mine

"You don't mean that we are going out to *beg*, father!" ther think you will find that that is about what it is come I am a fool that I did not set you at it long ago. Crying so handy to you and the boys, it will be as good as a play out of doors doing it all day." "When I am a big man, I ke a sword and cut off father's head," whispered little Jem. econd the child was spinning across the room like a foot- and Rosa and Ben joined in his shriek of pain. "It's dis- g," said the father, "there is not a place in the world I hate his room," and seizing his hat he rushed out.

sa lifted up her little brother, and wiped the blood from his

forehead as tenderly as she could, while bitter tears of anger and shame rolled down her cheeks. "Is this the kind of care God takes of us?" were the reproachful words she longed to utter; but her mother's faith had stamped itself on the child's soul. In a few moments the struggle was over. "Don't cry so, Jem," said she, "God is going to be good to us pretty soon, and He won't let father kill us." The poor children had eaten nothing since the morning, and the cold was intense. Rosa persuaded them to get into bed to get warm, and to lie still while she went up again to see old Jacob.

As she entered the room on tiptoe, she saw that the shadow of death was stealing over the worn features; the old man's hands were clasped, his eyes raised to heaven, and she heard the whispered accents, "God be merciful—be merciful—to me—a sinner!" An irresistible impulse made her clasp her arms about the neck of the dying man, and kiss his cold lips; he recognized her, and smiled, and she felt a tremulous pressure from the hand that clasped hers. Such a smile she had never seen; it was like the light that bursts from midnight clouds, when long-hidden moonbeams at last struggle forth from their misty shroud, and irradiate hill and grove, and lake and valley, with their unearthly radiance. The meagre room, the dingy furniture, the sinking figure on the bed of straw, all were transfigured, for surely God was in that place.

"You won't have to go alone!" said Rosa. There was another smile, another pressure of the hand, and old Jacob was gone. The motherless one burst into tears, she knew now that she loved that poor forsaken old man, and that she had lost a friend. Then her father's command rushed into her mind; her heart almost stopped beating with terror—must she do what he had bidden? "Not if he kills me!" she said aloud; and with one tender parting glance at the peaceful face she went out.

A PLEA FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

CLOUD not their young days; let them enjoy life's bright morning, with its clear sky and sweet sunlight shedding beauty

gladness all around. Do not dim those bright clear eyes with tears, caused by careless words of yours; cause not the little heart to burst with grief. Lay your hand tenderly, lovingly, on the little golden head; pluck the thorns, that only roses may bloom for those little untried feet to tread. Chase the dark shadows away, that only love's bright sunlight may encircle their faces. "Speak gently" to the little ones; let them come to you with their childish troubles, and feel that you are sympathising with them. Oh, there is something too holy and true in the love of a little child, to be cast thoughtlessly away; out upon those who can withstand a child's pleading voice, soft touch, and earnest beseeching eyes; they must be bad, indeed, when the pure love of God's little ones does not stir all that is good and noble in our hearts. Ah! sometimes, when I feel the caressing touch of a little darling, when his eyes seek mine with such a loving look, it makes me wish I was a better woman, more worthy the love of God's little ones Christ has called to Himself.

LETTIE LEE.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

PERMANENCE is a clock, the balance of which repeats, without variation, these two words only in the silence of the tombs:—
ways—never; never—always."

Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country seat;
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw;
And from its station in the hall
An ancient time-piece says to all—

"For ever, never!
Never, for ever!"

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands,
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—

"For ever, never!
Never, for ever!"

By day its voice is low and light ;
 But in the silent dead of night,
 Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
 It echoes along the vacant hall,
 Along the ceiling, along the floor,
 And seems to say, at each chamber door,—

“ For ever, never !
 Never, for ever !”

Through days of sorrow and of mirth ;
 Through days of death and days of birth ;
 Through every swift vicissitude
 Of changeful time, unchanged has it stood ;
 And as if like God it all things saw,
 It calmly repeats those words of awe,—

“ For ever, never !
 Never, for ever !”

In that mansion used to be
 Free-hearted Hospitality :
 His great fires up the chimney roared ;
 The stranger feasted at his board ;
 But, like the skeletons at the feast,
 That warning time-piece never ceased,—

“ For ever, never !
 Never, for ever !”

There groups of merry children played ;
 There youth and maidens dreaming strayed ;
 O precious hours ! O golden prime,
 And affluence of love and time !
 Even as a miser counts his gold,
 Those hours the ancient time-piece told,—

“ For ever, never !
 Never, for ever !”

From that chamber, clothed in white,
 The bride came forth on her wedding night ;
 There, in that silent room below,
 The dead lay in his shroud of snow !
 And in the hush that followed the prayer,
 Was heard the old clock on the stair,—

“ For ever, never !
 Never, for ever !”

All are scattered now and fled ;
 Some are married, some are dead ;
 And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
 “ Ah ! when shall they all meet again ?”
 As, in the days long since gone by,
 The ancient time-piece makes reply,—

“ For ever, never !
 Never, for ever !”

Never here, for ever there,
 Where all parting pain and care
 And death and time shall disappear,
 For ever there and never there !
 The horologe of eternity
 Sayeth this incessantly,—
 “For ever, never !
 Never, for ever !”

LONGFELLOW.

 EARLY PIETY.

THE following lines were written on the death of a boy named West, who died in Dublin, aged eight years. He was one of Christ's precious lambs, who was early taken to dwell with his Father. Under his pillow was found a prayer which he had written for himself. He rose during the night (a short time before death), and having lighted a candle, wrote his simple petitions on paper, and then put them under his head. Mothers! do you see that your little ones are *too young* to find rest in Jesus? Let no more. Bring them before His throne, and plead the promise,—*watching* for the answer,—“Ask and it shall be given you,” and “whatsoever ye ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.”

Mother, O weep not, when death's lengthened slumber
 Removes thy young darling away from thine eyes !
 Oh, rejoice that his spirit adds one to the number
 Of those that are blest in the joys of the skies !
 He left thee, ere clouds of adversity shaded
 The happiness circling his innocent brow,—
 Ere sorrow the bloom of his childhood had faded ;
 And dwells in the regions of blessedness now.
 Mother, then weep not, when death's lengthen'd slumber
 Removes thy young darling away from thine eyes !
 Thy child's at home.

Father, O grieve not—the One that removed him
 Is boundless in goodness, almighty in power,
 He took but a bud—'twas a proof that He loved him—
 And sweetly in heaven shall blossom the flower.
 A flower too lovely for earth to retain it ;
 Too precious to leave in these regions of gloom ;
 So fragile, that Heaven alone could sustain it ;
 And *there* it shall ope in eternity's bloom.
 Father, then grieve not—the One that removed him
 Is plenteous in goodness, almighty in power,
 He took him home.

S. O. M. C.

AN OLD MAN'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

"Pray without ceasing."

MANY years ago an old man, a devoted Christian, started a prayer meeting, which is still continued, having resulted in many and glorious fruits. As a pastor, it was my privilege to be with him, particularly during his last illness. In several visits made to his house, I found him on the mount, looking over on the land of promise. Finding nothing, seemingly, to mar his comfort or interrupt his joy, one morning, as I went to his dwelling (he was a poor man, and lived in straitened circumstances), I determined to satisfy myself whether there was nothing that gave him any trouble of heart.

On entering his chamber, I asked him, in simple terms, "How are you this morning?" "Oh, Sir," said he, "I am well. Why should I not be well? I am near home. Yes, I am near home—near heaven." I took the opportunity to ask him, "My dear Sir, has there been nothing of late resting upon your heart as an occasion of trouble?"

He spoke not a word, but turned his head over to the wall, and lay so between five and ten minutes; then he rolled his head back upon his pillow, with his face towards me, and I saw the tears streaming down his cheeks. "Oh yes, Sir," said he, "there is one great trouble." "What is it?" I inquired; "speak your whole mind to me freely." "Well," said he, "I have ten children, and I have prayed to God for more than thirty years that I might see one or more of them converted before I die; but He has denied me. They are all grown up, as you know, but are not yet Christians." "How do you get over that trouble?" I asked. "Ah," he replied, "I get over it as I get over all other troubles—by rolling it over upon Christ. I know that God means to answer my prayers, but He means to wait till I am gone. But He will do it; I know He will. My children will be converted."

This man has been in his grave for fifteen years, and I have watched over his children ever since his death; and now to-day I

le to say that seven out of the ten have been born into the
 om of God, and that the eighth has also just experienced
 sion. This is the answer to his prayer. God did not
 ; He only waited. And in like manner He will answer the
 s of all parents who pray in faith for the conversion of their
 n. Let us, therefore, take courage, and lay hold upon the
 is promises of God !

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

PROVIDENCE.

providences to a gracious heart are but as so many ful-
 of promises.

IRON AND GOLD.

exists in the blood and preserves it.
 , or the love of it, exists in the heart and corrupts it.

BAD SIGHT.

e who cannot see God in a judgment will never be truly
 ; and those who cannot see God in mercy can never be
 anklful.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

r Colloquies between a Father and his Children. By MIDDLETON
 RE. London : Ward and Co.

y nice Sunday book for parents and teachers to read with their

s Training ; or, How to be Happy in both Worlds. London :
 rtheim.

ap little book, containing a vast amount of Gospel truth.

f Thought strung in Rhyme, by Miss SEDGEWICK ; and *Infant*
athings, by JAMES EDMESTON. London : Wertheim.

charming little books for our children.

lay. Trust the Pilot. We shall need no Candle there. Redruth :
 idge.

egret to have no London publisher to name, as these three little
 e exceedingly interesting ; but, doubtless, our publishers, " Ward
 ," would procure them.

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THE
MOTHERS' FRIEND.

EDITED BY
ANN JANE.



"JUST AS THE TWIG IS BENT, THE TREE'S INCLINED."

(VOLUME SIXTEENTH.)
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PREFACE

TO THE SIXTEENTH VOLUME.

How what rapidity are we traversing the stream of life—never resting, or moving onwards to eternity's ocean! Time has almost measured the period of this eventful voyage, for the year eighteen hundred forty-three will soon expire, and with it another volume of "THE MOTHERS' FRIEND" will be completed. For sixteen years has this little volume been before the public, and now twenty thousand copies are issued every month; but who can tell the numbers who have read its pages, and the blessing it has achieved? Of this we are assured—that our labours have proved a blessing unto many; the number and extent of which we leave for the world's tribunal to testify, and eternity to solve.

The success which has hitherto attended our efforts inspires us with confidence; and we hope, if God shall spare us to prosecute our mission, that it may become increasingly useful, and amply fulfil its title as the Mothers' Friend. We consider the mission in which we are engaged to be an important one, especially when we remember that we write for a particular class of mothers, but for all indiscriminately—for her who is lately borne that endearing name, and who looks with inexpressible delight on her first-born, which has awakened within her new desires, and created fond hopes; for her also who is further advanced in life and who may be surrounded with loving ones just blooming into manhood and who are the objects of her deepest solicitude; and for her

whose heart may be deeply lacerated by Death's cruel hand snatching away, it may be, a lovely child or a fond husband, and who therefore views life as divested of all comfort, and overshadowed with gloom; for her, too, who may be mourning over some erring one, who may be the cause of many an earnest prayer; and for her also on whom the shades of life's evening are falling, who feels the world is fast receding from her gaze, and who therefore needs a cheering word to sustain her in the solemnly-approaching change. But to prove a true friend unto the mother, we must not forget him to whom she is united in the closest of all earthly unions—that such may prove a happy and a holy one, we offer words of counsel, urging upon the husband the faithful discharge of those duties which devolve upon him, whether relating to wife or child. Neither do we overlook the young; we therefore address unto them words of love, which we hope may lead many in life's bright morning to devote themselves to God. Ye, then, who profess to be animated with a Saviour's love—who feel for the sorrowing and the sinning, and moreover who are persuaded of the necessity and usefulness of this publication, we earnestly appeal to you to help us; this you may easily accomplish in various ways.

We cannot close without expressing our thanks unto all who have assisted us; continue your help, dear friends; and may we all, as we proceed in life's journey, be cheered with God's presence ever guiding and supporting us—filling us with holy aspirations, and prompting us to greater usefulness; and when the summons shall be issued to call us away, may we peacefully and joyously depart, to mingle with angels and associate with the redeemed in the participation of Heaven's eternal blessedness.

DECEMBER, 1863.

THE MOTHERS' FRIEND.

WHAT WILL THE END BE?

Ring out, ring out the merry, merry bells;
Welcome the new year cheerily."

We greet you lovingly this new year's morning, dear friends; let this be a happy new year to you, if so wills our Father. We know not what is to be its history—a mingled tale you will have at the end of it, doubtless, unless your lips are sealed in silence. Ah, it is well for us we cannot see the future. If some of our friends who will welcome us this morning had known what would have happened when the last new year's morning opened, the anticipation of their sorrow would have augmented it—a thousand-fold! Many an eye, dim with tears, will look upon this little magazine to-day with the bitter remembrance of the year pressing heavily upon their hearts.

Others, fathers, husbands, wives, and little children have been bereaved by the dread King of the shadowy vale since last New Year's day—many who were wont to welcome us with a smile.

Many have lost friends; others have lost property. Gold has taken wings, and in its flight has carried ease, affluence, home, in many instances, friends! Such friends, indeed, as were worthy the name; who willingly basked in the sunshine, but when the household clouds came, they forgot their friendship!

A melancholy tale comes to us from one newly-made home. A

young pair, married last year—merrily, merrily rang the bells for them—and, as people said, bidding fair to tread life's pathway together to threescore years and ten. The young wife was taken ill, and was daily expected to die. The young husband took cold, and in a week his name was registered among the dead—the sick wife, in her delirium, calling for him, and blaming him for delay. At length she was told he had gone from her side, never to return; but ere they laid him in his grave, she obliged them to carry her to take a last look on him beneath the coffin-lid. She still lives in desolate widowhood. What a sad year has the past been to her! We deeply sympathise with those dear sisters lamenting a precious mother dead—lovely and loving in life and in death—gone from your sight, but not from your home. She lives and speaks to you there still, and will continue to do so till you meet her up in the land of perfect love.

Many have been written widow since last New Year's day; the strong arm on which they were wont to lean lies motionless in the grave, changing the aspect of the whole world to them for ever. Take comfort, dear desolate ones, in the promises that are given expressly for you, remembering "thy Maker is thy Husband."

Then the dust has been cast on many a bright young brow—taken ere life's storms passed over them—taken to dwell in the land where no shadows fall—mother, remember the request of your sweet boy, "Don't weep, mother—you know God loves me; and I am going to Jesus." Again, there was the little lisping one, who had only been two summers and one autumn in our cold climate, with his bright black beaming eyes so beautiful, that even strangers looked lovingly upon him. He went "on a visit till Christmas," but was stricken down in his "auntie's" home, and brought home, alas! before Christmas, in his coffin-bed, to be laid in a quiet, grassy nest by his kindred dead. Joy to thee, sweet Joey and little Franky; you are gone up to spend Christmas in a glorious home, where Bethlehem's Babe reigns a Shepherd-King.

"There is a river, deep and wide,
And while along its banks we stray,
We see our loved ones o'er its tide
Sail from our sight away—away."

Where are they sped—they who return
No more to glad our longing eyes?
They've passed from life's contracted bourne
To a land unseen, unknown, that lies
Beyond the river.

"There are our loved ones in their rest—
They've crossed Time's river—now, no more
They heed the bubbles on its breast,
Nor feel the storms that sweep its shore.
But *there* pure love can live—can last;
They look for *us* their home to share,
When we, in turn, away have passed,
What joyful greetings wait us *there*,—
Beyond the river."

Some of us, during the past year, have gone down so near the
'der-land as almost to hear the dash of Jordan's river, and to
the shadow of the ship of death. Solemn remembrance! To
me, the year is not only PAST but LOST—gone to add to the sad
sad catalogue of sins unforgiven and mercies lost in forgetful-
ness. What will this year tell us at the end? Ah, we cannot
tell; perhaps the words are recorded, "This year thou shalt die."
There are some things we are sure will come this year—"seed.
time and harvest;" and the dread Reaper, entering some home,
where will it be?—you cannot tell. Be ye ready. If ready to
live, you will be prepared to live here—useful, beloved, and
serving all who tread life's pathway with you, and ready to live
among the blessed when the dream of life is ended.

New Year's Morning, 1863.

"OUR LITTLE JOE" TO HIS MOTHER.

"Our little Joe is gone on a visit till Christmas."

MOTHER! you're weeping; 'twill ease thine heart;
'Tis sad from thine own little Joe to part.
Little, I ween, when I left my play,
To return to you all on Christmas day;—
That the icy King would call for me
To go to the land where there's no more sea:
That never again you would hear me greet
The bright little group around your feet.

I am up where the frame shall ne'er grow old ;
 Where no use is found for the miser's gold ;
 Where no cheek shall blanch, nor hair grow grey,
 Beneath the sun of our cloudless day.
 I am dressed for aye in a robe of white,
 And a crown of gold 'mid dazzling light,
 By the jasper wall and the pearly gate,
 Where banners wave, and victors wait.
 More glorious than earth's rich marble halls,
 Is the palace beyond those jasper walls.
 Then weep not, mother, nor mourn your loss ;
 I won the prize through my Saviour's cross.
 You prayed for me with earnest cry ;
 Behold ! I am safe with the blest on high !
 The first of your group to cross death's river ;
 At home with Jesus for ever and ever.
 No battle I fought—no sorrow I knew—
 For your loving care my thanks are due.
 Mother ! I am waiting to welcome thee
 To my home in heaven. Oh, joy to me !

November 18th, 1862.

THE CONTRAST.

" WELL, well, Susan, if you are not as neat as a new penny. Why, really, when I go into Sam Cave's dirty house, thinks I to myself what a blessing of a wife I have got, to be sure ! I wish Sally could only see her ways, and learn them. I really do not think I could eat anything made by that woman's hands, for they always look as if she had been helping to sweep the chimney ; and as to her caps, if anybody asked me if they were intended to be white or black, I could not tell them. She seems, altogether, as if somebody had put her up the chimney, and pulled her down again."

Susan smiled ; for a little bit of praise from her husband always seemed like a ray of sunshine, making her heart warm, her face more bright, and her eyes sparkle ; and we think, if husbands were more inclined to afford a moiety of approbation to well-conducted, hard-working wives, it would make more sunshine in their homes. A "well done, Susan," or a "well done, Mary," has a wonderful influence in driving away household shadows, and long tried wives forget their triedness. Try it, husbands.

"John Cary said to me, to-day," continued Harry Simms, 'Harry,' says he, 'when I called at your house yesterday morning, I thought, why sure, Henry's house might be called a working man's Crystal Palace! Now, I wish some more of us poor fellows had just such wives as yours; everything is like looking-glasses.' 'Well, John,' says I, 'there is no mistake about that; but perhaps the grand thing is to take a wife from a home where there is a good, cleanly, industrious, pious mother, and it was my case. Good mothers,' says I, 'are pretty sure to have good daughters; and good daughters are pretty sure to make good wives.' 'Aye, aye,' said dirty old Jacob Savage; 'I suppose Harry Simms is forced to take off his shoes outside the door, leastwise he should carry in a speck of dirt!' 'You never made a greater mistake in your life, though they are new ways to you, Jacob,' says I, warming up, 'for I always know, if I have wet shoes, the only fear my Susan has, is lest I should take cold; and I always find warm old shoes near the fire, and a kind hand hang up my jacket, with a smiling face to welcome me when I go home, and everything to make a man comfortable for body and soul, too; for my little wife always stores up some pretty little thing to read to me when the children are in bed.'

"'Why man alive,' said old Jacob, in his queer way, 'you won't want any other heaven than you have got here.' 'Mistake, again, Jacob,' says I, 'for I always think, when I feel most happy here, if this world, thinks I, is so nice, where everything has gotten mixed up with it, what a glorious home heaven will be, where neither sin nor sorrow enter, and we shall all be perfect.' " "Why, Harry," said Susan, in her quiet way, "you made quite a speech!" Well, so Jacob thought, I suppose, for says he, 'Well done, Henry, you will turn to preaching next; let me know when you begin, that I may be there to hear your wisdom.' This made James Warren speak up. 'Well,' says he, 'go on to gibe as much as you like, Jacob, but I say cleanliness is next to godliness; and a well-ordered house and a good wife are treasures to any man. One can bear out-door roughing, if it is all smooth at home—that's my say, speak against it who can. But, you see, husy, I don't mind a bit of jeering, for somehow I always forget the troubles of the day when I am snug at home by my own clean

fireside." When Harry and Susan had finished their evening meal, they enjoyed a little pleasant reading together; then, commending themselves and their precious little ones to God's keeping, they retired in peace within themselves and with God.

* * * *

"Oh, dear, dear me, what a home to come to!" exclaimed Thomas Brown, as, weary and hungry, he entered his cottage. "Why, you are all sixes and sevens, Grace—sure you might have things a little more decent when a poor fellow comes home, after working all day, and over-time, too! No fire, no supper, no comfort, no nothing. I had a good mind, as I came along, to go to Harry Simms's. He asked me in to have some of his warm home-fed pig—I wish I had." "Oh, I dare say—pig, indeed! We can keep no pig nor anything else worth having. I wonder where folks get all they have, who are but poor mortals after all. Do they get it honestly, I wonder?" "Oh, Grace, to slander good and tidy people only makes your own case worse; for you know we have more money every week than Harry Simms has, for I am a stronger man, and can make long days. I wonder at you, Grace, you *must* speak against your conscience."

"Bless me!" said the wife, "what a bother this fire is; I shall never light it." "You should have begun before," said the tried husband; "you are for ever putting off every thing till the last moment, and then, of course, you are either hurried or too late. You know just when I should be home, and that I should be tired and hungry; but 'tis always so in my home—there is no comfort, no pleasure in living. I am not a drinking man, or I could easily find a bright fire, and a clean hearth, and pleasant looks." "You may go where you like," retorted the untidy, slothful Grace, "I can't do every thing." "Nobody wants you to; there, never mind the fire—give me a bit of bread and cheese, and I will go to bed, for I am tired and cold. Where is little Jack? Is he in bed?" "No; I don't know where he is. I was sitting by Mrs. Smith's fire when he came back from his grandmother's, and I have not seen him since." "Oh dear, dear," cried the father; "that I should ever live to see this day—my poor boy will be ruined! my house will go to wreck and ruin, and I shall be driven out of my senses. Sure, 'tis true enough that one of the

st curses a poor working man can have is an untidy, gossiping . I tell you what it is, Grace ; if you don't alter, I will run y from the place altogether. I can get work anywhere ; and dge in a clean, tidy place would be heaven upon earth to me. ; look round your room, Grace ; every chair and table covered ; a plate clean, no fire in the grate, and nothing ready. Give my cap ; I will look after Jack, and then go to bed—'tis misery e here."

ot long after this, Thomas Brown was nowhere to be found, his fellow-workmen said he had gone to America to find a ing in some comfortable home. Grace was gone into the on, and the poor homeless Jack had gone to sea ! What ul responsibility rests on that wife's head who makes her and's home so wretched that he must seek comfort away all that could make life dear to him, without a home on , or the hope of one in heaven !

THE MATERNAL MEETING.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCE OVER A DEAD MOTHER'S CHILDREN.

NO. III.

was nearly dark when Rosa found the children crying with ger—their tears and complaints tortured her, and seizing her shawl she rushed out to seek food ; but the sight of a ar is too common to excite notice. Men were hurrying home their business ; the evening was sharp and cold ; it was too a trouble to unbutton their coats just to take out a penny, n this poor neighbourhood it was useless to seek bits of l and meat, for all were poor together. Another girl, going e from a day's tramp, gave her a cold potato, and with this hurried home. She found her father there before her. ere have you been ?" he cried. " Begging !" she answered, ting out into fresh tears. " O dear ! O dear me !" and she ed the potato between the two little boys, who devoured it lily. " They eat like wolves," said the father ; " how is the ellow ?" " He is dead," she replied. " Dead ! and where e money ? Quick, child, out with it." " It is there still, for

aught I know;" she answered. "I could not rob a dead man, father—no, not if you killed me for it," she cried, as her eye caught the gleam of rage in his, and she saw the heavy cane raised over her head.

"Halloo!" cried a rough voice, "what is to pay here? Do you want to kill the child?" "Oh, Gregson, is that you? What is in the wind now?" "Come out, there is better work to do than murdering young ones," said Gregson; and he drew the man away. Rosa crept into bed, drew her little brothers closely to her, and the miserable night wore wearily away. The morning brought their father home, dull and sulky. "Get up," he cried, "all of you, and give me the bed-clothes; and off with you into the streets this instant." Rosa pinned her little shawl over Jem's head and shoulders, for he had no hat, and they went out shivering into the frosty air. Their woe-begone faces and blue hands might have pleaded for them, but everybody hurried on to escape the cold, and none glanced on them with pity. A few cold bits, given ungraciously here and there, at last satisfied their hunger; but they trembled with cold, and were ready to drop with fatigue, long before the middle of the day. Rosa carried little Jem when he was too tired to walk, and Ben held her fast by the dress, afraid of losing her in the crowd. At length an occasional penny was dropped into their benumbed hands.

"Is that all you've brought?" said their father, boxing their ears indiscriminately, when they crept home towards night, stiff with cold and fatigue. "A pretty day's work, to be sure! Give me that rag on the boy's head, and what have you got on yourself? A flannel petticoat, as I'm alive! How dare you cosset yourself up like a pet lamb? Why, who do you suppose would give to children that are all rolled up in flannel, and dressed comfortably? No wonder you have got so little to-day! To-morrow, when you go out half-naked, it will be another tune!" He made a bundle of the things of which he had deprived them, and of the remaining bed-clothes, and hurried to the nearest pawnbroker's, where he obtained means to pass the night among his vile companions.

Rosa put the boys in bed as usual, covering them with what he could, and after a time they cried themselves to sleep; but

as too tired and too broken-hearted to close her eyes till long midnight, and then her sleep was uneasy and unrefreshing. Jacob was buried the next day; she watched the men who hid him away in the rude coffin, and when they had gone she went to the plant he had given her, and which he had valued so

It was frozen stiff, but she watered it mechanically, and when her father came in and seeing her thus engaged called her by her other hard names, she hardly noticed him. "Don't sit there, sulking," he cried, "but come here to me and tell me what you have done with the old man's money." "I have not done anything with it, father," she answered. "How dare you lie

Didn't he give you anything for waiting on him at such a price? Didn't he tell you where he had hid his gold?" "Oh, father, how could such a poor man have gold? And if he had given me, I should not have let poor little Jem and Ben be cry for something to eat." He looked at her sharply, then pushed her away, and bade her take the boys out. "If you don't bring more money to-night than you did last time, I'll kill you," were his parting words.

The poor little motherless girl wished herself with her dear mother; but she got comfort by looking up to her mother's

THE SCHOOL OF INFANCY.—No. X.

TEACHINGS FROM JOHN AMOS COMENIUS, WRITTEN IN LATIN
IN 1633.

The next most important lesson the little ones must learn is, to obey father and mother *rule*, and that all the other members of the household obey. Then comes *carefulness*—what is best clothed and what common—that they must keep all neatly folded—not to stain, nor tear, nor sweep the floor with their clothes. It is important to give little ones playthings representing domestic furniture, and so on; by presenting these things in their own presence before them they will not be ignorant of the greater things they must want. By little and little they may be taught whom they ought to love, or venerate, or respect—that when called they are to listen and attend *at once* to what is desired—to answer all questions attentively—to understand what is said in joke and what serious

which they will easily learn from the expression of the countenance and the manner of the person speaking—observing also the proper time for a joke and serious matters, such as prayers, admonition, or exhortation; neither, when children are disposed for jesting, if at the proper time, should they be frowned upon, or be angrily used or beaten. By such means the mind of a child becomes distracted, so as not to know in what way this or that is to be understood. He who wishes a boy to become prudent must himself act prudently with him, and not make him foolish or stupid before he enables him to understand what he ought to do.

MY WARNING.

“GOING home,” came faintly from the dying lips of Edith Clay, and the little head drooped wearily, crushing its wealth of golden hair, and the large blue eyes closed heavily on this world for ever. A deep, deep sob burst from my burdened heart as I watched the last tremor shake that fragile form, and knew that Edith Clay had yielded up her spirit to its Maker. One short month before, and on no cheek did the rose tint of health bloom more brightly, and in no eye did the buoyant happy spirit sparkle forth more joyously than in hers. Yes, one short month before and it was Edith’s glad, sunny presence, her silvery voice and airy step had made my home a paradise. For sixteen years my little cousin had been the sunshine of my cottage home, the angel of my little household, but now the dread messenger has beckoned her away, yet not a dreaded messenger to her, for she panted for the glories of a heavenly home.

Often in the long summer evenings have we sat together in our vine-covered porch; she would rest her head upon her hand and watch the last rays of the setting sun bathing the hills in a flood of light. Then suddenly raising her fair young face, glowing with inward happiness, she would say, “I have been picturing to myself my heavenly home; I have seen the Lamb of God pleading for me at my Father’s side in that lovely city paved with gold, with those gates of pearls and walls of jasper, and multitudes standing round the throne, clothed in white robes and palms in their hands,

and I shall soon be with them, for the Son of God has promised pardon to guilty souls like me." And now she has gone; death with its icy finger has beckoned her away, and I am left with no other father than a heavenly king, no other friend save Jesus. God knew that I was setting up for myself an idol of clay, and when I began to feel myself secure, he called her from me. When I first knew that she must go, I found it hard to say, "Thy will be done." But now once more He has shown me the path of life, and led me, stray sheep that I was, back to the fold of Christ. Oh! you that are setting up for yourselves idols, stop in your sinful course ere it be too late, ere God punishes you, as in mercy He has punished me.

LOUIE.

A YOUNG LADY'S VISION.

It was twilight. An aged woman was standing by a window, her vacant and mournful eyes were fixed upon the passers by. Ever and anon she raised her fast-failing, once beautiful orbs upon the lovely blue sky, then quickly cast them upon the earth again, as if ashamed and unworthy of looking so high where 'all was pure and bright.'

She thought of her childhood's happy days, and recalled the tender love of her gentle mother, of that beloved parent's grief when she fell from the path of rectitude, and of her death which she might well accuse herself of hastening. She thought of her past life of wickedness, and that perhaps she was very near that bourne whence no traveller returns, but she knew how totally unfit she was to meet death. She was surrounded by many luxuries; a comfortable home, but how comfortless it seemed to her, with no loving relatives to soothe her old age, and she thought how different it might have been had she been "faithful to the end." She tried to pray, but the heavens seemed deaf to her entreaties, till in an agony she cried, "Return, oh my wasted youth! return, my mother! how differently would I spend my wasted hours." But her mother and her wasted hours had passed away for ever, and only the echo answered her frenzied ears, and the silence that followed her mournful cry only seemed to mock her grief.

The aged woman fell ill, and lay upon her dying bed, but still that strange wild cry rose on the silence of the sick room ; her attendants, alarmed, fled from her ; but still she cried, "Return, my wasted youth ! oh return !" And her wasted youth *did* return, for this was but a dream ; her beloved mother was standing beside her wondering at the troubled face of her darling. She told her her, strange dream, and then thanked God that she was not indeed that wretched old woman, forsaken of God and man, and that her beloved parents were still spared to her.

Her dream has fulfilled its mission, for she became a true friend to the aged and sick, a better daughter, and a better Christian. Oh, ye young, ye thoughtless ! take heed lest ye glide on until old age and death arrest you, and then you will cry, but in vain, "Oh ! my wasted youth, return !" May you take warning in time.

LILIAN.

NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

"EARTH to earth :"—a loved one sleeps,

To wake no more—

Below.

The tomb receives a solitary guest,

And clasps him to its cold and clammy breast,

And waits for more.—

More—more,

To meet him there ;

A friend is gone.

"Earth to earth :"—another dies,

And all is lone.

So lone ;

We gaze upon the white, the marble clay,

And long to hear the voice that called her, say

Do thou come home—

Home—home,

And join her there :—

A sister sleeps.

“Earth to earth :”—a spirit flies,
And gentle hearts
Are torn,
And loving fingers touch the death-cold brow,
Which seems more beautiful than ever now,
And many weep—
Weep—weep,
And gaze towards heav’n :—
A brother’s gone.

“Earth to earth :”—her languid eyes
Are calmy closed
In death,
And fainting spirits feel their hopes are crush’d
While sons are near,—their manly voices hush’d,
And filial tears
Fall—fall
Upon the dead :—
A mother sleeps.

“Earth to earth :”—another leaves
His house below
For heav’n ;
And stricken ones, in softest whispers, say
‘We’re all alone ;’ and view the precious clay
With hopeless gaze
Long—long,
Yet still he sleeps ;—
A father’s gone.

“Earth to earth :”—a gentle voice
Whose tones were love
Is hush’d ;
And one who never wept—behold, he weeps,
And views with steadfast gaze the form that sleeps ;
His eyes grow dim,
Dim—dim,
He feels alone :—
A wife is gone.

"Earth to earth :"—that noble form
Is wan and cold.

So cold ;

A widow'd heart is breaking, and she weeps,
Her brow is resting on that breast, and keeps

The icy clay

Warm—warm ;

Yet *he's* not there :—

A husband sleeps.

"Earth to earth :"—ah ! beauty fades—

As flowers do fade,

And dies

And one, all lonely, weeps, and earth no more
Hath charms for her, though all was bright before.

Her lov'd is gone—

Gone—gone

From earth to heav'n :

A child hath fled.

"Earth to earth :"—but no, he sinks

Beneath the wave

All chill ;

Then ocean smiles, and closes o'er his head,

And billows rise, and rage upon the dead,

And, thoughtless, roll,

Roll—roll,

The ship moves on :—

The sailor sleeps.

"Earth to earth :"—another hastes

To meet his Lord

Above ;

And while *on earth* we follow to the tomb,

In heav'n he views his crown of fadeless bloom,

And angels joy ;

Joy—joy,

For *he's* at home :—

Our pastor sleeps.

"Earth to earth :"—and, one by one,

The weary find

A home ;

Hark, hark ! the 'Trump' vibrates within the tomb,
 To rouse the sleeping dust, to break the gloom,
 And thrilling sounds,
 Sounds—sounds
 Its glorious call :—

THE CHURCH IS BUILT.

And, "Earth to earth,"
 Is heard no more ;
 That knell is o'er,—
 'Tis chang'd for "EARTH TO HEAV'N."

S. O. M. C.

ne above is contributed by one who read "Lines on the Death
 of C. C."

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

STUDENT in college, whose home was in the town, used to
 up to the halls in the evening for a "good time" with his
 . Tuesdays he was always dull, gloomy, and taciturn.
 ed to rally him over it, but to no purpose. The allusions
 rather seemed to deepen his gloom. He generally went
 early. Now, he has said in my hearing, over and over
 since, that as he left the house his mother would say to
 "We have our meeting to-night, my son ;" and sometimes
 ould add, "It is our turn to-night, they will pray for my
 n, and for you among them." And this was what subdued
 He could not cover from his eyes the vision of those
 l friends wrestling at the throne of grace for his conver-
 l through the hour. He has assured me these words of
 ther have made him go many a time to his own room and
 1 the very agony of his heart that his soul might not be
 He is now a minister of the Gospel, and the turning-point
 life was, when on his solemn way home one evening, he
 l before the humble dwelling where the mothers' prayer-
 ing was held, and just behind that closely-drawn curtain
 those who would pray him into the kingdom. He there
 ed to give himself to God.
 , after all, the great work is to be done by each mother

alone. Encouragement she may get, and hints of incalculable help from those who meet with her for joint conference and supplication. After all this, she must return to her own little circle of duty by herself. The children must be taught to pray, and example is the way in which their lesson can be given most effectually. One mother we know who does this duty faithfully. I suppose we shall find, by-and-by, that many, many have shown as much fidelity as she both in praying for and with their children, and their influence will not be lost.

“NO IRISH.”

“Ah, mother, sure an’ I’ve been to all the gentry round trying for a place, and the answer of all is the same—‘We don’t employ no Irish.’ It’s me as can’t understand the *raison* of it,” and poor tired Katy Dolan leant her tired head on her mother’s shoulder. “Arrah, Katy darlint, it’s not the likes of us as can understand the *raisons* of the fine gentry for not liking a nice, tidy little body like ye are, just because ye happen to be Irish born. It’s like blamin’ the good Father for not making us English,” replied Norah, sadly. “I’ll try up at the parson’s to-morrow, mother. Sure *they* won’t say no, because I’m Irish born.” Morning came and Katy went, but the smart English servant who heard her request assured her it was useless troubling Mrs. Lyrey, as she never employed Irish servants, and poor Katy turned away with a bursting heart, and thought of the long, dreary winter to come, when fuel and food would be scarce, when she *must* be idle, because, poor child, she was ‘Irish;’ and in her simple mind she asked the question I have asked myself so many times without ever obtaining a satisfactory reply, “Why are our Irish brothers and sisters so shunned and disliked?” Oh, why should we, exulting in our self-holiness, “bid them stand on one side,” when the mightiest of all has declared He is “no respecter of persons?” I have met with true-hearted Irishmen who seemed to think their nationality a *ban*, and endeavoured as much as possible to hide it. And no wonder, when day by day they read and hear that we never employ them, and therefore no “Irish need apply.”

LETTIE LEE.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

THE DISOBEDIENT BOY—(*concluded*).

Next day the storm abated, and they were picked up by a hant-ship; but Archy passed through many privations and before he again set his foot in Old England. With a full heart he proceeded on his journey to his mother's. He had thought to find pleasure on ship-board, and to come home laden with gold; but he met with little beside and trouble, and was at last returning home without a stocking to his feet. As Archy limped along the rough he stones hurt his feet; but his sorrowful thoughts hurt him a great deal more. Archy was a poor prodigal, returning broken down in spirit, and bitterly repenting of his evil but he had no forgiving father to run out and fall on his neck, and kiss him, and welcome him home, and put a ring on his finger, and feast him with the fatted calf. When Archy came a few miles of his native place, the farm-houses, the trees, and many of the trees were well-known to him. Now when he saw a labouring man in the fields, or met one in the whom he knew; but he himself was so altered, that he went on without being known, heaving a sigh.

More than three years had gone by since Archy stole away by himself from the village where he lived, and since then he had not sent to or heard a word of his mother; his heart beat sadly with want, ventide, hungry and thirsty, and worn out with the fatigue of his journey, he drew near to the cottage. He opened the little door which hung only on one rusty hinge. He put his trembling hand on the latch as the words of his father once more rushed on his memory. The cottage-door was fast, and no one answered his repeated knocks. All was silent as the grave. He went round the back of the cottage; the window was broken, the thatch fallen in, and the little garden was overrun with weeds. His heart faint and sinking within him, he turned his back on the cottage, and walked down the village, where he soon learned the sad story that his mother, pining for his loss, had dragged an afflicted life for some time, and then died broken-hearted.

Her grave was in the corner of the churchyard, covered with nettles. Archy put his hands to his face, as well he might, and wept bitterly. Oh! it is a bitter thing for a child to neglect, disobey, and dishonour a parent. Archibald found it to be so; and so will all those who tread in his guilty steps.

ONE DROP AT A TIME.

HAVE you ever watched an icicle as it formed? You noticed how it froze, one drop at a time, until it was a foot or more in length. If the water was clean, the icicle remained clear, and sparkled brightly in the sun; but if the water was but slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul, and its beauty was spoiled. Just so our characters are forming. One little thought or feeling at a time adds its influence. If each thought be pure and right, the soul will be lovely and sparkle with happiness; but if impure and wrong, there will be final deformity and wretchedness.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

BLITHE harbinger of joy and spring,
I hear the blackbird sweetly sing;
The breezes to my spirit ring
 Sounds undefined, but cheering.

Mysteriously they touched a wire
Of the tuned soul's expressive lyre,
Whose chords the tender thoughts inspire,
 Life's joys and woes endearing.

As blithe, as sweet, more tender still,
An infant's pensive accents thrill;
And the heart's deep recesses fill.
 "I go to wake the sleeping."

"Mother! to father's grave I go;
Then let your tears no longer flow.
He'll soon hear Mary's voice, you know,
 Softly and lowly creeping.

"I'll say, 'Dear father, come with me;
I am your darling Mary; see,
Poor mother weeps incessantly.
Come, and she'll mourn no longer.'"

"Ah! no, my child, that sleep is sound,
Uninterrupted and profound,
Till the last trumpet shakes the ground
With notes than thunder stronger.

"He comes not, dearest babe, again.
But ah! 'tis sinful to complain;
He knows no sorrow, feels no pain,
Of heavenly joys partaker.

Heard'st thou his parting words express
Faith which no anguish could suppress,
"Thy widow and thy fatherless
Leave to the Lord thy Maker."

"Mother, then, I'm all yours, you know;
Oh let those tears no longer flow—
A good, obedient child I'll grow,
And be your joy and treasure."

That chord, that tender chord again
Will still reverberate that strain,
Touched by the mingled joy and pain
Allotted us by measure.

Flow on, soft song of vernal birds,
Still charm my heart, sweet infant words;
No purer pleasure earth affords,
The pensive mind to waken.

The soothing moments ye bestow,
And every joy the soul can know,
In Him from whom all blessings flow,
Confirm my trust unshaken.

B. L.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

WHO IS HAPPY?

The only happy person is he who can say of God, "He is my
Father;" of Jesus, "He is my Saviour;" of the Holy Spirit,
"He is my Sanctifier and Comforter;" and of heaven, "It will
be my happy and everlasting home."

ATTRACTION.

There was a poor mother standing by a very little coffin and very little grave, and weeping as if her heart would break—and it was near breaking. Then there came to her, as she stood there, an old man, and he said, “My child, my daughter, listen. There was a shepherd, and he had a flock, and in the flock was one sheep with a very little lamb by its side. Do you listen? Now the sheep loved the lamb very dearly, and followed the lamb wherever it went, and strayed away after the lamb far from the fold. Then the shepherd, who saw that the sheep might be lost and the lamb, too, in some pit or on some wild moor, caught up the little lamb in his arms and carried it away to the fold, and the sheep came meekly and patiently by the shepherd’s side. It followed the shepherd THEN, for he had the lamb too.”—*Paxton Hood*.

WHAT IS ETERNITY?

Eternity! Eternity! how long art thou, Eternity?
 A little bird with fretting beak might wear to nought the loftiest peak,
 Though but each thousand years it came,
 Yet thou wert then as now the same.
 Ponder, O friends, Eternity!

A GOOD HINT.

Do all the good you can in the world, and make as little noise about it as possible.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Assembly's Shorter Catechism. In Two Parts. With Prayers, &c., &c. London: Aylott & Co.

A copy of this most useful and instructive little work, very nicely got up.

A GOOD DAY'S WORK.

"I've done one good day's work, if I never do another," said Barlow, rubbing his hands together briskly, and with the air of a man who felt very much pleased with himself. "And so I." Mrs. Barlow's voice was in a lower tone, and less confident, yet indicative of a spirit at peace with itself. "Let us see the notes," said Mr. Barlow, in the confident manner of one who knows that triumph will be on his side, "and see which has the best day's work." "You, of course," returned the cheerful wife. "We shall see; let the history of your doings precede mine." "No," said Mrs. Barlow, "you give the first experience." "Very well," and full of his triumph, Mr. Barlow began:—

"Do you remember the debt of Harfield, about which I spoke a few days ago?" "Yes." "I considered it desperate—would have sold out my interest for a very small amount when I left this morning. Now the whole claim is secure. I had to wait a little. It was sharp practice. But the thing is done. I don't believe that another of Harfield's creditors will get a penny of his claim. The next operation," continued Mr. Barlow, "is to consider quite as good. About a year ago, I took fifty acres of land for debt, at a fair valuation. I sold it to-day for double the amount. I don't think the man knew just what he was buying. He called to see me about it, and I asked that price at the time, when he promptly laid down a large amount to bind the transaction. If I should never see him again, I am all right. That was transaction number two. Number three is as pleasant to me as the first. I sold a lot of goods, almost a year out of date, to a country merchant for cash. He thinks he has a bargain, perhaps he has; but I would have let them go, at any time during the past six months, at a loss of thirty per cent., and at the sale a desirable one. Now, there's a good day's work, Jenny; and it is one to be proud of. I take some credit to myself for being, upon the whole, a pretty bright sort of a man, and bound to go through the world well. Let us have your story."

The face of Mrs. Barlow flushed slightly. Her husband waited for a few moments, and then said, "Let us hear of the yards of stitching, and the piles of good things made."

"No; nothing of that," answered Mrs. Barlow, with a slight veil of feeling covering her pleasant voice. "I had another meaning when I spoke of having accomplished a good day's work. And now, as my doings will bear no comparison with yours, I think of declining their rehearsal." "A bargain is a bargain, Jenny," said Mr. Barlow. "Word-keeping is a cardinal virtue; so let your story be told. You have done a good day's work in your own estimation, for you said so. Go on, I am all attention."

Mrs. Barlow still hesitated; but after a little more urging, she began her story of a good day's work. Her voice was a little subdued, and there was an evident shrinking from the subject, about which she felt constrained to speak. "I resolved last night," said she, "after passing some hours of self-examination and self-upbraidings, that I would for one day try to possess my soul in patience. And this day has been the trial-day. Shall I go on?" Mrs. Barlow looked up with a timid, half-bashful air at her husband. She did not meet his eyes, for he had turned them partly away. "Yes, dear Jenny, go on." The husband's buoyancy of tone was gone; in its place was something tender and pensive. "Little Eddy was unusually fretful this morning, as you will remember. He seemed perverse, I thought. I was tempted to speak harshly two or three times, but remembering my good resolution, I put on the armour of patience, and never let him hear a tone of my voice that was not a loving tone. Dear little fellow, when I went to wash him after breakfast, I found just behind one of his ears a small inflamed boil. It has made him slightly feverish and fretful all day. Oh, wasn't I glad that patience had ruled my spirit!

"After you went away to business, Mary got into one of her bad humours. She didn't want to go to school, to begin with; then she couldn't find her slate; and then her shoe pinched her. I felt very much annoyed, but recalling my good resolution met her irritation with calmness, her wilfulness with patient admonition, her stubborn temper with gentle rebuke, and so I conquered. She kissed me, and started for school with a cheerful

tenance, her slate in her bag, and the pinching shoe unheeded. I had my reward. But my trials were not over. Some extra aid was needed; I called Ellen, and told her what would be required. A saucy refusal leaped from the girl's quick tongue, indignant words to mine. 'Patience! patience!' whispered in a small voice. I stifled with an effort my feelings, restrained my speech, and controlled my countenance. Very calmly, as to exterior signs, did I look into Ellen's face, until she dropped her eyes to the floor in confusion. "You must have forgotten yourself," said I, with some dignity of manner, yet without a sign of anger. She was humbled at once, confessed the wrong, and begged my pardon. I forgave her, after reproof, and she went to the kitchen, something wiser, I think, than when I called.

The washing I required has been done, and well done; and the girl has seemed all day as if she were endeavouring to atone for her indolence and service for that hasty speech. If I mistake not, we were both improved by the discipline through which we passed. Other trials I have had through the day, some of them as severe as the few I have mentioned; but the armour of patience was whole when the sun went down, the conquest of the day has made me happier. This is my good day's work. It may seem much in your eyes."

Mr. Barlow did not look up or speak as his wife grew silent; he waited almost a minute for his response. Then he bent forward suddenly, and kissed her, saying, as he did so, "Mine was the battle—yours a battle—mine success, yours conquest—mine easy yours heroism. Jenny dear, since you have been talking, I thought thus:—My good work has soiled my garments, while yours are without a stain, and white as angel-robcs. Loving Father! may your lesson of to-night make me a better man. My good day's work gives a two-fold blessing!"

MOTHERS.

MOTHER'S position in the family is one of great interest, influence, and responsibility. Her influence is tender in its nature, but lasting in its duration. Mothers have the mould

ing and the fixing of those minds which are to mould and shape the destinies of the world. They have, under the teaching and blessing of God, the power to implant those principles, and foster those germs of religious life, which in time will unfold to beautify and gladden the face of the earth. The character of a mother, whatever be the moral quality of that character, will in some degree be embodied in all the members of her family. The influence of the father, while the children are young, is as nothing in comparison with the influence of the mother. The mother's will is the supreme law in the first years of the child's life. Her image becomes impressed on the child's mind, and her smile is the sunshine and joy of the child's heart. She is the embodiment of all wisdom in the child's estimation. The most absolute and implicit confidence is placed in her virtues. She is the court of appeal, the lawyer, and judge in all the little controversies of the household. She is the confidential repository of innumerable little secrets, of which the world never hears a whisper.

Looking, then, at the mother as the centre of her own little domestic circle—looking at her as possessing the power to shape the plastic energies of her charge—looking at her as she impresses her own character on each individual of the group that surrounds her—looking at her as presenting the ideal of perfection in the estimation of her family; taking her in each of these respects, or in all of them put together, how great is her power, how wonderful her influence! She who rocks the cradle, in a great measure governs the world. She gives a tone to the temper of society, and a colouring to the morals of the nation. She takes man from the hands of the Creator, and gives the first bias to the immortal spirit. If the world is ever to be reformed, it must be in a great measure through the influence of mothers. Good mothers will do a great deal towards making a good world; while careless, thoughtless, inconsistent mothers neutralize and nullify all the good influences with which their children may come into contact. May God in His great goodness increase the number of thoughtful, consistent, and pious mothers.

REV. G. H.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

MARY CARTER was a sunbeam in a dark home; a star that shone brilliantly in the midst of a cloudy sky; a flower of rare delicate beauty in the centre of a barren and desolate waste. The stray explorer of these regions, how refreshing this little nook and spot! Here he could sit down and rest, thank God, and find courage. Mary's early life was one of care shaded by sorrow. Her youthful path had been hedged with thorns, and not many could her weary feet avoid trampling and being pricked by some stray branches. Her father had been a soldier, but his days were now over, unless when he pictured them to some interested listener by the evening fire. But John had still four days in the year, reminiscences of the past; these were the regular pay-days of a pension due to him for services rendered to king and country, and which, in John's estimation, were the most suitable occasions for singing "Auld Lang Syne." On such times he considered it a privilege to spend a fair share of his pension in commemorating battles fought and won, and in singing the health of heroes long departed; and so affected was usually by these associations of the past, that he was rarely able to this cold neglectful outer world for a week or so after. Mary, for this home! she who should have been its guiding star, more given to intemperance than her husband. Such is an outline of Mary's home: yet in this atmosphere of sin she pursued a quiet way, upheld by her heavenly Father. She had been led in her early years to cry, "My Father, be thou the guide of my youth;" and for the sake of Jesus her prayer was heard and answered, and she found in her "weakness" perfected His strength, His grace was made sufficient for her. To Him she confided all her sorrows, and unburdened her often heavy heart; so that from sweet experience she could stand up and say, "Out of darkness thou hast brought forth light, thou hast crooked paths straight, and rough places smooth." Having thus securely fixed in "the Rock of Ages," she was led to become, in a manner, the head and mother of the family. How soon children learn to know who has their good

heart! All youthful grievances were poured into Mary's sympathising bosom, every source of joy and pleasure she must share, all their little plans were submitted to her for inspection and approval; and when, too often, their home was the scene of unhallowed brawls between husband and wife, she was the interceder, soothing, as best she could, with her gentle voice and still gentler words, the angry father and drunken mother. All alike felt her influence.

What a sweet sight to see her with her smiling brothers and sisters on the day of rest, walking hand-in-hand to the house of prayer, leading their little feet thus early in the "narrow way that leadeth unto life." Many a kind "Good day" and respectful bow she receives as she passes along, from neighbours who appreciate her deep practical piety. Yes; Mary's religion wears well. It is not reserved for state seasons, but carried with her at all times, and used on all occasions, and the more wear it receives the brighter it shines; as an ungodly workman remarked to his wife, when urged by her to think of the "One thing needful," "All you say, wife, is very good; but the conduct of Mary Carter would recommend religion more powerfully to me than words ever could. You never see her peaceful, happy countenance, without wishing you were in some degree better than you are; and her pleasant word is as ready as her beaming smile." "Yes, I have noticed that beautiful feature in Mary's character—the evenness of her religion; it comes out in all she does, and the Christian patience she displays under all her trials and difficulties. Indeed, I don't think I ever heard her murmur at her hard lot. I am sure, the scene of Saturday last was enough for me. When I ran in, hearing the noise, there was she between the two, with the children crying and clinging to her dress in terror. On seeing me, she only said, 'Oh! Mrs. Cooper, isn't this dreadful?' My indignation was at its height at witnessing such a scene, and I certainly gave them a bit of my mind. There had Mary been up at the grey dawn, putting the house in order, and preparing the breakfast before going to her day's work as usual; and as a recompence, what does her mother do, but watch her leave the house, get up and actually strip the bed of the clothes bought with Mary's hard earnings, and run off with

to gratify her appetite for drink. Her husband, who is not so bad as his wife, was indignant at what she had, and of course attacked her whenever she made her appearance which was not till the evening, in a beastly state; and, as she was, struck Mary as being the cause of all the trouble. Mary did not retaliate, but, like her Master, meekly bore it all, opening not her mouth, the quivering of her lips alone revealing the agony of her heart; and on coming to the door with me, the tears coursed each other down her cheeks, said, grasping and, 'She is still my mother.' Her full heart could give vent to no more."

Let us visit Mary's home now. Years have passed since we last saw it, but how changed the scene. Strangers have left the home; the youthful four whom we used to see are no more, and have long ago joined in the song of redemption in the upper sanctuary. God honoured Mary in being the instrument of bringing them to himself, and their deaths were not only happy, but triumphant. One, who was about to be licensed as a preacher of the Gospel, was so beloved, that his tombstone is a monument of his classmates' affection. The father has also joined the company, though brought, 'the thief on the cross, at the eleventh hour;' and the mother only lately left the earth, and even she gave good evidence that she had "passed from death to life," and patiently awaited the Saviour's call. Mary still lives, the last of that family band, and thus richly has she had her reward. She occupies a humble but comfortable position in life, and thus quietly and calmly is passing the evening of her days, waiting the welcome summons that will call her home. What a glorious reception she will have at her Father's house, for she is one of those whom her Father will delight to honour." Therefore, seeing her reward here so great, how much more so that which is awaiting; for this promise, "That they who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

TRUE TALE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS, AND SOMETHING FOR MOTHERS.

THE LITTLE BLACK BOOKS.—NO. II.

WE will now return to Francisco and Hannah. One day Hannah had a doll presented to her, and she was delighted to dress and undress it, and Francisco would beat his drum or play with his cart while she was thus engaged. At such times there was harmony between them, but it often happened that they both wished to play with the same thing at the same time, and one would not yield to the other in the slightest degree.

"Francisco, I will spin the top," said Hannah; "it is as much mine as yours." "No, you shall not, Hannah; tops are for boys to play with, not girls." "Then you shall not see my box of grammar cards," answered Hannah, looking very cross; "so I will go into the parlour and spread them round mamma's chair and make a pretty house." Saying this she ran out of the room, leaving Francisco to the joys of his top. But he was not long happy without his sister, and soon hastening to the parlour he found her alone and very busy making a house, as she called it, around her mamma's work-table.

"Now let me help you, Hannah," said Francisco, as he walked over to the spot. "No, you shall not; you would not let me spin the top, so go away, or else I will call mamma; she is only gone into the garden because her head aches. Poor mamma, I can see she has been crying again." "Has she?" said Francisco, looking very sorrowful. "What made her cry?" "I do not exactly know. The doctor was here when I came in, and she asked him if he thought she should die soon, but I do not know the rest. Poor mamma! she looks as pale as baby cousin did when she was put in the little coffin. I hope she won't die like papa!" "I hope not," rejoined Francisco; "for I should like to die, too, if she does." "Oh! but you cannot die when you like, Francisco; you must not say that, you know 'tis God makes people die." "Well, let me help you, Hannah, to make your house, and then you shall spin the top next time." "No, I will not; go away, I tell you, Francisco."

attempting to push her brother away, Hannah threw over mamma's work-table, on which a very handsome vase was full of flowers, and the water was spilt on a nice carpet, and beautiful vase broken into a hundred pieces. Just then their mamma came in, and she at once saw that her dear children had been quarrelling. She rang the bell to have the room in order, and desired the nurse to come to her. The children were very much frightened while their mamma gave orders that should be taken to bed and remain there till the next morning, "When they are in bed, I will come to them."

Robert and Hannah at once obeyed the sorrowful orders of their mother, for they knew it would be useless to say a word in

They wept very much as they looked at the bright sun making the garden and the meadow look so inviting they were to go to bed. Their mamma very soon took a walk between their cribs, and talked to them of the example of Jesus, telling them how cruelly He was treated, and yet that He never angry—never returned evil for evil. She reminded them too, of the dying words of their dear father, and of the promises he gave to her, and of the great God who was always looking down upon them and listening to all they said, and feeling all the feelings of their hearts; and that if they did not wish to be made holy and good, and try to be good, they would never go to live with their dear papa in Heaven, but at the last would stand at the left hand of the Judge among the wicked. This made them feel very sorry, and after their mamma had talked with them they resolved to live more happily together, and Hannah said to her brother, as their mother passed out of the room, "Do let us make up our minds to quarrel no more."

her paper yet.

HAPPY ROBERT.

"I am going home," said Robert Russell to me when last I saw him speak. "I'm going home to dwell for ever with my father." The next time I saw him he was peacefully sleeping in his bed, and his ransomed spirit abiding with that Saviour to whom he had been redeemed to go.

This lamb of "the fold" early knew, for his soul's comfort and joy, that Jesus was his. He himself told me, "My mother's last words were a prayer for me." Oh! how that prayer was answered! Robert was, for some years, laid up with a tedious and painful complaint. A Christian lady asked me to visit him: I did so, little thinking that for more than a year and a-half I should be privileged to *receive* comfort from the young disciple, as I sat by his bed, from which he seldom moved, oftentimes unable to speak through pain and exhaustion. When first I saw him I *knew* he was happy. When I spoke of Jesus his face, which was very beautiful, beamed with joy, and his eye, now brilliant with the lustre his mortal malady imparted, fired with unearthly loveliness. Once, when speaking to him of his departure, I suggested that Satan *might* cast doubts into his mind, and tempt him to be fearful of "the valley." He replied, and I *started* as he uttered the words, so surprised was I at his manner, "I *never* had a doubt since Jesus found me; He is mine, and I am His." "Yes," said I,—

"Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust His firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in *His hand*,
And know no will but His."

Oh! never shall I forget *that look*, never shall I forget that beauteous countenance, as he said, "My version is *sweeter*—

'Sweet to lie passive on *His breast*,
And know no will but His.'

His eyes closed, his hands folded, and Robert, thrice happy Robert, seemed to lean on the bosom he loved. And my Robert passed away, to swell the throng of the redeemed, to touch the harp he so often dreamed of below, and sweep its golden strings as he praises that One he called "his own," for ever and ever. He met his praying mother *THERE*. Then, Christian mother, pray on, and if *thou art* called to thy rest *before* thy loved ones sleep in death, like happy Robert's mother, say, "I give my darlings to thee, O Jesus; I *trust* thy promise; make them *all* thine own."

There is a resting place,
A home of peace,
Sweet as the perfumed breath of ev'n,
Pure as the fountain of life in heav'n,

Calm as the tomb;
 There earth's reminiscences fade away,
 While seraph-voiced comforters whisper and say,
 "Peace, peace, peace."

One vital breath
 Detains my wearied spirit here;
 A moment more
 Terrestrial shadows disappear,
 Cherubic music strikes mine ear,
 As heav'n-sent messengers draw near,
 And waft me home,
 Home, home, home,
 Where all is joy and purest love;
 Joy 'mong the seats of the ransom'd blest,
 Love from the depths of Immanuel's breast.
 Ah! rest, rest, rest!
 Hope on, thou soul bereav'n
 A home of peace,—
 Sweet as the perfum'd breath of ev'n,
 Pure as the fountain of life in heav'n,
 Calm as the tomb,
 Awaits thee in regions away—away,
 Where seraph-voiced comforters whisper and say,
 "Here all is peace,
 Peace, peace, peace."

List! sorrower, mourner of earth!
 How sweetly they whisper, how sweetly they say,
 "Peace, peace, peace,
 Rest—home—heaven!"
 And mingle their words
 With the exquisite chords
 Of lutes all-attun'd to the skies,
 And rise, rise, rise,
 With cadence cherubic; like waters descending
 Where zephyrs melodious, among their waves blending,
 Their unisons join,
 And roll
 On—onwards to mingle their varying tones
 With the deep,
 There to sleep
 'Mong the waves on its azure-tinged breast.
 Ha! angels are bringing—
 To utter their song—
 The harps they were stringing;
 And join in the throng
 To echo the words, through the regions of day,
 Which those seraph-voiced comforters whisper and say,

"Peace, peace, peace,
Rest, home, heaven,
~~Heaven, home, rest!~~"

Yes! weary one, list to those whispers of love!
Refresh thy sad spirit with music above!

"Rejoicing in ~~hope~~"
Of peace.

Sweet as the perfumed ~~breath~~ of ev'n,
Pure as the fountain of ~~life~~ in heav'n,
Calm as the tomb,

Where earth's ~~reminiscences~~ fade away,
And seraph-voiced ~~comforters~~ whisper and say,

"Peace—~~peace~~—PEACE—
Here all is peace!"

S. O. M. C.

THE SCHOOL OF INFANCY.—No. XL

CULLINGS FROM JOHN AMOS COMENIUS, WRITTEN IN LATIN,
IN 1633.

It greatly sharpens the innate capacity and intellect of children to be exercised with stories about animals and well-constructed fables. They are pleased with such narratives and easily remember them, and as there is generally some moral included in them, they become of two-fold use to children, for while they occupy their minds they instil something into them which may afterwards be profitable. So much for instruction of infants in the knowledge of things—I shall add one. Although parents and teachers may be of great service to children in all these things, yet children of their own age are of still greater service, when one relates any thing to another, or when they play together, for children of about the same age and of equal progress, manners, and habits sharpen each other more effectually, since the one does not surpass the other in depth of invention. There is among them neither assumption of superiority of the one over the other, or force, or dread, or fear, but love, candour, free questionings and answers about anything; all these are defective in us elders when we wish intercourse with children, and this defect forms a great obstruction to our free intercourse with them. No one will therefore

that one boy sharpens the genius of another boy more than he else can; consequently, therefore, boys may daily meet together in open places, and this ought not merely to be permitted but even provided for; with this precaution, however, that they do not mingle with depraved associates, causing more injury than benefit. Against liability to this, circumspect parents may provide by carefully observing the kind of society in the neighbourhood, and thus not permitting their children to be contaminated, not to be defiled with pitch.

THE MATERNAL MEETING.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCE OVER A DEAD MOTHER'S CHILDREN.

NO. V.

JOSE sprang out of bed next morning with a hopeful heart. "Are we going to that nice lady's house to get our breakfast?" said Ben. "No, indeed," cried Rose, "she would not let us." At this moment the door opened and her father's sad companion, Gregson, looked in. "How do you do, dear?" he asked, looking into the room. "What, no fire? It's enough to melt a stone to see how you children are neglected now. I wonder you do not come to warm yourselves by our fire, as I have often told you are more than welcome." "Mother said you was not a man," said Jem; "and she said none of the neighbours were." "Hush, hush," whispered the little mother-sister, trying to stop this unlucky little tongue.

"I am sorry your mother had so poor an opinion of us," said Gregson, laughing, "and I am sorry you are so cold and uncomfortable since she is gone; but I suppose you are afraid to use any of our money, lest your father, if he knew you had it, would get it away from you; but you might give it to me to keep for you, I could give it out to you a little at a time." "I do not know what you mean," said Rose, shrinking away from him as he approached coaxingly; "I have no money; if I had, I would not let my poor little brothers go begging, after what mother said." "You had better be careful of what you say," rejoined Gregson, dropping his mild tone; "I suppose you would have let

think old Jacob was so fond of his earnings that he carried them with him to the other world. If I was your father I would make you tell what you had done with his money, if I had to beat the very life out of you. Why, who was hanging round' that old fellow when he was sick if it wasn't you? And who was with him when he died if it wasn't you? Answer me that, you young hypocrite."

The poor child's heart beat thick and fast, and for the first time in her life the sound of her father's footstep on the stairs gave her pleasure. "O, there is father," she said, joyfully. "I will have him in prison by this time to-morrow if you won't buy me off," said Gregson. Rose made no answer, but flew to open the door for her father, who staggered in and threw himself into the only remaining chair. "I just stepped in to borrow a match," said Gregson, and he went off. "Father," said the child, "that is a very bad man; do not go with him any more. O, if you would only leave off drinking and—" "Get out of the way," he answered, roughly shaking her off, "and let me see what you have got for me." "People would not give us any money," she replied. "There was a lady who gave us some clothes—it was so cold. O, father, do please let us keep them, and I will go and sweep the crossings, or do anything for you, please, father." His coarse hand fell upon her upturned face, half blinding her with the force of the blow. "I will mark you so you won't know yourself," he cried; "have I not told you not to pamper yourself and them boys? Have I not told you that nobody will give to young ones dressed up warm like ladies?" "The lady put them on to us herself," said Jem, bursting into angry cries, as blow after blow descended on the poor little girl's quivering form. "I did not mean to disobey," said she, "only we were so cold."

He made no answer, but proceeded to strip them of the clothing that had cost them so dearly. "They are uncommonly good," he said, going hastily out. As the door closed after him Rose sank on the floor, faint and dizzy; the little boys clung to her, crying bitterly, but she had not strength to rise. "Perhaps the woman who keeps the stand would give you a bit of bread," she said, in a faint voice; "if she will not, I am afraid you will starve, for I am not killed and cannot go out for you."

e poor little boys ran off in terror to the kind-hearted fruit-man, who left her stand and hastened to the poor motherless. The first words she heard when she recovered consciousness "The poor thing's dead, I am afraid." Her head was resting e kind woman's lap. "I will make a complaint against the who has murdered her, if I can find out his name—the old en!" "No, do not," cried the child, sitting up, "he is my father, and I am better now; only, if the boys had a bit of hing to eat——" "O, I have seen to that," cried the little n; "when the biggest one came and told me how you lying beat to death on the floor, I just put a slice of bread his hand, and told him to mind the stall while I was away, ran for my life. And the little one is gone after his er, and I don't care if they eat up all they can lay hands on t my Katy. You keep still and I will run and get some- for you, too." "I do not feel hungry, I am only dizzy," d the child. "Oh dear, dear," exclaimed the kind little n, "not a spark of fire—nothing to eat—half naked— ag to cover them when they go to bed, and beat to death s! Are you going to put up with such things, Sally ?" she muttered. "Well, I must go now, but I will be again, you may depend."

or Rose smiled faintly, and when her new friend had gone ragged herself wearily to the bed, and was about to throw f on it and sob out her anguish there. But at that moment e fell on old Jacob's dying gift, and his direction concerning shed into her mind. The little boys came running in hed with their breakfast, but full of pity as they looked at rused head and face. "Mother said, God would take care of aid Jem; "but He does not take *good* care of us." "Hush, naughty to talk so," said Rose; "we have no right to Him up; He will take good care of us when He gets ready." she spoke she drew the flower-pot towards her, looking with a curiosity she could not account for. "Reach me the Ben," said she. The child obeyed, and the two boys stood ing her as she tried to pass it down into the frozen soil. n get out that old bush," said Jem, and placing his knees on m of the pot he seized the dry stalk in both hands and fe"

backwards, as the mass of solid earth came suddenly forth with it. "Why, here is a box in the pot," cried Rose; "now I know why old Jacob told me to dig down into it—perhaps there are pennies inside." She opened the box with some difficulty, and bright golden money rolled from it to the floor. "O Jew! O Ben! God is taking good care of us," she cried, "let us thank Him. O let us thank Him!" The boys, not in the least comprehending their good fortune, knelt down with her, and she lifted her poor bruised but thankful face to heaven.

The door opened. "Ah, ah!" cried her father, as he sprang down like a hawk upon the little kneeling figures, "I have caught you at last, have I? I thought you had got the old fellow's money. How dared you rob your father of it, you young liar? And what are you all praying to it for? Get up and lock the door while I count this money, and stop that cant."

The poor girl grew faint and dizzy again. "I am not a liar, father," said she, faintly, "I always thought old Jacob was very poor. He gave me this pot with a rose-bush growing in it, and told me to take good care of it. But after we left off having any fire the poor plant died, and I never knew till just now that there was money inside." "Lock the door, child, and stop talking," said the father, while with greedy hands he gathered up the box and its contents, and sat down to examine the prize.

THE MOTHER'S GIFT.

A SHIP lies yonder in the offing, with sails unfurled, and with her bow turned towards the Orient. On her deck is a young missionary's wife, whose eyes, through many tears, are devouring farewell glimpses of her native land. The steam-tug that has towed the vessel through the Narrows brings back a sorrowing mother, who will sorely miss one from the home-group to-night; for the race of sacrificing saints has not yet departed from our earth. Abraham was not the last believer who, at God's command, laid a beloved child upon God's altar. Such deeds of unselfish love are yet enacted. I have in my recollection at this moment one, who, like Anna of old, "Served God with fastings

with prayers, night and day." To her a son was given—the fruit of many hopes. He was the subject of consecrating prayers. As he grows up to man's estate, the parent's eye beholds with joy the rising staff on which her old age is to lean, when "desire shall fail, and the grasshopper become a burden."

At length a voice comes from heathen lands, the death-crying souls; and with it comes the command of God unto her, "Now thy son, thine only son, whom thou lovest, and send him to the place of which I shall tell thee; the Lord hath need of him." At first these seemed stunning words. The struggle is a struggle of life and death. The missionary work is yet in its infancy, and a missionary's lot is encompassed with fearful perils to the imagination. To send a son to heathen shores is like sending him alive. But the struggle ends in victory. The power of faith is, "Here he is; do with him, Lord, as seemeth thee good!" The sacrifice is made. Amid heart-wrung tears and sobbings, the last bitter word is spoken, and he has gone "in spirit" to heathen shores.

When many weary years have rolled on, the tidings come to the mother's ears from those distant lands, that God has owned the labours of that son by a copious return of blessings. Bearded souls have been enlightened; the dead have come to life; unhearted penitents have been guided by that mother's son to their mother's Saviour. The darling whom her faith laid on the missionary altar has become the spiritual father of many souls born to Jesus Christ. In her "seed," a nation has been sown. She is content. "Merciful God!" she exclaims, with streaming eyes, and her poor old heart breaking with joy, "It is enough—it is enough! Let now thine handmaid depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

When the church pays her grateful tribute to her missionary sons, let her not forget the missionaries' mothers. In the career of Levi Spaulding's career of self-denial, let them paint the touching scene of his weeping mother, offering to him her spare half-crown as her contribution towards fitting him for the field. In the career of Knibb, the West India missionary, let that tableau be omitted which represents his heroic mother giving him her last message:—"My son! I would rather live

that you had gone to the bottom of the sea, than to hear that you had been unfaithful to your Saviour." The record of such mothers is on high ; to the end of time, the church shall call them blessed.

THE TWO PRAYERS.

"Two hands upon the breast, and labour is past."—*Russian Proverb.*

Two hands upon the breast,
And labour is done ;
Two pale feet crossed in rest,
The race is run.
Two eyes, with coin-weights shut,
And all tears cease ;
Two lips where grief is mute,
And wrath at peace.

So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot.
God, in His kindness, answereth not.

Two hands to work addressed,
Aye for His praise ;
Two feet that never rest,
Walking His ways ;
Two eyes that look above
Still through all tears ;
Two lips that breathe but love,
Never more fears.

So cry we afterwards, low on our knees,
Pardon those erring prayers ! Father, hear these !

A BLESSING TO POSTERITY.

PARENTS, your virtue and piety will profit your posterity after you ; it will help to keep off wrath from your children, and to procure a blessing upon them ; for this is that which God cannot forget, neither will forget, for His goodness' sake :—Exod. xx. 6—"Showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments." Deut. v. 29—"Oh ! that there were such an heart in them that they would fear me, and keep all my commandments always, that it might be well with them, and their children for ever." Proverbs xx. 7—"The just man walketh in his integrity ; his children are blessed after him."

ording as we act towards God (says an ancient writer) we a lasting blessing or a great curse upon our children. As l parents entail God's anger and curse upon their ity, so God reserves mercy for the posterity of the godly. ll be good, even to thousands of their seed, who diligently Him. Lo, here, then, is the fruit of your prayers and tears, living a life of holiness—it sealeth up the Lord's favour not o yourselves but to your children after you.

THE YOUNG MAN'S PAGE.

WAKING UP IN EARNEST.

YOUNG man, in the vigour of youth, was thrown from a , and conveyed to the nearest house in a state of alarm-nger. A physician was sent for; the first question of the ed youth was, "Sir, must I die? must I die? Deceive me this thing." He was told he could not live more than an he awakened up at once to a full sense of the dreadful . "Must I, then, go into eternity in an hour? Must I before my God and Judge in an hour?" he cried. "God I have made no preparation for this event. I knew that tent youths were sometimes cut off thus suddenly; but it entered my mind that I was to be one of the number—and hat shall I do to be saved?" He was told that he must and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. There is no time lain the manner—death will not wait for an explanation; rk must be *done*. The whole business of an immortal being probationary life is now crowded into one short hour, at is an hour of mental agony and distraction. Friends eeping around, and running to and fro, in the frenzy of The poor sufferer, with a bosom heaving with emotion, eye gleaming with desperation, continued his cry, "What do to be saved?" till in less than an hour his voice was l in the stillness of death!

ng man! are you sure this case will not be YOURS ere this ended? Ask the momentous question *now*, and seek to answered satisfactorily.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

KNEELING AT WORK.

A CLERGYMAN observing a poor man by the roadside breaking stones with a pickaxe, and kneeling to get at his work better, made the remark, "Ah, John! I wish I could break the stony hearts of my hearers as easily as you are breaking those stones." The man replied, "Perhaps, master, you do not work on your knees."

YOUR WORK.

The work God wants you to do, is exactly the work He gives you for the time.

DO YOUR WORK WELL.

We must do our daily work carefully. God cannot be pleased to see a carelessness that gives trouble to other people.

THE GREAT RULER.

Christ rules in *heaven* by His *power*—in the *church* by His *grace*—in *hell* by His *justice*.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Rachel. By CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH. London: Partridge.

A very interesting tale on "little faults."

Infant Mortality. By M. A. BAINES. London: Churchill.

A pamphlet worthy the serious consideration of all mothers.

"*Bear ye One Another's Burdens.*" By T. GUTHRIE, D.D.

The name of the author is quite enough to assure our friends of its excellence.

The Duty of Giving Away. By W. ARTHUR, A.M.; *The Duty of Laying By.* By R. S. CANDLISH, D.D.; *On Doing what one Does with one's Might.* By Rev. J. CUMMING. London: Nisbet.

Three well-written pamphlets, which must be read with deep interest.

Why Delay? By J. S. BINDER. Bristol: Mack.

A solemn warning from a death-bed.

Hints on Parental Discipline. London: Bateman.

A cheap little book, full of useful thoughts.

Old Jonathan. London: Hill.

A picture paper, which is a great favourite.

PAINFUL RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

often urge mothers to make their dear children as happy as possible, that the recollections of home in after-life may be sweet and joyous. That the mother's face, the father's greeting, the old home-garden, the meadows, streams, rocks, and trees, may be memories of love and sunshine. Such a home as the world's wanderer, the ocean son, the heart-stricken daughter, weary in the battle of life, the disappointed, the unloved, may turn to with a feeling that there was more of heaven than of earth in it; and while they linger in imagination over its long-remembered pleasures, they forget for a while the heart's troubles.

There is something exceedingly distressing to us in a *melancholy child*, when circumstances around that young life cause an abiding gloom. A melancholy child! what an anomaly among the harmonies of the universe! Like a bird drooping in a cage, a child in a sepulchre; the musical laugh muffled and broken, the joyous smile transformed to a sad suspicion, and the forehead fixed and frozen on the boy's face. And then the life of a child is so absorbing, for he lives only in the present. When afflictions fall upon man, he has the aid of reason and he can look beyond the present issue, he detects the significance of his calamity, and if strengthened by religion, a brave man may vanquish sorrow; but, as Richter says, "The little cot or bed-canopy of the child is easier darkened than the canopy of man." Oh, if a melancholy child dwells in your house, contribute all you can to lighten his gloom, and make the life of youth around him.

Sometimes the early days of childhood are not remembered with pleasure, on account of suffering or unkind treatment. Byron was an instance of this; the violent temper of his mother, added to the distressing infirmity of lameness, embittered not only his early days, but his whole life; and let us remember that, whatever be the character of early impressions, they are equally lasting, they abide with us to the end of

An aged man, when talking of the long past, says that being a mis-shapen man, there was a time when the confession would have given him pain, but that season had passed away. "The circumstance of being a deformed old man has never made me a misanthrope," said he; "thanks for this to kindness manifested to me in life's early morning. I have never been stung by any insult, nor wounded by any jest upon my crooked figure. As a child I was melancholy and timid, but that was because the gentle consideration paid to my misfortune sunk deep into my spirit, and made me sad, even in those early days. I was but a very young creature when my poor mother died, and yet I remember that often when I hung around her neck, and oftener still when I played about the room before her, she would catch me to her bosom, and bursting into tears, soothe me with every term of fondness and affection. Oh! I was a happy child at those times, happy in not knowing why. These occasions are so strongly impressed upon my memory, that they seem to have occupied whole years. I had numbered very, very few years when they ceased for ever; but before then their meaning had been revealed to me.

"I do not know if all children are imbued with a quick perception of childish grace and beauty, and a strong love for it, but I was. I had no thought, that I remember, either that I possessed it myself, or that I lacked it; but I admired it with an intensity I cannot describe. A little knot of playmates—they must have been beautiful, for I see them now—were clustered one day round my mother's knee, in eager admiration of some picture representing a group of infant angels, which she held in her hand; whose the picture was, whether it was familiar to me or otherwise, or how all the children came to be there, I forget. I have some dim thought it was my birthday, but the beginning of my recollection is, that we were altogether in a garden, and that it was summer weather. I am sure of that; for one of the little girls had roses in her sash. There were many lovely angels in this picture, and I remember the fancy coming upon me to point out which of them represented each child there; and that when I had gone through all my companions, I stopped and hesitated, wondering which was most like me.

I remember the children looking at one another, and my
ing red and hot, and their crowding round to kiss me, say-
that they loved me all the same; and then, when the old
ow came into my dear mother's mild and tender look, the
I broke in upon me for the first time, and I knew, while watch-
ny awkward and ungainly sports, how keenly she felt for her
crippled boy. I used frequently to dream of it afterwards,
now my heart aches for that child, as if I had never been he,
I think how often he awoke from some fairy change to his
old form, and sobbed himself to sleep again. Well, well, all
sorrows are past; yet now and then, when I glance at these
recollections, they appear so vividly before me, they seem
ransactions of yesterday!"

hen we read such reminiscences of those who have nearly
d the journey of life, how anxious should we feel that the
ones, whose tiny feet have but just entered on its course, may
their minds stored with all happy things relating to earth
heaven—remembering, too, that what mothers do and say now
be lasting and eternal. We have heard of the sailor-son,
clinging to a broken raft, and expecting every moment to
the fate of his companions, who had found an ocean-grave,
e only hope was in the prayers of his good mother, which were
d up with his days of infancy. And how after long years of
ice, when toil had blanched his raven locks, and the storms
e had furrowed his brow and chilled his heart, the fountains
love burst forth again as he gets a glimpse of the hills and
tains of his native land; and as soon as his foot has reached
shore, how does he hasten to his village home, anxious to
tain what old Time has left him amid his ravages to enjoy.
e haunts of his childhood. This heart-yearning for old home
and early remembrances is common to all classes and
s.

hen a Swiss general leads his army into a foreign land, he
s full well he must not allow the national airs of his country
sung in the hearing of his soldiers; for their love of their
home is a passion so strong in their bosoms, that on listen-
o the thrilling sounds they would leave the camp, and fly
to their mountain homes. Even the most hardened ar

depraved among the human family have often been meted to tears by the very mention of the name of "Mother," associated as it is with early days, early teaching, and early recollections. We are working for eternity.

THE BLACK CURRANT JAM-POT.

PRETTY work! Pretty work! Jane got to the jam-pot the night before last. Naughty girl! I will tell you how it came to be found out.

A little girl whom I know always goes to bed at eight o'clock. Now it happened that after her mother had taken her up stairs, she had occasion to leave her for as much as ten minutes or more, and during that time the little girl, before she took off her clothes, got to the jam-pot.

In the room where she sleeps is a comfortable, dry closet, with several high shelves in it. There are bandboxes and other things at the bottom, and up higher, on the wooden pegs, Jane hangs up her frocks; but on the high shelves her mother keeps her preserves—on this occasion there were three or four pots.

How the little girl got to the top shelf puzzles me; no doubt she got on a chair; but if she did, she must have put something on the chair first, otherwise she could not have reached it. What a thing it would have been had her foot slipped, and she had broken her leg. It might have been, for I heard of a woman stealing some preserves in which poison had been mingled to destroy rats; she ate it, and it brought her to the grave.

When the little girl's mother went up stairs again she was in bed, so that she must have been very nimble in her movements; indeed, this makes me afraid that she had been at the jam-pots before. She is always accustomed to fold up her clothes tidily, but owing to her hurry she had not done so, and her mother spoke of it, and began to fold them up herself. In a little time she discovered a dark stain on the bosom of the little girl's frock. "Oh," said she, "how can you be so careless at your writing? I have spoken to you of this several times; here is a large blot of

“k on the bosom of your frock.” She lay still and did not speak word. She knew very well that it was not ink on her frock; at her mother soon found her out, for, on looking inside the ock bosom, she found some of the black currant jam.

Her mother did not speak of it to her that night, for she was so much shocked that she was afraid of punishing then, lest she ould be too severe. What made the fault the greater was, at among the Scripture texts which Jane had that day looked at to give to her mother, the commandment, “Thou shalt not eal,” was in one of them.

When her father came to know what had taken place, it sadly rieved him, for he thought that his little girl would have embled to do such a deed. Oh, what a trouble are naughty ildren to their parents! Bitter as wormwood is the bad onduct of a thoughtless, wayward child. The very next morning e little girl was to go with some young friends to see a fine ollection of wax figures. She had thought much of it, and talked it for several days, and now that the delightful day was arrived e could hardly contain herself for joy. Alas! how soon was er rejoicing to be turned into tears!

Just when she was ready to be dressed in her Sunday clothes r the visit to the wax-work, her papa and mamma called her to em, and told her that they had some verses which they wished er to read in her best manner. These verses her father had astily thrown together. She was in good spirits on account of e treat she was about to enjoy in visiting the wax-work. As e stood up to read, her father put the verses into her hand, and ide her read them loudly and distinctly, and to pause between ery verse. At first there was a smile upon her face, and she onounced every word clearly; but before she had read two rses her face grew pale; after that she hesitated and began to emble, and very soon her voice faltered, and then she burst to tears. But you shall now have the verses without interrup-on; you must do your best to fancy the way in which Jane got rough them.

My words will hardly gain belief,
Yet, true it is, I am a thief.
I clamber'd on a chamber chair,
But God was looking at me there.

I thought myself alone and free,
 And that no eye could follow me;
 But God looks down with watchful eyes,
 And always sees us from the skies.

To reach the jam-pot then I tried,
 And soon I press'd it to my side;
 The currants I began to eat,
 Forgetting who beheld the cheat.

What shall I do? Where shall I go?
 What course to take I do not know.
 Oh, sinful child! Oh, sad disgrace!
 Where shall I hide my blushing face?

The neighbours, should they know, alas!
 May point their fingers as I pass,
 And tell rude boys, oh, shame and grief,
 To call aloud, "There goes the thief!"

This very day, dressed clean and neat,
 My parents promised me a treat;
 But I have fill'd their hearts with woe,
 And now they will not let me go.

I kiss the rod, my fault I own,
 I'll seek my chamber all alone,
 And there, my wounded breast to ease,
 I'll fall upon my bended knees,

And ask of God, for Jesus' sake,
 This stony heart of mine to break,
 That I His goodness may adore,
 And break His holy laws no more.

I need hardly say that it was a doleful day to the little girl; but as her father and mother have kissed her, and she has asked God for His dear Son's sake to forgive her, I doubt not her repentance is sincere.

And now, should you ask the name of the little girl, my reply is, that I would not on any account tell you. Though I wish to warn you against her faults, I do not mean to expose her to anyone. No, no! I will not fail to reprove all young people who do wrong, but then—

To win them from a wicked way,
 I'll hide the fault I see,
 And show my love to them, that they
 May show their love to me.

THE MATERNAL MEETING.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCE OVER A DEAD MOTHER'S CHILDREN.

NO. VI.

"I left the wicked father and the poor children gathering up gold. "Why, here is a regular haul!" he cried, in great satisfaction; "enough to carry me across the sea, and get me out of my way. To think now of old Jacob raking and scraping, begrudging himself decent food, just to fill up this box for me! Come to look at it, I made it with my own hands. I remember it as if it were yesterday. A man came into the shop wanted a tin-box made that would just fit into a large pot he brought with him—'a lining,' he called it, and the job was given to me."

"Now, what a lucky dog I am! And there is Gregson has paid a month's rent in advance for old Jacob's room, and is going up all the boards, and tearing everything to pieces, searching for his gold, for we all knew he had money laid up somewhere." "There is somebody knocking," said Jem, turning towards the door.

"Hallo, who is it? Stop, don't open the door. If it is Gregson or any of them they would kill me, but they would have to go first. Where can I hide this box? Quick, give me that pot. If they beat the door down; I will bury up the money just as it was before. Ha! when I saw you watering that old bush, did I not have my wits about me? Then I should not have been in that ugly business last night. And now look here, child. Do you want every bone in your body broken? Do you want your flesh torn off with hot tongs? Do you want to be burned and drowned? If you do, just touch that pot while I am here; that's all." He opened the door, and Gregson's evil face came in. "Come for your life," he whispered; "that's your chance." He added, as his victim, stepping out on to the landing, entered two officers. In an instant a pair of handcuffs closed on the wrists of the prisoner, and he was hurried down the stairs and driven off in a carriage.

Three children stood spell-bound alone in the room. It was nearly dark, and Rose had not tasted food that day; cold hunger and pain had made her almost insensible to the suffering through which she was passing. The neighbours gather

and whispered on the landings. They say, "It is prison for life," said one. "No, they will hang him," said another. "It was only manslaughter," said a third. "And what is to become of these poor children? Their mother brought them up to take great airs upon themselves, and to think they were better than the common sort. I never could get one of them to come in to my fire," said Gregson's wife, "but I pity them, I declare." "They will have to be taken care of by those who are able to do it," said another, "and that is not me." "And I have more young ones than you have," said Mrs. Gregson, "it's hard enough for us poor folks to get along, without taking any more children; for my part, I just live from hand to mouth as you may say." "So do I," returned the other, "but I shall go up at bed-time, and give them a kind word, but I must see about supper against my old man comes home."

The women separated, but not till a little bustling figure had made her way through them and mounted the stairs leading to the children's room. "Well," she began, "they say your father is about used up," as she hurried in; "they say it's prison for life, and it is a lucky day for you that he was taken off, and locked up, for I am sure it is little use or comfort he was to you, my poor children. And now I will tell you what it is—I have had a regular pitched battle with Sally Lyme before she would give her consent to my taking you all three home with me; but I have beaten, so come along." "Who is Sally Lyme?" asked Rose. "Well, it is me, my dear; my name is Sally Lyme, and I am poor, and my home is poor, and at first I did not see how I was to fill any more mouths than I am used to filling; but you see, since God gave me a little lame child that cannot walk a step, I have grown kind of tender towards all the young ones in the world." "And are we going home with you?" "Oh, I am so glad!" cried poor little Ben, "and shall I have another piece of bread and butter?" The little woman laughed and looked about her. "We will take your bed along," said she, "for we could not all sleep in mine; it is too narrow. I have carried my little Katy home, and made up a fire, and put on the tea-kettle, and what with one thing and another I will keep you snug and warm." Her kind, cheerful tones were almost as good as dinner and

per. The little boys ran eagerly to her side, but poor Rose too weak and giddy to quite understand what was said. "We must take the flower-pot with us," she said. "Never mind that," said Sally; "we will run round to-morrow, and pick what few things you have."

Rose made no reply, but took up the pot in her arms. "You don't look fit to carry it," said the woman, "give it to me; why, it is as heavy as lead." They all went down together. The darkness concealed their movements from the only eyes they had read, and they went rapidly through the streets, half carrying half dragging their bed with them.

Sally Lyme's room was very small, for it had been used to lodge very small people; but it was tidy and warm, and the fire drawn up to the fire looked cheerful and inviting. The children all laughed, and looked at the fire, and at Rose, and at each other by turns. Already their pale cheeks seemed growing rosy to the unaccustomed warmth, but the poor girl was too bruised and worn to eat, or to laugh, or to realize how truly God had loved her for them.

Poor child, you shall go to bed and get a good night's sleep,"

Sally. "I will spread out your bed on the floor near the fire, and what with my cloak and Katy's shawl, and this and that, it will be as warm as a toast." She bustled about, talking and singing, and getting ready for the night. "Thank you, thank you," said the child wearily, as she felt the kind motherly hands resting on her; "I thank you very much." "Well, you need not thank me as I know of. You see I am a stingy old creature, and as hard as a stone; but Sally Lyme, she who has a poor little child that never walked a step, she is a silly, soft kind of a

O no, I have got it wrong; it is Sally Lyme that is stingy, it is me that is not."

Rose had already fallen into a heavy sleep, and could not decide the merits of the case between "me" and "Sally Lyme." Her head was heavy and feverish, and harassed with frightful dreams.

As she saw her father's cane lifted over her head; now her son's smooth tongue murmured in her ear; she was walking through mountains of ice and snow, or plunging into suffocating darkness underground; she ventured to cry out, but her parched

lips refused her utterance ; then Sally's round, rosy face bent over her kindly, and other kind forms flitted about her head. When she at last awoke, she was startled yet soothed to find herself still in Sally's room, and to see that good creature giving Jem and Ben ample slices of bread, and hot roasted potatoes. She almost fancied that the boys had grown clean and fat and rosy during the night. They certainly had on shoes and stockings, and Ben's old faded calico frock had turned into a thick woollen one. She started up, ashamed of lying in bed so late, and wondered to find herself still so tired.

"Goodness me, if she isn't getting out of bed," cried Sally, who ran and put her back in the twinkling of an eye, covered her up tenderly, and returned in a business-like way to the table. "Is it not time to get up?" asked Rose. "I declare she's come to, and she is talking," said Sally, admiringly. "She thinks it is morning, and wants to get up; well, we will humour her a little, that's all. No, dear, 'tis not time for you to get up, because you are more tired than common, and you are going to have your breakfast in bed—as beautiful gruel as you ever saw—and you, Jem and Ben, you get right down out of the chairs and go and kiss your sister like two men."

The boys obeyed, and as they kissed her she said, "Their faces look fatter and feel fatter." "Yours does not," Jem replied, "it is all lean and white; that is because you would not eat anything while you were sick." "Sick!" said Rose; "have I been sick?" "Don't twit her with it now," said Sally; "there, dear, take this gruel—it's as lovely gruel as ever was; these boys can hardly keep their hands off it; and as to being sick, you need not lay that up against yourself, my dear; what with being starved and beat to death most folks would fall sick, I should think."

Rose took the gruel and lay back on her pillow, too weak to talk or think. Before long she heard one of the boys say, "Here comes the doctor!" and she saw a kind face bending over her. "Well, doctor," said Sally. "O, there's great improvement; but she needs very careful nursing—still give her a little beef tea, and some of the brandy I left the other day." "He did not stay g," said Rose, as the door closed after him. "O, these old

ors, their time's so precious," said Sally; "it is only by luck, you may say, that I got him to come at all; but when you were taken raving crazy, and your face turned as red as red-hot, I was that frightened that I burst right out crying, at least as if Lyme did; or no, 'twas me that cried, and Sally she cried and I ran out into the street, and was going to the Dispensary, the tears they kind of blinded my eyes—or no, maybe 'twas snow—anyhow, I ran right under a horse's heels, as you may and got knocked down; but the man who was driving the wheel drew up pretty short, and I wasn't hurt to speak of. But I should the man be but Dr. Burnham, and he got out to see I was hurt, and I told him there was a child at my house beat to death, and what should I do? And he said he would drive up and see. But you are getting tired, and I won't talk any more. Take a drop of the doctor's stuff, and then go to sleep, and have a good child."

MOTHER'S RELICS.

LITTLE shoes and stockings,
 What a tale ye speak
 Of the swollen eyelid
 And the tear-wet cheek;
 Of the nightly vigil
 And the daily prayer,
 Of the buried darling,
 Present everywhere.

Brightly plaided stockings
 Of the finest wool,
 Rounded feet and dainty—
 Each a stocking full;
 Tiny shoes of crimson—
 Shoes that never more
 Will awaken echoes
 From the toy-strewn floor.

Not the wealth of Indies
 Could your worth eclipse,
 Priceless little treasures
 Pressed to whitened lips,
 As the mother muses
 From the world apart,
 Leaning on the arrow
 That has pierced her heart.

Head of flaxen ringlets,
Eyes of heaven's blue,
Parted mouth—a rosebud—
Pearls just peeping through;
Soft arms fondly twining
Round her neck at eve;
Little shoes and stockings,
These the dreams ye weave.

Weave her yet another
Of the world of bliss;
Let the stricken mother
Turn away from this.
Bid her dream, believing
Little feet await,
Watching for her passing
Through the pearly gate.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

“For we walk blindfolded—and a minute may be much—a step may reach the precipice—
What earthly loss, what heavenly gain may not this day produce?”

A YOUNG lady, who was exceedingly gay and trifling, was about to ride to a neighbouring town accompanied by a young friend. On the borders of the town there is a large stream of water, fordable only at certain times when it is low. When they came to the river, the elder young lady, in the gaiety of her heart, and wishing to try the courage of her companion, ventured into the stream. Observing her young companion follow without hesitation, she determined to proceed, hoping to get safely through. Soon, she herself said, her head began to swim, and instead of guiding her horse up the stream, she turned him the other way. Not far from the opposite shore, her horse, in passing a rock which was under water, plunged her into the stream. She recollected that she struck the bottom with her feet, and by a strong exertion raised her head once above water, and took breath; but her clothes being wet and heavy she immediately sunk again, and was carried gently down the stream under water. Her distress was great, but she remained in full possession of her reason. She felt herself to be drowning, and supposed that in a few moments more she would enter the eternal world. Then all the

horrors of death and the judgment which is to follow crowded into her distracted mind, and she felt, to use her own expression, that she was going *immediately to hell*. As she was carried along, she for a little while clearly discerned the light, but soon it seemed to her that a cloud came over her eyes, and she lost her sight and recollection. Here we must leave her, to mention some peculiar circumstances in divine providence which led to her deliverance.

A young friend of hers, who resided in the same town, felt his mind impressed with the thought of going that day the way the young ladies had gone; he reasoned with himself that he had no business that way, but the impulse on his mind was so strong that he determined to yield to it. He mounted his horse and rode off. As he passed the house of a neighbour, the owner came out and mounted his horse; he happened to be going the same way, and they rode on together until they came in sight of the river and found the water so high that they had no expectation of being able to cross. They came to the fording-place just after the young ladies had entered the stream, and concluded that if *they* could ride through it must be possible—they therefore rode in after them, and were spectators of all that happened.

By the time the young lady was thrown from her horse they had almost reached the opposite shore; on seeing her fall, one of them turned his horse and rode down the stream, hoping to rescue her from death. As soon as he reached her, she involuntarily grasped the hind leg of the horse, and although (as the owner affirmed) the creature was remarkably shy and skittish, on this occasion he showed not the least sign of fright, but stood entirely still. The young man reached his hand, caught the drowning young lady, and raised her head out of the water. His companion, who had reached the bank, immediately left his horse, and followed down on the shore that he might, if possible, afford some assistance. He plunged into the stream, seized the body, and brought it on shore. Anxiously watching it, they discerned symptoms of life. Carrying her into a house, they committed her to the care of one of her own sex, by whose kind exertions she was soon restored to life, and recovered her senses.

Before the young men left, they related to her the extraordinary circumstance which brought them to the place in the critical

moment to be the means of saving her life. This done, one of them said, "As we know now what our business here was to-day, let us return." The young lady also was soon able to return to her own home, full of wonder and admiration at God's providential care.

There resided in the same town with herself a young gentleman as thoughtless and unprepared for eternity as she had been. Hearing what had happened to her, he paid her a visit, addressing her in the same light as he had been wont to do. "I perceive," said he, "you have met with a misfortune." She very gravely replied, "*I have experienced a very remarkable providence of God.*" So unusual an observation, from one so lately as gay as himself, immediately struck his mind with great solemnity, increased by the relation of all the circumstances; and the impression on her own mind of the wonderful way in which her Heavenly Father had wrought her deliverance was too deep ever to be effaced. The distress of mind she felt when under water and thinking she was just sinking into hell, never left her till she was brought to the foot of the cross.

As to the young gentleman, he tells us that the account from the young lady, together with the solemn manner in which it was told to him, produced the first serious impression he ever had, but which he could not shake off until he also became a disciple of Jesus. He is now a faithful minister of the Gospel, and he tells the account we now give our friends. Thus, these several unusual steps of divine providence issued in the saving conversion of two who were before dead in sin.

What a variety of incidents, unnoticed at present by men, are made to concur in divine providence to the salvation of those who were far from God! How many surprising scenes of remarkable coincidences of circumstances shall we see by-and-by, when all the mysteries of divine providence shall be unfolded. We shall then see the concurrence of a great variety of circumstances and things now unobserved, each an essential link in that chain of events which issued in happy deliverance and complete salvation. Each of these will raise our wonder and delight, and shed new glories on the character of Jesus, and shall occasion His praise to dwell on our tongues to all eternity.

WOMAN.

THE creation of woman was the last act of God in the nation of the world. She was the crown and the complete, the beauty and glory of the creation. Her relative position in the economy of nature and in the dispensation of providence defined by the Creator himself. She was to be the servant of God and the helpmeet for man. She was to be the light of man's life, and the joy of man's heart. Modesty was to be her virtue, compliance in the circle of right her honour, and silence her brightest jewel in her crown. She was to be a *Queen*, but her throne was to be love, her sceptre truth, her prerogatives wisdom and discretion, her law kindness, and her kingdom her household.

Woman was not made to be a slave or a tyrant. Her position was to be one of honour, dignity, influence. In fact, society is as she is. Demean her position and you degrade the community. Lift her to her rightful place, and society rises with her. The nation in which woman is held is the moral thermometer of the times.

Nothing is more important than that woman should know and occupy her right position in the family, in the church, and in the nation. A false place is attended with the most disastrous consequences. "The woman," says Matthew Henry, "was made rib out of the *side* of Adam; not made out of his head to rule him, nor out of his feet to be trampled upon by him, but out of his side to be equal with him, under his arm to be protected, near his heart to be beloved."

Milton, our great poet, in his "Paradise Lost," has given us wonderful pictures of the divine beauty and ethereal loveliness of Eve when in a state of absolute innocence.

"I saw her in my dream, adorn'd
 With what all earth or heaven could bestow
 To make her amiable: on she came,
 Led by her heavenly Maker, though unseen,
 And guided by His voice—
 Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
 In every gesture dignity and love."

As a daughter, a wife, or a mother, a "virtuous woman" shall

a light and grace over the sphere in which she moves. She lessens the trials, softens the cares, and mitigates the sorrows of life. She is a ministering angel in sickness, and the light of her love often relieves even the gloom of death. Her presence is a check on vulgarity, and a curb to profanity. In fact, the influence of a *good woman* is ineffable, her value incalculable. "Her price is far above rubies." She is "the glory of the man," the life and beauty of the home, and the ornament of the world.

REV. W. H.

TRUE TALE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS, AND SOMETHING FOR MOTHERS.

THE LITTLE BLACK BOOKS.—NO. III.

For some time after this, Francisco and Hannah played together without falling out by the way, and their mamma hoped that they were beginning to see the folly of their past conduct; but, alas! these little children were still living without asking God to give them new hearts and right spirits; for, although they said the *words*, their *hearts* did not pray, and they remained in the same sad state as before, far from God, and unlike the Saviour, who lived on earth as an example for us, and died to save all who will love Him and obey His commands.

Their mamma still continued very sick, and her face grew paler every day, except a very small red spot, just in the centre of her cheek, and her cough was so troublesome that she could not talk to her dear children very often; but she would weep and pray for them, asking that they might have new hearts, and be made holy and obedient children.

One day she was writing at her desk while Francisco and Hannah were drawing on transparent slates on the sofa, when suddenly Francisco asked Hannah to lend him her pencil, as he had broken his. "No, indeed, I shall not, Francisco; I am just finishing the drawing of a dog, and I cannot be hindered." "Do, Hannah, I want to make the smoke of my house." "I will not; no don't tease me." When he found Hannah would not yield, he

touched her elbow while she was drawing, and at length put a damp sponge on the back of her dog, so that it was quite spoiled.

This made Hannah very angry, and instead of reasoning with him, or returning good for evil, she attempted to pull his slate from his hand, and in the struggle the frame of the slate gave way, and they fell to the floor. Now, how much better it would have been had Hannah, like a kind sister, allowed her brother to finish his house with her pencil; or after she had refused, and saw that Francisco was getting so very naughty, if she had kindly altered her mind and presented her pencil to him, we think he would have been very sorry that he had put his wet sponge on his sister's dog.

Their poor mamma laid down her pen, and looked sadly grieved for her children; and as soon as the crying ceased, she called them to her side and bade them stand still while she made two little books for them. They were very much surprised at this conduct of their mother, and anxiously watched the process of making two little books, with covers of *black paper*, and when she had finished making them, she wrote "Francisco" in one, and "Hannah" in the other; and then she wrote several pages in each book.

"What are you writing, mamma?" the children both asked at once. "I will read it to you presently, my children," she replied. So when the books were finished, she desired them to sit down while she read the contents to them. They did not know whether to feel sorry or glad, for their mamma looked very sad, and they could see the tears falling down all the time she was writing.

They were greatly astonished when their mamma read from the little black books the whole account of the *swan*, the *grammar-ards*, and the *slates*, with all her own conduct and conversation on each occasion, and the deep sorrow they had caused her. "Why did you write all those naughty things, mamma?" asked Hannah, while her eyes filled with tears. "I wrote them, my children," replied the widowed mother, "to keep in my desk. I am very sick, my dear little ones, and I feel that I shall soon die; and when I am gone to join your dear father, and you have no mamma, you can take out these books, and read the account of all

the sorrow you caused me while you had me with you ; and I hope you will then repent of your sins, and pray for the Holy Spirit to renew your hearts, that I may meet you both in heaven."

The children wept very much, and begged that the little black books might be burned ; they assured their mamma that they would try never to quarrel again ; but the books were put in the desk, and not long after their dear mamma died, and then these little children felt very sadly indeed, for Francisco was to accompany an uncle to Italy, while Hannah was to live with an aunt in London ; so they could not play together any more. Glad would they have been now, if they had not so many sad things to remember of their past conduct, which greatly increased their sorrow. Gladly would they have lived together in peace now, if they might have been allowed, for they really loved each other tenderly ; and their little hearts were ready to burst, as the carriages stood at the door, prepared to take them away to distant parts ; and often did they tell each other in their letters, as they grew older, of the sorrow they felt for all the past.

Dear little children ! if you desire to be happy in this world, and in the world to come, **LIVE IN LOVE.** Love Jesus, and learn of Him to love one another.

THE SCHOOL OF INFANCY.—No. XII.

CULLINGS FROM JOHN AMOS COMENIUS, WRITTEN IN LATIN,
IN 1633.

Boys ever delight in being occupied in something, for their youthful blood does not allow them to be at rest. Now as this is very useful it ought not to be restrained, but provision made that they may always have something to do. Let them be like ants, continually occupied in doing something, carrying, drawing, constructing, and transposing, provided that whatever they do be done prudently. They ought to be assisted by showing them the forms of all things, even of playthings, for they cannot yet be occupied in real works—and by being played with.

He read that Themistocles, supreme ruler of the Athenians, once seen riding with his son on a long reed, as a horse, by a young unmarried citizen, and observing that he wondered how so young a man should act so childishly, begged of him not to relate the circumstance to anyone until he himself had a son; thus concluding that when he himself became a father he would be better able to understand the affection of parents towards their children, and cease to be offended at the conduct which he now might think childish. Inasmuch as infants try to imitate what they see others do, they should be permitted to have all things, excepting such as might cause injury to themselves, leaden knives, ploughs, and carriages, mills, buildings, and so on. With these they may easily amuse themselves, thus exercising their bodies to health, their minds to vigour, their bodily members to agility. They are permitted to construct little houses and to erect walls of clay, of wood, or stone, thus displaying an architectural genius—word, whatever children delight in they should be allowed to have as an amusement.

THE SHADELESS SHORE.

WE have a much-loved friend ; a few brief years
 We walk beside him down the path of life,
 And then 'tis over and he steps before,
 Or else we see our friendship changed to strife.
 But then, amid the dying loves of earth,
 We can behold a land where deathless love has birth !

We have a home, a circle round our hearth,
 And merry sounds and pleasant sights are there ;
 The year goes round, there is an empty place,
 The fire is out, the festive board is bare ;
 But o'er death's river on the shadeless shore
 A home is gathering to be destroyed no more.

The eye is bright, the cheek is warm and fair,
 Youth, health and pleasure rush through every vein ;
 One day's sharp agony or month's long woe
 Bids beauty bow down in the shrine of pain.
 But oh ! no dire mischance, no creeping ill,
 With anguish and with woe our Father's mansions fill.

We bask ourselves in wealth's luxurious court,
 Darkness and hardness are to us unknown,
 Then suddenly we wake from our bright dream,
 And riches and their fairy train are flown.
 How sweet to know that on the changeless shore
 Diadems of fadeless gold are laid for us in store!

And oftentimes on life's tempestuous sea,
 When our frail bark is toss'd by wind and wave,
 We should be carried down the whirlpool there,
 Did not a vision from afar off save;
 A bay where we our fragile bark shall moor,
 The dreary voyage past, the tempest o'er.

There are no scattered homes in that far land,
 No riven friends, no agony nor pain;
 No broken hearts nor treacherous fortune there,
 No darksome graves where life-long love is vain;
 No trial, no temptation, and no sin,—
 The ransomed race of men to angels are akin.

Heed not the thorns that strew thy heavenward way,
 Press onward, upward, glorious is the prize;
 Forget thy sorrows o'er thy ruined home,
 Beyond thy lost friend's grave lift up thy eyes,
 To Him who when life's troubled dream is o'er
 Will welcome thee at last upon the shadeless shore.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

WHERE IS THE HEART?

To set the heart on the creature is to set a diamond in lead,
 or to lock coals in a cabinet and throw jewels into a cellar.

WORK FOR THE LORD.

There is one lesson that every labourer in the Lord's vineyard should learn, and it is this: that however the servant may have arranged his work for the day, the Master may have planned other work of His to be done, which the servant, putting his own aside, must do, and which he will find it to be as much his duty as his happiness to do. Let the prayer often ascend, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

(A Paper read at a Maternal Meeting.)

DEATH has been very busy all around us since we last met, many a beautiful household flower has drooped its head and passed away—gone to “the land where everlasting spring abides, and never-withering flowers,” they bloom in immortal glory, by the river of life; our cold country did not suit them; they are in a more congenial clime, where neither storm, nor tempest, nor chilling blight shall ever come; but tears are flowing, hearts are sighing, aye, and tears of sympathy, too, from those who are not called to mourn their own dead. Who could look upon that car, slowly carrying forth three coffins, one on the other, and hold back tears of sympathy? Two lovely Sabbath-school girls and their baby-brother laid together in one wide, deep grave! The mother and the only remaining child left at home, sick of the same sad disease. Ah! it was well for those parents that they could remember they had been trained for God, both at home and in the Sabbath-school.

“Oh, mother,” said one, ere she departed, “I would rather die than remain in this wicked world.” Her wish was granted, and supposing her teacher was near, she bade farewell to her teacher, and passed without a sigh, led by the Reaper who cuts down our buds.

Then there was that merry, bright-bounding boy, who seemed so full of life and joy, laid low while friends were admiring him and a mother's heart rejoicing in him; he passed away like a rose-bud blighted by the bitter cutting wind, and still the dread Reaper remains among us, and still are parents weeping over their dead. “Every heart knoweth its own bitterness,” and while we are musing over our own distress, we sometimes think our sorrow is more deep and trying than others; but I will read to you an account sent to me by a friend, which will show we are not alone in our deep affliction.

“I knew a family of three children,” says our friend, “blessed with praying parents. The father, a worthy man, who, after the

business of the week, devoted himself on the Sabbath day to disseminate those principles among his fellow-men, without which he knew they could not be eternally happy. Their children's infant lips were early taught to lisp in prayer to God; but He whose ways are right saw fit to take one tender flower to be planted in a richer soil. Its place was by-and-by supplied by one more healthy and strong; he was a beautiful boy, and receiving him as from God, in place of the one He took, it made him doubly dear to his parents; and though they prayed for grace to be impartial, it was evident he had his *share* in their affections. As soon as he could run and speak, he was often going to his father's shop, and by many pleasing ways would amuse his parent and himself. Often was his little tongue employed with that verse,—

‘I'm not too young for God to see,
He knows my name and nature too;
And all day long He looks at me,
And sees my actions through and through.’

He could not say more than two words at once, and those not plainly. The habitual practice of prayer in the family, and of the other little ones before they went to bed, had not failed to gain his notice, nor would he go to rest without at least attempting to do as they had done. Thus glided time happily away, and prospects bright were in full view, but, ah! how frail is man, how transient are the joys of earth! The gourd is soon withered.

‘The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favours borrowed now,
To be repaid anon.’

“A malignant fever spread its contagion around their dwelling, and their eldest son was soon laid at the gate of death. However, it pleased God to restore him, and as soon as hope could be entertained of his recovery, the father felt the workings of the disease in his frame; a day before he was confined to his bed, it was evident from the dull eye and drooping head of the dear babe, that disease had marked him for his prey.

Now the tender mother and loving wife (whose deep concern, ed with exertions far beyond her strength, at least invited, if brought on the same disease) was smitten, and in four days laid prostrate in bed; in three days more, the lovely infant of ar and nine months died. [Two nurses now found full employ. o can describe the scene? The other children were removed home, and not allowed to see the faces of their parents, while ; in different rooms, unable to condole with each other, seemed e sinking fast beneath their heavy pains. There lies the

‘No mother’s hand with pretty flowers
The coffin to adorn;
Or pensive walk behind the bier,
When to the grave ’tis borne.’

The wife is now in a state of delirium, and knows not but her babe is in her arms. I have heard the father say since, ngue could tell his feelings at that time—his wife uncon- s, his children gone, himself in bed; he sighed and looked to ren. His wife grew worse while he improved a little. A passed by, and on the very night that nature and disease struggling for the victory with his wife, the cholera, in tic form, arrested his weak frame, and medical aid seemed ss in each case—those who beheld could not refrain from ing.

It was a trying hour; but He was there who rules the g seas, and at the moment He saw fit, He said to the 1, ‘Be still.’ Pass on a little while, and then we find a n of hope; consciousness is restored, but who will under- the task to unfold the hitherto kept secret fate of her boy?

dare perturb that slender form by a detail of the e? and yet it must be told. It is; and borne as well as be thought; yet mark those overflowing eyes while they upon her husband, and hear that voice exclaiming, in a ; of grief, ‘My baby,’ not able to finish the sentence, ‘is .’ Oh! what do mothers feel at the agonizing moment they ompelled to say, ‘My baby is gone!’ Is it wrong to weep? no; we think but little of a mother who can lose her baby

and not weep ; but, mothers! weep for joy, your little ones have escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust ; and more than Samuel, who was consecrated to the sanctuary, are they blest, for the God he served on earth they are gone to serve in heaven."

What would be the feelings of a prayerless mother under such circumstances? Where could she go for comfort? Mother! pray first for yourself, then teach your child to pray; and in the trying hour it will be a balm, a cordial to the soul, which all the world besides cannot bestow. Weeping mother, ask with Job why our heavenly Father thus contends with you ; look back on the past, count up your mercies, and ponder over your use of them. Try to ascertain in what God may be angry with you,—it may be for *you* they languish, for *you* they die. Ask our gracious Saviour to sanctify these deep afflictions, that you may be made the more holy by them ; they will not leave you as they found you—if unsanctified, your heart will grow more hard, if sanctified, they will be the means of meeting you for that bright home where your lost ones dwell in eternal sunshine.

A DAUGHTER'S ACCOUNT OF A HOME SORROW.

It was a lovely day in August, nature seemed dressed in its loveliest garb, the little birds warbled forth their Maker's praise, the gentle breezes stirred the rich foliage of the trees, the ever-busy bee stopped a moment at some beautiful flower and then hurried away with its treasure, the murmuring brook rippled merrily onward, and all nature seemed to proclaim, "He crowneth the year with His goodness." The little town of S—— was full of life and pleasure ; 'twas a pretty little place, on a hill-top, in one of our eastern counties, about twelve miles from the sea-side ; and this morning groups of happy children might have been seen tripping to school in one direction ; and in another, workmen hurrying to their employment—all had some object in view, none were idle.

But we will leave the busy scene of outer life and step into a

home circle. But stay! we hear a voice; they are at family worship. The prayer ended, we enter the room. It is a very pleasant one, all around seems to speak of comfort and happiness; the breakfast is not yet cleared away, and the members of the family are just dispersing to their different employments. Something seems to have pleased them very much this morning, and you may soon learn the cause of their joy, for half-a-dozen little voices tell you, "Papa has come home." *Dear kind, papa* has been away to London, and last night, when all the little ones were safe in bed, *papa came home*. They long to see him, but they must exercise their patience a little longer; for *papa* is tired and he is not yet up. *Dear unsuspecting little ones, who only know sorrow by name, your happy family is to receive a terrible blow, but we know that God doeth all things well.*

Nine o'clock comes, and *mamma* gets the tray ready for *papa's* breakfast; the children are out at play; *ma* takes the teapot to fill it—all are full of joy—when we hear a scream, and then another; and another; and hurried footsteps and pale faces tell us something unusual is the matter. Some one says, "Mamma is on fire!" Oh those dreadful words! Can they be true? Alas, they are but too true, and loving feet and hands are all at work to extinguish the flames. Oh, what looks of anguish are cast towards that kitchen, where dear *ma* is; how busily each little hand tries to do something towards putting out the fire; and what a relief is felt by all as those joyful words, "It is out," are uttered, and "Thank God" is now the language of every heart.

But, ah, all is not yet over; days and weeks of agony ensue, beyond all human description; it is indeed the rough wind of suffering, but the east wind is stayed. That mother still lives, and often does she look back on that scene of suffering with mingled feelings of gratitude and praise to Him who enabled her to stand amidst that storm of suffering, "who stayed the rough wind in the day of the east wind, and who brought her out of the furnace as gold seven times purified." Dear, tried, and tempted ones, who read this true story, remember it is all for your good that you thus suffer,—

"Your Father's hand prepares the cup;
And what He wills is best."

Look to Him, then, who is both able and willing to help you ; cast all your care on that loving Saviour who will bear it for you ; only trust in Him, and He will bring you off a conqueror through Him that hath loved us and given Himself for us.

Sept. 26, 1862.

MARY ANNIE.

THE LOST OPPORTUNITY.

"A mother's position in the family is one of great interest, importance, and responsibility."—MOTHERS' FRIEND.

THIS sentence from one of your numbers recalled to me a circumstance that occurred some years since, but which left a deep impression upon my mind. In the hope that it may be suggestive to some young wives and mothers, I send it you.

I had been remonstrating with the mother of a young family upon the impropriety of allowing her eldest child, a girl of nine or ten years of age, to sit up so late with her at nights. She said, in reply, "I often think I ought not ; I know it is not well for her, poor little thing ; but it is now become a habit. Her father is out late ; and when the little ones were in bed and the house was quiet, I used to feel so lonely that I was glad to keep the child up for company. Now I do not need her so much, for I have got accustomed to it ; but she begs to stay, and says she could not sleep, and all that, and I have let it pass on, I hardly know why. But lately, when I have looked at her, so pale and thin, I have thought I ought not to do it. She begins to grow fast now, and is rather delicate. Ah, me !" she said, "how often an incident in my early married life comes back to condemn me. I was a decidedly religious character before we married ; my husband was not, but he appeared to have great respect for religion, and never in any degree opposed me ; indeed, he so far joined me in religious services that I had great hope, when we settled in our new home, that he too would be decided, as I knew he would meet with no encouragement among his own friends if he attempted it.

"I often think," she continued, "of the first evening in my

wedded home. We had always been accustomed to family worship under my parents' roof, and I felt that we *should* set up a sanctuary in our own. I had always promised myself that we would do so. Now that the time had arrived, how heavy did the cross become! I lingered after supper, not daring to go to bed. At length I took up the Bible and said we would read a chapter, at which he seemed pleased. When I had finished reading, in a soft kind tone he said, 'Perhaps you'll pray?' O, how my feeble courage gave way! I could not move, I could not speak, I dared not look at him; after sitting some time in silence we both rose, *and retired without prayer*. O, the self-abhorrence, the shame! How I promised the Lord if He would spare me till to-morrow night I would redeem my faithlessness—after much self-reproach I slept.

"It was evening time again, at the close of the second day, in my own house; my husband and myself again supped together; again I took God's blessed book and read; again my husband said, 'Perhaps you'll pray?' Do you believe I did it? No. My tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of my mouth, I could not utter a word. Remorse *kept* me dumb, I had intended to *lead him*, he had fairly shamed me. Years, years have passed, but never again did that request pass his lips. O how often, since he has taken to other company and keeping out at nights, have I felt chastised for my own faithlessness, and what would I now give if I could hear, 'Perhaps you'll pray.'"

HEAVEN.

How yearningly we sigh for thee,
 Thou land of love and rest,
 And how we long to join the throng
 Of ransom'd ones and blest.

O home of light, O mansions bright,
 O city wondrous fair,
 No misery may enter thee,
 For God and joy are there.

No with'ring fears, no scalding tears,
 No grief, no blasted love,
 May ever tread with footsteps dread
 Through those fair courts above.

We think of thee, and long to see
 The beauty of thy walls;
 To walk in light with angels bright,
 High in those jasper halls.

Our faith's dim eye can just descry,
 From this dark world of woe,
 The far-off ray of endless day
 Unknown to us below.

But patience still, for Heaven's will
 Is that we wait awhile
 As pilgrims here, where nought is dear,
 Without our Father's smile.

The time will come when to our home
 His voice will sweetly call,
 And we shall rise to those far skies
 Where Christ is all in all.

M. E. R.

THE MATERNAL MEETING.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCE OVER A DEAD MOTHER'S CHILDREN.

NO. VII.

As Rose's strength gradually returned she had many questions to ask. "How long have I been ill, I wonder? A week?" "It's three weeks to-day since you came here," returned Sally, "and you have been at death's door pretty much all the time." "And who took care of me?" "Well, me and Sally Lyne; we had some arguing together about that, and Sally she said she *must* mind her business or lose it altogether; and I said, says I, don't you suppose the Lord knows what kind of business to set you at? Suppose it is nursing a young one, and you have to give up your stall; what of that? And is it not better to stay indoors with your rheumatiz than to sit out there in the cold? And is it not nice to see little Katy snug and warm by the fire instead of perishing in the street? Sally Lyne she grumbled a little, and wanted to know who was to feed all the children I had taken in, if I gave up my stall and stayed at home like a lady?" "Well?" said Rose.

"Why, I told her Him as fed the ravens—I mean Him as sent the ravens to feed what's-his-name." "And He *will*," said the child, solemnly; "I know something you do not know," she added, putting her arms round Sally's neck; "we have brought you good luck, and you and Katy won't have to sit out in the cold any more."

"I don't know about that," replied the kind-hearted woman, "but the doctor's wife came to see you, and she helped me to dress the places where you were cut up, with her own hands; and she sent two blankets, and some sheets, and a pillow, and a quilt, and a bedstead; and you ought to have seen how comfortable you looked when we got the bed made up tidy with the sheets; and then she sent shoes and stockings, that her children had grown out of, to you, and Ben, and Katy, and this warm skirt to me. And, did you ever? She made a little chair out of half a barrel, and stuffed it warm and soft for Katy to sit in—the child don't know herself, she feels so nice."

"Do you know anything about my father?" asked Rose, turning away her pale face now glowing with shame. "Well, he won't be likely to beat you to death again." "But where is he? What have they done to him?" "He is in gaol; you see, he and that man Gregson undertook to rob some place—a bank, maybe—and the watchman he sprang out upon them, and your father struck at him with something he had in his hand, and the blow was good as killed him; he did not mean to kill him—but so it was. They offered a great reward to whoever would catch him, and that bad fellow Gregson went in for it."

The poor child shuddered. "O dear," she cried, "is my father a murderer?" "Don't take on so," cried Sally, "maybe the watchman will get well—if he does, your father will only have to stay in prison." Rose made no answer—she only folded her hands and looked silently up to heaven; she had, indeed, reasons to believe that her dead mother's God hears prayer. "And la!" continued Sally, "there was somebody sent us a bag of potatoes, and a bag of flour; and a paper of tea. I can't think what has set people on to be so good to us, unless, as you say, you young ones brought luck with you." "Does what you call luck mean God's blessing, Sally?" asked Rose.

The next time the doctor called, Sally was out on an errand, taking the boys with her. "I have something I want to tell you, Sir," said Rose, "if you have time; it is something very particular." The doctor smiled, and sat down again. "There was a poor old man that lived in the same house with us, and he died, and before he died he gave me that big pot on the upper shelf, and it has got a lot of money in it." "How much?" asked the doctor, much amused, and looking at the pot. "I don't know—only there is a lot—and I was thinking if I gave a good deal of it to the man my father robbed, wouldn't they let him go?" "No, my child; no, indeed; and it is not safe for him to be let free; he would soon fall back into his old ways. But this morning, at the hospital, I have seen the watchman whom he injured, and his symptoms are more favourable; so that, at the worst, your father will only be sent to prison, and there he will have leisure for repentance."

THE DISCONTENTED FLOWERS.

A FABLE FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

"For my part, I don't see the good of growing here," said a garden Lily to a Rose-tree near, which with its deep red buds was just waking to consciousness in the dewy summer morning; "I don't see any use in being beautiful or in smelling sweetly in this bit of a garden, where we are really wasting our loveliness and fragrance; I wonder why we were not planted in a garden worthy of us. Whatever you may think, Rose, I consider it a great injustice that two such flowers as you and I should have been obliged to live in a place like this, where, beside the sun and the old gardener, there is scarcely any one to whom we can offer our sweetness. I shall shut up my flowers and shall not let any fragrance come into the air, and I would advise you to do the same; if we cannot be of use in a larger sphere than this, we won't be of any use at all."

"I am almost disposed to agree with you, Lily," said the Rose, shaking the dew-drops from her branches; "it is certainly not

fair that while other far inferior blossoms are springing and blooming under many admiring eyes, we, with all our beauty, are condemned to live here, exciting no admiration, and being of no use to any one. I will show my sense of the slight done us, by keeping my buds closed and all my thorns well sharpened." So saying, the Rose, imitating the example of her friend the Lily, put herself in an attitude of defiance.

Thus the beautiful morning passed, while the poor little bees tried in vain to gather their accustomed honey from the two discontented flowers, and at last went away in despair. In the evening the dews began to fall, but the Lily and Rose would not open their petals to the refreshing drops, but remained sullen and silent, each grieving over her supposed wrongs. The moon had just begun to illumine the sky, when a young girl, supporting upon her arm an aged man, her father, came into the garden. They advanced slowly towards the discontented flowers, talking as they came; and first the old man said, "Well, my child, small as this garden is, it is a sweet place, full of the tokens of God's power and love, full of balmy and delicious fragrance. It is, indeed, refreshing to the wearied spirit to come among the beauties of nature, and to see each sweet blossom setting us an example of gentleness and contentment."

Here the Lily and Rose glanced at each other, and the Lily turned paler than was her wont, while the Rose blushed crimson to think how mistaken was the old man as far as they were concerned. "Dear little flowers," said the young girl, stooping to inhale the fragrance of the Lily; but she raised her head in surprise as she found that the flower's petals were closed, and that no sweet odour greeted her. "Father," cried she, "there is something the matter with my pet Lily; see how it hangs its beautiful head! I thought it would be in perfection to-night; and that poor Rose, too, what ails it? the buds are quite dry. Sweet little flowers," she continued, as she poured water over and around them, "I wish you knew how we loved you, and of what use you are in this little garden of ours, comforting hearts that are harassed by the cares of the day, and reminding us of Him who made all the grass of the field and who will also watch over us."

A while longer the father and daughter wandered about, then bent their steps towards home, and the Lily opening her bell-like flower whispered, "Dear Rose, we have been very wrong; I fancied that as we could not live and bloom in a large place, we need not be of use at all; but I see now that not only can we afford dew to the sun, honey to the bees, and fragrance to the wind, but we can help to fill the hearts of mortals with joy and gratitude." "Yea," cried the Rose, while a deep blush spread over her fair cheek and suffused her whole face in the bright moonlight, "I will never be discontented again, but believe always, to the end of my life, that however small the sphere in which we are placed, there is a work for each to do, and a reward of happiness and contentment to be gained from it." So saying, the Rose once more let her perfume scent the breeze, and nodding gently to the Lily, she composed herself to slumber. The Lily after a few moments' thought followed her friend's example, and both repentant flowers slept peacefully, and dreamed of a life of renewed usefulness on the morrow.

Dear little children, there is not one of you, however poor and in whatever station, who has not chances of usefulness. There is no sphere of life, however humble, where there is no room and opportunity for doing good. The most trifling service to others; if performed in a Christian spirit, is in the sight of God of great price. Above all—learn, in whatever state you are, therewith to be content.

M. R. B.

HE IS SURE TO ANSWER IT.

JOB REYNOLDS the blacksmith lived on the common at the outskirts of the village. No man worked harder, nor spent less. Early and late he might be seen in his smithy, either at the anvil, shaping the hot iron into some useful article, or blowing the furnace to create a proper heat. Job had had many severe trials, afflictions, and losses, which had brought him into somewhat straitened circumstances. Not that there was any blame attached to him for these things; it was the fault of others, rather than his own. He had sent to a friend for temporary relief, but as yet

relief had not arrived, and the time was drawing near when as most necessary. He felt extremely anxious as his reputation was at stake, and to relieve his mind he was pacing the lane a few moments when his neighbour Wren met him.

Why, friend, what is the matter?" inquired Wren, as he at a glance that something of a serious nature had cast a gloom on Reynolds's otherwise cheerful countenance, at the same time he extended his hand for a hearty shake. "Oh," replied Reynolds, "if you wish to know, I have written to my friend at a distance on some urgent matters, and he has returned me no answer." He then related his peculiar difficulties and the necessity of immediate relief, concluding with an earnest wish that all would be right.

Wren said with a smile, "Rest assured he will answer it. I never knew him yet to fail to be a friend in need; only believe, you will see all will be well." So saying, he took Reynolds by the arm and they were soon hid behind the cottage in the dell. Wren! perhaps you have difficulties of no ordinary character, but feel them pressing sorely upon you, insomuch that you imagine they will crush you beneath their weight. Perhaps you have been pleading with God; but as yet He has not revealed Himself and the trial continues. Clouds and darkness are between you and you, and you are ready to think that no relief will come. I ask you, can you doubt the goodness of God who has so blessed you? Has He not promised He will hear you? In His language, "Call upon me in the day of trouble and I will answer;" and whilst you lay hold on this truth, cheer up, be assured that He will never allow you to seek His face in vain.

OLD ANTHONY.

MOTHER, DEAR MOTHER!

TIME passes rapidly. Though my hair is whitened with age, the vigour and elasticity of youth have long left me, it seems yesterday since I was a little child at my mother's knee, crying to say, "Our Father who art in heaven." Ah, those

were happy days—at least, the remembrance of them is sweet; but “there is a cross in every lot,” and even little children experience this, although they would not say it in so many words.

I did not love to pray; and many a time have my eyes been closed in feigned slumber when my sister and myself were about to go to bed. Then my dear mother would say, “Let him sleep, poor child; he is not strong, and it will be bad to disturb him.” One night I well remember being laid upon the bed; my eyes were closed, but not my ears. My sister said her prayers, and then our parent knelt by the bedside and prayed for her children, that they might be indeed the children of God, and devote themselves to His service in early life. I tried to sleep, but my mother’s prayers penetrated into the depths of my soul; words rose to my lips, but not a sound could I utter. It was a crisis in my life; but, alas! the season of grace was not improved. “Mother is gone down,” I said to myself; and, quieting my conscience with a determination to speak to her on the morrow, at length I fell asleep. In the morning my dear parent was unwell; the neglected opportunity did not return, and in a few weeks my sister and myself saw her remains consigned to the silent grave.

I went forth into the world; friends were kind; and my energies, properly directed, were not spent in vain, if this world’s good compensates for labour; yet was I unhappy. One day in June, when busy in the counting-house (for I was a junior partner in a mercantile house), a messenger came hastily in to say that my sister, who had been ill for some time, appeared to be dying, and earnestly desired to see me. Unmindful of the intense heat, I hastened home just in time to receive her parting blessing. “Weep not for me, dear brother,” she said, “weep for yourself;” then, looking upward, she said, with inexpressible tenderness, “Mother, dear mother,” and gently breathed her last.

One hour before, I had been the eager, successful man of business, rejoicing in the possession of health, wealth, and influence. Now I seemed again a little child, hearing my mother’s voice pleading for her wayward son. The words,

other, dear mother," with God's blessing, were made the means of leading me to yield myself a living sacrifice to God. Now, pray for your children, and pray with them; your prayers be made the means of leading them to God, long after your ashes are laid in the silent grave.

IRAM.

ANNIE MUIR; OR, SOW IN FAITH.

LITTLE WILLIE slept in his cosy cot, and his mother sat by the

A number of tracts lay on the table beside her, and a pile of the Bibles. She drew the latter towards her, and on the fly-leaf of each wrote a name—the names of her Sabbath scholars, from whom the Bibles were to be her parting gifts. When the last was written, she gathered them together, and carried them in a small well-filled book-case. She sighed a weary sigh as she laid them down, and stood gazing on them till her lips quivered and the tears sparkled in her soft eyes.

Oh," she murmured, "if I could see but the least fruits of my labours; if God would give me one soul—only one—oh, how thankful, how happy I should be!" She walked to the window, and looked out. It was a calm, still night, and the moon was shining over the city. The faint sound of music fell on her ear, and the flood of light which streamed through the open hall-door of the house opposite, revealed the gay forms which, alighting from their carriages, were entering there. Annie Muir turned, and sat down by her own quiet hearth, and thought. She thought of the time, not so long ago, when she, too, was mingling with the merry dancers; how well she remembered the gay lights, the dazzling light, the feverish excitement! And she remembered also, how, when all was over, on her restless couch, the music still lingering in her ear, she felt this was not happiness. And then the scene changed.

It was early summer, and she was walking among the quiet waters and by the murmuring waters, with him who first turned her longing eyes towards greener pastures and stiller waters, and as he talked to her of the tender Shepherd who carries

the lambs in His bosom. And then He had left her. Well she remembered his parting words; "The Lord direct your heart into the love of God, and into the patient waiting for Christ." And He with whom the effectual fervent prayer of the righteous man prevails, caused the seed sown to take root in her softened heart; and new joys, new hopes, new desires, sprang up there; yes, all things were new; God blessed his labours, and she became a new creature. Ah, those were happy, happy days. How the intense joy of that new love filled her whole soul! Oh, what would she not do for Jesus! What could she not give up for His dear name! How she would labour and work, and win souls for Him who had done all for her! But Annie Muir sighed as she asked herself, "What have I done?"

Again the scene changed; and away over the broad Atlantic, within shadow of the primeval forests, she saw in thought a home, far from the busy world, but very happy, because shared with one dear to her as her own soul, and blessed by One dearer, more beloved still, who in His love came in unto them, and took up His abode with them. And near it, in another spot, round which her thoughts often linger—a lovely shady spot, where, side by side, are two little graves. No stones, no monumental marble is there; but the flowers bloom luxuriantly around the little beds, and the birds sing sweetly over them the livelong day, and, safe and cared for, lie her little sleepers till that morning when they shall rise immortal. With a sad heart she had laid them down out of her own fond arms, to rest there all alone. Yet still her faith whispered, "It is well." But when the Indian summer had come with its heavy air, and her husband's strong arm grew nerveless, the firm step faltering and slow, and something within her whispered that he, too, must go, then her heart sunk within her. It was hard, hard to see, to feel that this was well.

With an intensity of desire she had never before experienced, did she plead that God would not put her poor wavering faith to so sore a trial, that He would spare the life of her precious one—spare it for the sake of their boy. And God heard the cry of His dear weeping child, tenderly took her case into His kind consideration, and He saw that it was well. Day and night she

esought the Lord that this affliction might depart from her ; but
 He said unto her, "My grace is sufficient for thee." And it was
 sufficient. It bore her up through that sad day when for the last
 time they stood beside the little graves, through the weary
 voyage homewards, through long days and nights of watching ;
 and as the sun rose that bright July morning, when the husband
 and father fell asleep in the sure and certain hope of a glorious
 resurrection, it shone on her—a widow, cast down indeed, but not
 forsaken.

ODE TO THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.

BRIGHT star of the Danes! we hail thy appearance
 With rapturous joy on our free English shore ;
 Sons and daughters of Albion greet thee with welcome,
 And blessings abundant on thy head they pour.

We know thou hast left thy home and dear kindred,
 The land of thy birth, among strangers to come ;
 But right is the faith thou hast placed in Old England,
 And in Albert's true love, the Prince of our home.

Thou hast come to the heart of a prince, great and noble,
 The hope of our country in its glory and pride ;
 Whose care through this life will be for thy comfort,
 Who will rejoice to make happy his own lovely bride.

Thou hast come to the heart of our gracious Sovereign—
 To our Queen, thy mother—who always will prove
 A kind parent and friend, like those left behind thee,
 Who will gain thy esteem, veneration, and love.

Thou hast come to the hearts of a brave and loyal people,
 To the greatest free nation e'er known on this earth ;
 Who welcome thee to them with love's best affection,
 Who rejoice to approve and acknowledge thy worth.

And though like a flower from thine own land transplanted,
 We will cherish and prize thee with true English love ;
 In our own land will tend thee with kindest affection,
 Till thou art transplanted to thy home above.

G. J. W.

THE SCHOOL OF INFANCY.—No. XIII.

CULLINGS FROM JOHN AMOS COMENIUS, WRITTEN IN LATIN
IN 1633.

Now, advancing according to their years, in the first year it will be sufficient *mechanical* knowledge for children to learn when they should open their mouths for food, to hold up their heads, to take anything in their hands, to sit, stand, &c., all which things will depend rather on nature than nurture.

In the second and third years their mechanical knowledge may be extended; for now they begin to learn what it is to run, to jump, to agitate themselves in various ways, to play, to kindle and extinguish, to pour out water, to carry things from place to place, to put down, to lift up, to lay prostrate, to cause to stand, to learn to roll together, to unroll, to bend, to make straight, to break, to split, &c. All which things ought to be allowed, nay, when opportunity serves, they ought to be shown to them.

The fourth, fifth, and six years will and ought to be full of labours and *architectural* efforts; for the too much sitting still or slowly walking about of a child is not a good sign; to be always running or doing something is a sure sign of a sound body and vigorous intellect; wherefore, as it has been said, whatever attracts their attention they ought not to be denied, but rather to be assisted in; so, however, as that that which is done may be properly done, and with a view to future real labours.

Children in this maternal school ought always, in their fourth and fifth year, to be exercised in drawing and writing, according as their inclination may be noticed or excited, supplying them with chalk—poor persons may use a piece of charcoal—with which they may at their will make dots, lines, hooks, or round O's, of which the method may easily be shown either as an exercise or amusement. In this way they will accustom the hand to the use of the chalk hereafter, and to form letters, and will understand what a dot is, and what a little line, which will afterwards greatly abridge the labours of the preceptor.

The elements of *arithmetic* can scarcely be propounded to

dren in the third year ; as soon as they begin to count up to and afterwards to ten, or at least to pronounce the numbers exactly, although they may not at first understand what those numbers really are ; for then they will of themselves observe the to which this enumeration is applied. In the fourth, fifth, sixth years it will be sufficient if they number or count up to fifty in succession ; and be able clearly to distinguish that ten is more than five, and fifteen more than thirteen ; what is even and what is an odd number, which they may easily learn in the play which we call *par impar*, odds or evens. To proceed further than this in arithmetic would be unprofitable, nay, foolish, for nothing is so difficult to fix in our minds as numbers.

THE SLANDERER.

A SLANDERER is worse than a thief. The one is publicly seen, and robs us of our goods ; but the other of a better sort—our good name." Wrong done to the estate is sooner repaired than a wrong done to the good name. To invent false reports is a bad trade, and to believe them is blame-worthy folly. How would he be so dealt by himself ? It is the character of a son of Zion, "*That he backbiteth not with his tongue, nor taketh reproach against his neighbour.*"—Psalm xv. 3. You must not take up nor receive a reproach from others, much less coin and make a reproach yourselves.

If there were less temerity and more charity in the world, there would be fewer surmisings, and greater desire to have all men innocent ; so many would not turn pedlers, to go from door to door with slanders. What is this but to take the devil's bait out of his hands ! Christian, why dost thou smite thy neighbour's name ? Is not this a sin against the 5th, 6th, 8th, 9th Commandments ? Is it not this that separateth chiefs ? Was it not this made Saul to persecute David ? Made Hishosheth lose his lands ? Made Ahasuerus cause the builders to cease ? Made poor Joseph to be cast into prison ? He that spreads a report that is suspicious is a slanderer, though he had never seen another. Know ye not that report is an old liar ? There-

fore be not tattling busy-bodies, but when there is *cause* to speak of another's folly, let it be with grief.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

A GOOD ANSWER.

A young lady in a Sabbath school asked her class, "How soon a child should give its heart to God?" One little girl said, "When thirteen years old;" another, "Ten;" another, "Six." At length, the last child spoke, "Just as soon as we know who God is." Could there be a better reply?

LITTLE CHILDREN.

See how willing Christ is to receive your little children, dear mothers. "He took them up in His arms and blessed them," rebuking those who would have sent them away; He says, "Suffer them to come, and forbid them not." He is smiling on them still, and is ready to take them up in His arms to-day.

SHORT-SIGHTEDNESS OF MAN.

A dewdrop, falling on the ocean wave,
~~Disclaimed in fear—"I perish in this grave!"~~
 But, in a shell received, that drop of dew
 Unto a pearl of marvellous beauty grew;
 And, happy now, the grace did magnify
 Which thrust it forth—as it had feared—to die;
 Until again, "I perish quite," it said,
 Torn by rude diver from its ocean bed.
 O unbelieving! So it came to gleam,
 Chief jewel in a monarch's diadem.

TAEKOH.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Thoughts for Thinkers; or, Aaron Hall's Tales for the Young. By the late GEORGE MORRIS. London: Partridge.

:Short and pithy tales, full of instruction.

Daniel's Vision of the Four Beasts. London: Tredder.

A little work on the prophecy of Daniel, with six engravings.

Bird Murder; or, Good Words for Birds. By a COUNTRY CLERGYMAN. London: Wernham, Macintosh, & Sonnet.

A little work, shewing it is a great mistake to kill the small birds.

THE MOTHER'S PORTRAIT.

NIGHT was coming on ; tall, beautiful trees were waving to and fro their pendent branches, heavy with the evening dew, and as the boughs swayed against the window-panes of a large house the glass was moistened by the crystal drops ; but heavier and colder was the dew that gathered upon the forehead of the sufferer within—for there, extended upon the couch, lay a dying mother. The trembling hand of an aged man wiped the cold death-drops from her face ; and the tears that stood in his eye told that his remaining days on earth must be uncheered by the kind voice and radiant smile of her who had been a mother to his children. Those children, grown to full age, stood around her dying bed, and, if need be, would have borne convincing testimony that the connexion between a step-mother and her husband's family sometimes, at least, proves a blessing.

Three noble-looking men, and as many matrons, were located far away, but the dying mother was longing and hoping to see them ere she went up to the better land. Soft and gentle were the hands that smoothed her pillow, low and sweet were the voices that inquired of her wants ; but dear to her as were these, they were not *her own*, and the mother's heart yearned once more to trace their father's likeness in the tall dark-eyed sons who but a few years ago were cradled in her arms ; and can these feelings cause the pang which seems at once to contract the face ? So thinks her step-daughter, as she says, " They will be here to-morrow, mother." " It is not that, my dear," murmured the sick one ; " but when I was just now enjoying the blessedness of committing my soul to Him who died for me—when, feeling my own unworthiness of one of His many mercies, I had cast myself on the mercy of Jesus—a wave of agony rushed in upon me at the thought that my dear sons have denied the divinity of the Saviour, who laid down His life to redeem them. Oh ! could I be assured that they would be led back to their father's God, I could die happy !"

There was stillness in this chamber of death. The invalid's

pale lips moved as if in prayer ; and soon the lids were raised, and the brilliant black eye was lighted up as of old, and triumphant was the strain that burst forth—"I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He will keep that which I have committed to Him—my most precious treasures, my CHILDREN—against that day. I know Him. I rest in Him—in His faithfulness !" The smile lingered on her features ; but the spirit of the mother had fled.

In a home of happiness and love dwelt the eldest son of this sainted mother, far away from the scenes of his childhood. With a good education, fine talents, and a strong constitution, by his own exertions he had risen to wealth and honour ; in public and private life he was a pattern of excellence. His mother's portrait hangs in the place of honour, on the wall of the elegant parlour ; one could fancy a smile on it, saying, "This is my eldest son !" but, alas ! it was for this son she had put up that last prayer ; for him it was she had poured forth her soul ; and now years have passed since he stood by her form, made ready for the grave, and her petition is still unanswered.

* * * * *

Two years later, and cheerily does the sun shine on this great man's mansion. Let us ascend the staircase. Upon a curtained bed, raised by pillows, reposes this son of many prayers. His brow is scarcely furrowed, though his face is thin. His clasped hands are emaciated—but he does not look old. The fever-spot burns in his cheeks, and his eye is lighted up with a heavenly ray, which shows that now, at least, the soul is triumphing over the body. The pastor has taken his final leave. Loving relatives are standing around the dying bed—solemnity broods over the spot. The brothers, who, through life, have looked to this now dying brother as a father, guide, and friend, sit gazing on him in mournful silence—the tears slowly chasing each other down their manly cheeks. The sisters watch, and anticipate his wishes—till one, and then another, steals away to weep. The wife, like a ministering spirit, silently wipes the clammy brow, and moistens the parched lips. But now the sick man speaks : " Brother—

you bring mother's portrait? I would take my leave of that. How soon shall I join her now!"

It is brought; the curtains are thrown back, and it is placed at the foot of the bed with reverent care. "Look, brother, it seems to smile upon me." Observing the astonished expression on his friends, he said, "Do not suppose my mind is wandering. Ever since my mother's death the picture has seemed to frown upon me. You have not forgotten her last prayer—and every time I have looked upon it, I felt, while I continued to deny the divinity of the Saviour, I could not expect my mother's approbation or blessing. For years I fought against the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, till I examined the subject more thoroughly; and now I have testified my faith in the atonement made for sinners. The cross of Christ has drawn me with cords of love. I wanted to see that portrait once more. And now my mother beams upon me the same sweet smile as when at sixteen years of age I left home, a fatherless boy, to make my own way in the world—and—*I die in peace!*"

The last word was uttered. The ransomed spirit mounted up to join that mother whose teaching and prayers had been the means of bringing him to Jesus. Mothers! what is your influence on your children? Is it so great, that when you are gone your portrait shall have such power over them for good? Cowper has immortalized his mother's miniature in lines which will touch the heart while our language is preserved; but this picture is hallowed by strains which are poured forth from angelic choirs as they tune their harps anew "over one sinner that repenteth."

The likeness of Cowper's mother led him to mourn over past sins; but this picture led the son to look in humble joy at that blessed hope and glorious appearing of the forgiving Saviour.

GRATITUDE FOR SPARED LITTLE ONES.

Some parents had frequently noticed in Sunday-school papers the death of children from scarlet fever, and the appropriation of

their little savings to some benevolent object. They thought it a more agreeable duty to present the contents of the treasury of *their* little one as a thank-offering for life preserved; they accordingly sent it for the benefit of an orphan asylum, accompanied by these words—"A thank-offering to God for restoring a little child from a bed of scarlet fever."

How many happy homes have been invaded by this dread disease! How many watchful, anxious hearts have sickened to see the bright flush steal over the rounded cheeks of household pets! With what agonizing tenderness have they hung over the sick bed, nourishing the parched lip, and cooling the fevered brain, praying, through long weary days and sleepless nights, that the disease may be abated, and the loved ones spared! How fearfully has the shadow darkened upon the hearthstone, where the little chair is never filled again! How the tried soul wrestles with its agony ere it can cry—"Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight!" Softly the bereaved ones move about the dreary rooms, putting carefully away the unheeded toys—tremblingly the unsteady hand takes down the little box, and counts out the pennies and little silver bits that have been treasured up! How fast the tear-drops fall, as memory, so heart-rending in its faithfulness, pictures rosy fingers closing over every coin! And what a yearning sob goes out with the sacred donation to some benevolent cause in the buried darling's name!

Turning from the *desolate* home, how merrily the sunlight dances upon the wall of the other sick room, where the change has not been unto death! How gently baby breathes, and how quietly the worn-out boy rests in his mother's arms! There are no little tell-tale play-things to be hidden away here from aching eyes—no bitter turning from the joyous light of day to midnight gloom within—no half-forgetful, eager listening for the patter of little feet that will never come. The long, tiresome watching, the fear and dread, are over. All is happiness, joy, and peace. How gladly the father and mother come with their thank-offering for Him who stayed the dark angel with his shadow already on their hearts—and left the tender buds to blossom by their fireside! If those whose darlings are taken from them find

fort in doing good with the mites they leave, what a blessed ilege for those who have not been bereaved to make unto the d a thank-offering for an unbroken circle! But, alas! in the fort of home, too often, the need of the great world beyond is otten—else there would be, from those who have *all* their sures spared, more thank-offerings.

ANNA.

SIX LITTLE FEET ON THE FENDER.

IN my heart there liveth a picture
Of a kitchen rude and old,
Where the firelight tripped o'er the rafters,
And reddened the roof's brown mould—
Gilding the steam from the kettle
That hummed on the foot-worn hearth,
Throughout all the livelong evening,
Its measures of drowsy mirth.

Because of the three little shadows
That frescoed that rude old room—
Because of the voices echoed
Up 'mid the rafter's gloom—
Because of the feet on the fender,
Six restless, white little feet,
The thoughts of that dear old kitchen
Are to me so fresh and sweet.

When then the first dash on the window
Told of the coming rain,
Oh! where are the fair young faces
That crowded against the pane?
What bits of firelight, stealing
Their dimpled cheeks between,
Went struggling out in the darkness,
In shreds of silver sheen.

Two of the feet grew weary,
One dreary, dismal day,
And we tied them with snow-white ribbons,
Leaving him there by the way.
There was fresh clay on the fender,
That weary, winter night,
For the four little feet had tracked it
From his grave on the bright hill's height.

Oh! why on this darksome evening—
This evening of rain and sleet—
Rest my feet all alone on the hearthstone?
Oh! where are those other feet?
Are they treading the pathway of virtue,
That will bring us together above?
Or have they made steps that will dampen
A sister's tireless love?

ANNIE MUIR; OR, SOW IN FAITH.

NO. II.

As Annie thought of these things, when she reviewed the scenes of her past life, with its lights and shadows, and thought of the love which had first borne with her, then called her, and kept her even until now—of the Friend who had been always near her, close in prosperity, but closer still in adversity, sharing, lightening every sorrow—the language of her grateful heart was, “What shall I render to the Lord for all His benefits?” Hers was an ardent love, prompting to action; a love which, ever since she had herself tasted how sweet it was, she longed to impart to others.

Joyfully had she entered the field of labour, hopefully had she sown the seed; but her reaping time—alas! she sighed as she thought it had never come: not one sheaf had she gathered in—not one. But hush! stay that despairing plaint; the work is God's—the issue is with Him. And will He not prosper it? Yes; and He has prospered it. Ah! how the dim eye would grow bright, the fainting heart bound with gratitude and hope, could she but know, what God knows, that away where the smoke of the Indian camp-fire curls towards the blue sky, is one over whom there is joy in heaven—one who, every night, when the deep shadows are lengthening, kneels where Annie often knelt, beside two little graves.

There is no beauty of feature in the dark face, but a soft light beams in the lustrous eyes, and sweetly from her lips falls the name of Jesus. It was here she first heard that blessed name, and here she comes to offer up her simple prayer. It was here,

at the close of a long summer day, that she first saw Annie Muir. Very beautiful to the Indian girl she seemed, with her fair face and brown clustering curls; but she wondered why the tears were trickling down her cheeks, why anything could make one so beautiful unhappy. For a long time she stood watching her, till Annie, looking up with a kind smile, beckoned her to approach. None could fear that gentle face; so the Indian girl went. Annie took her dark hand in hers, and pointed to the little graves.

"My two sweet little ones are there," she said; "they both fell asleep, when the flowers were coming." The large dark eyes were full of pity. "You must be very sad." "I cannot help it, sometimes; but I would not have them back again—I know they are far better at home with Jesus." "Where?" "Away above the sky, with its twinkling stars, in a land far more bright and glorious than yon setting sun—where there is no more pain, or sorrow, or dying. It is there they are with Jesus." "Who is Jesus?" "The Son of the great God. He made everything—you and me, this beautiful world, and all that is in it." Annie paused. "Shall I tell you about Jesus? There is something very, very kind He has done for us all." "What?" "Sit down here, and I will tell you." And in simple language she related to the Indian girl the Gospel story.

Often, after that night, the same tall form was seen near Annie's dwelling. Sometimes she would enter it, and sit in the rustic porch, while her kind friend read to her from the book about Jesus. But the spot she loved the best was where they had first met, beneath the spreading tree.

THE MATERNAL MEETING.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCE OVER A DEAD MOTHER'S CHILDREN.

NO. VIII.

"THEN what shall I do with the money, Sir?" asked Rose. "Can I give it to Sally Lyme, to pay her for taking care of us?" "We'll see—we'll see," replied the doctor, kindly; "of course, if you can do anything for her, it is right you should; she has

been very kind to you." "If you would not mind reaching down the pot, Sir, I could show you the money." The doctor looked not a little surprised when the hidden treasure was brought to light; but he said to Rose, "Say nothing of this at present. I must consult some gentlemen, before I can advise you what to do with so much money."

"Katy," said Rose, when the doctor had left, "you won't tell that there is anything in the flower-pot, will you? and as soon as I get better, and can go out, I will buy you a little mite of a doll." Katy smiled, and promised; and the next day, when the doctor came, he gave Sally some money, and sent her out to buy beef to make more beef-tea. As soon as she had gone, he said to Rose, "Suppose, with a part of your money, you should hire a little shop; then Sally would not be forced to sit out of doors with her child, and you could go to school with your brothers; in return, Sally would let you live with her, and would be a sort of mother to you." "O, I had been thinking of that!" cried Rose. "I am told she is a good, honest woman," continued the doctor, "and you will all be quite comfortable together." "O, how nice!" cried little Katy, from her low chair. "I will look about for a small shop," said the doctor; "and we will have two rooms beside, so that you need not be huddled together as you now are—that is to say, if you are quite sure Sally would like to keep a shop." "O, I know she would!" cried Katy, clapping her hands; "she had one, once; and it got burned down, and mother lost all her things." "We will take her quite by surprise with a new one, then," said the doctor.

Rose smiled, and grew stronger every day. The doctor's wife took the whole business in hand, and, on the first of May, she sent for Sally to do a day's work for her; and then, while she was absent, the children and the furniture were removed to the new home. Everything looked home-like and tidy, and the tea-kettle was boiling, and the table set for tea, when the astonished little apple-woman was at last ushered in.

"We have come to live here!" shouted Jem. "We've got lots of biscuits and a loaf of cake!" cried Ben. O! what a laughing and kissing there was all round, and Sally was taken into the

little shop, and made to wonder and admire at everything; and Rose took Katy in her lap and said she was her little sister. "O!" cried Jem, "MOTHER SAID, GOD WOULD TAKE CARE OF US!" "She did not say we should have chicken for supper!" cried Ben. Then they all laughed again; and poor Sally, who had till this time been speechless, now broke out with "Well, what do you think of yourself now, Sally Lyme? Ain't you ashamed of your argufying and disputing? There you are, nice and tidy, with a shop of your own, and four children to match, and what do you want now, I should like to know?" So they all sat down to supper with thankful hearts; and through life they ever remembered that the special providence of God is over the motherless children of a dead, pious, praying mother.

THE SCHOOL OF INFANCY.—No. XIV.

CULLINGS FROM JOHN AMOS COMENIUS, WRITTEN IN LATIN
IN 1663.

MUSIC is especially natural to us. I maintain that complaint and wailing are our first music, from which it is impossible to restrain infants; and if it were possible, it would be inexpedient, since it contributes to their health—for, as long as other exercises and excitements are wanting, by this very means their chests and other internal parts relieve themselves of their superfluities. External music begins to delight children at two years of age—such as singing, rattling, and striking of musical instruments. They should, therefore, be indulged in this, so that their ears and minds may be soothed by concord and harmony.

In the third year, the sacred music in daily use may be introduced—namely, that received as a custom to sing before and after dinner, and at family worship. On such occasions, they ought to be present, and to be accustomed to pay attention and conduct themselves composedly. It will also be expedient to take them to public worship, where the whole assembly unites in singing the praises of God.

In the fourth year, it is possible for some children to sing of

themselves ; the more slow ones, however, ought not to be forced, but permitted to have a whistle, a drum, or puerile pipes, so that, by whistling, drumming, and piping, they may accustom their ears to the perception of various sounds, or even to imitate them. In the fifth year, it will be time to open their mouths in hymns and praise to God, and to use their voices for the glory of their Creator.

Parents and others, in singing or playing with children, may easily instil portions of hymns into their minds, since their memory is much more enlarged and apt than previously, and will, with greater ease and pleasure, imbibe a larger number of things, in consequence of the rhyme and melody. The more verses they commit to memory, the better will they be pleased with themselves, and the glory of God be largely obtained from the mouths of infants. Blessed is the home where voices resound with such Davidic music.

JESSIE'S PENNY.

How rich felt little Jessie, when her father called her to him one Saturday evening, and put into her hand the first penny of her own she had ever possessed. Jessie's father was a poor man, and had not often a penny to spare ; but he loved to give his little daughter pleasure, and as he had earned a trifle more that day than usual, he was glad to see her blue eyes sparkle with delight at his gift.

Jessie could hardly sleep that night for thinking of her treasure, and of how she was to spend it. She dreamed of going to every shop in the town, and of buying gaily-dressed dolls, and toys of all kinds, besides quantities of fruit and candy ; and she was quite disappointed, the next morning, to remember that Sunday had come, and that another day must pass before she could spend her penny. The disappointment lasted so long, that she went to Sunday-school that afternoon with a clouded face, very different from her usual happy expression. Her teacher, who dearly loved Jessie, noticed the shade upon the little face upraised to hers, but

asked no questions, hoping that the interest of the afternoon's engagements would soon banish the discontented look.

After hearing the hymns and Scripture lessons, which the children had prepared for her, she said, "Now, my dear girls, I am going to talk to you awhile, this afternoon, about missionaries—good men, who often give up their happy English homes and quiet life, to go to all parts of the world, on purpose to tell the heathen of Jesus Christ, who, you all know, came into our world and lived and died to save everyone, even little children and poor black people, who do not know God."

The class was soon deeply interested in what their kind teacher told them about the missionaries, and how hard they worked for the good of the heathen. The time for closing school had nearly come, when she said, "Dear children, you can all do something for Christ, who has done so much for you; and something also for those who are in distant lands, and do not know the Saviour. You cannot, it is true, go over the great sea and teach them yourselves, but you can, by your prayers and your pence, help others to go. You know the missionaries have to be supported, and Bibles and other good books have to be bought, and nothing can be done without money. So, my dear little girls, instead of spending your money on sweets, or other things, which are soon gone, why not deny yourselves, and save your pennies and halfpence towards helping to send a good man to teach the heathen?"

As the teacher concluded, she glanced at Jessie, and saw that her cheeks were crimson with suppressed feeling, and that evidently a great struggle was going on in her mind. Just, however, as the bell sounded for the closing of school, she laid a gentle hand on her teacher's arm, and, pressing something into her hand, whispered, "Take it, Teacher—my first penny." There was a tear on the child's cheek as she spoke, that showed how great for her the trial had been; and a tear, too, shone in the kind teacher's eye as she took the treasured penny, and murmured, "God bless you, my dear child." But there was real happiness in Jessie's heart—a joy that can come only from the exercise of self-denial.

Dear children, go you and do likewise, and God will bless you, and make you as happy as little Jessie, who gave to *Him*

HER FIRST PENNY.

M. E. R.

THE SHOT THAT NEVER FAILS.

IF, in our trials and difficulties, we were to seek divine aid—to lay hold on the promises of God with a strong grasp—how often should we save ourselves from corroding anxieties, which bring so much sorrow. The heaviest trial that can come upon us in this world is not beyond the reach of aid—nor is the most threatening aspect too great for God to avert. “Stand still,” said Moses, under the influence of the Divine Spirit, to the children of Israel, as they were surrounded by difficulties, from which there seemed no way of escape—“stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord,” &c. And they did so; and never was there a greater deliverance manifested—for the mighty sea opened, and they passed through in safety.

It was not long since that a heavy calamity came on your old friend Anthony with apparently overwhelming force. As he looked this way and that, the cloud thickened fast, threatening to blast all his prospects. It was under this sad trial that a friend visited him on other business, and, seeing his gloomy countenance, inquired the cause. “Oh!” said he, with more discontent than submission, “if you wish to know—all I can say is, that the heavens are brass and the earth iron.” “Shots are now made to pass through the thickest iron,” said the friend; “and the promises of God, like shot, will penetrate—nay, pass through the thickest, ah! the very thickest trial.”

Never did the sun shine brighter, or give a more cheerful aspect to the world, when the thick cloud o’erspreading the sky is rent in twain, permitting the golden beams to come through, than did the bright beam of hope, which these words imparted, throw, by its benign influence, over the soul. In a moment the dark cloud was lit up with its silver lining—and the painful dispensation, which threatened to overwhelm, turned to one of the brightest

cies. How soon do we regain confidence in God, when He mits His Spirit to gild the black and sterile mountain of trial h His best—His most endearing words! It is only for Him to w himself in the promises He has made—and immediately the rt revives, and the drooping spirit regains strength.

leader, how is it with you? It may be you are a mother, h a heart overwhelmed with anguish, and almost broken with ow—all before you is desolate and barren—clouds and dark- s intercept every ray of light and consolation. If so, let Old hony point you to a promise which never fails—and which, a shot, must penetrate the darkest gloom, letting the sun- t of heaven burst into the mind, to the joy and rejoicing of the l:—"I will never leave thee—no, never forsake thee." "When a passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest ough the fire, thou shalt not be burned—neither shall the ie kindle upon thee." "Can a woman forget the child of her ab? She may forget—yet will I never forget thee, saith the d." Take hold upon these promises with a firm grasp, and er forget that

"When the tempest shall rise, and the frail bark is toss'd,
Even then, Christ is there—it cannot be lost."

OLD ANTHONY.

THE DYING MOZART.

ISTORY informs us that Wolfgang Mozart, the great German poser, died at Vienna, in 1691. There is something strikingly atiful and touching in the circumstances of his death. His etest song was the last he sang—"The Requiem." He had 1 employed on this exquisite piece for several weeks—his soul d with inspiration of richest melody, and already claiming ired with immortality. After giving it its last touch, and thing into it that undying spirit of song which was to cor

crate it through all times as his Syrenian strain, he fell into a gentle and quiet slumber.

At length the light footsteps of his daughter Emilie awoke him. "Come hither, Emilie," he said; "my task is done—the Requiem—my Requiem—is finished." "Say not so, dear father," said the gentle girl, interrupting him, as tears stood in her eyes; "you must be better—you look better; for even now your cheek has a glow upon it. I am sure we will nurse you well again. Let me bring you something refreshing." "Do not deceive yourself, my love," said the dying father; "this wasted form can never be restored by human aid. From heaven's mercy alone do I look for aid in this, my dying hour. You spoke of refreshment, my Emilie;—take these, my last notes—sit down to my piano here—sing with them the hymn of your sainted mother; let me once more hear those tones which have been my solace and delight." Emilie obeyed, and with tenderest emotion sang the following stanzas:—

Spirit! thy labour is o'er,
Thy term of probation is run;
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,
And the race of immortals begun.

Spirit! look not on the strife
Or the pleasures of earth with regret;
Pause not on the threshold of limitless life,
To mourn for the day that is set.

Spirit! no fetters can bind,
No wicked have power to molest,
There the weary, like thee, the wretched, shall find
A haven, a mansion of rest.

Spirit! how bright is the road
For which thou art now on the wing!
Thy home, it will be with thy Saviour and God,
There loud hallelujahs to sing!

As she concluded, she dwelt for a moment on the low notes of the piece; and then, turning from the instrument, looked in vain for the approving smile of her father. It was the still, passionless smile which the soft and joyful spirit had left with the seal of death upon those features.

MY MOTHER.

'Twas night. I calmly lay asleep
 Upon my little cot,
 While many forms went flitting past
 Of those who slumber'd not.
 They waked me from my childish dreams ;
 They bid the sleeper rise ;
 And o'er me bent their faces sad,
 With mournful, weeping eyes.
 They took me to my mother's room,
 And placed me near her bed ;
 How pale she seem'd ! how thin the hand
 That rested on her head !
 She raised the hand, and sweetly smiled
 Upon her baby boy,
 And laid it gently on the child
 She call'd her " earthly joy."
 She drew me nearer—touch'd my lips,
 And clasp'd me to her breast ;
 And *there* the little one reposed,
 Where he was wont to rest.
 Her eyes were closed, and yet she spoke
 In words I could not hear ;
 Those lips, so thin—so ghastly pale.
 Seem'd whispering words of pray'r.
 I heard my name repeated oft,
 And yet I dared not speak ;
I knew she pray'd, and ventured not
 The silent spell to break.
 Her eyes unclosed—and once she spoke,
 And bless'd her only son ;
 Then upwards gazed, as though she saw
 Some listening, viewless One :—
 O Father, take my orphan child,—
 Oh, seal him for thine own !
For thee I kept him, gracious Lord ;
To thee I give the loan !
 O, bring him where his father dwells,
 Where hearts cannot be riven !
 I plead thy promise, oh, my God !
 Then bring my boy to heaven !
 I too look'd upward where she gazed,
 And wonder'd *who* was there :
 For, oh, she saw some holy One,
 With whom she urged *that* prayer.

I *felt* her words of love were heard
 By Him she call'd her God ;
 For when she ceased, she press'd my lips,
 And said she " kias'd the rod,"
 And stay'd her soul on Him who kept
 The lone and fatherless—
 On Him, whose blood was all her plea—
 Her robe—His righteousness.
 And then they took me from her arms ;
 Her lips were wan and cold.
 " Ah, child, thy mother's gone to heav'n !"
 These were the words they told.
 " Thy mother's gone !" What did they mean ?
 Why leave the one so dear ?
 Oh, bring me where my mother dwells !
 I will not grieve her there.
 " Thy mother cannot hear thee now,
 Awhile thou art bereav'n ;
 But soon that One to whom she pray'd
 Will bring thee home to heav'n."

* * * * *

Years pass'd away with rapid wing—
 The child became the boy ;
 His youthful heart still fondly clung
 To things that pall and cloy.
 And then the boy became the man,
 His locks grew silv'ry grey,—
 All heedless 'mong the scenes of earth,
 That quickly fade away.
 But still that pray'r of faith and love
 Was written in the skies ;
 And he who trod the paths of death
 Was dear in Jesu's eyes.
 That pray'r was heard—the aged one
 Proclaim'd a Saviour's praise,
 The " bread " was " found " a mother cast,
 Though after many years.

S. O'M. G.

A STRAY LEAF FROM ROSE COTTAGE.

MOTHERS, do your children pray ? Have you taught your
 little ones to lisp the name of Jesus ? Do they, night and morn-
 ing, call on their heavenly Father to guide their little feet safely

the narrow way? And do you to their cry of "Tell us a story, mother," lead their little minds to Jesus, telling how He came on earth, and said, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

Have you never poured into their little eager ears the story of the young Saviour?—nor told them of a home in heaven, and a Father there ever waiting to welcome the little lambs, and fold them in His arms?

If you have never done so, do it now. Let it not be said unto you, mothers of England, in that last day, when called to give an account of your stewardship, "Oh, thou wicked and slothful servant;" but rather, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

LOUIE.

GONE TO ANOTHER HOME.

"We must try to think less of earth, and more of heaven."

AND when we are once in the way thither, how "every sorrow is a link, and urges us to rise." Thus I remember it was when my precious little one was taken to the realms of light. And thus many a bereaved one testify.

Sometimes the "gate of death" has been made to the survivors the "door of life"—sometimes of increased and intensified life. Angels from the glory land have seemed to come through the opened portals; and the breath of celestial zephyrs has fanned fainting spirits; and we have heard the whispered assurance that the afflictions of this mortal life are not worthy to be compared to the glory that shall be revealed.

Oh! that glory! What is it? How little we know of it. No eye hath not seen, nor ear heard—nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive *what* God hath prepared for them that love Him." But this we know—that these bodies shall be changed, and fashioned like unto His glorious body; that tears shall be wiped from all faces; that there shall be no more sorrow, no sighing.

"No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor pain, shall reach the place,
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
That warble from immortal tongues."

"Dear ma', me so tired; me *not know what* to do," my dear child often used to say, for weeks before his removal. I often picture him *now* in his "glorified body," and think how inferior in knowledge I am to him. "Here we know but in part." My mind has been dwelling much on the unseen; for this is the return of the time when my darling was taken to his heavenly home.

Whenever I am thinking anxiously of those still alive, it is sweet *now* to feel that *one* is safely sheltered from the stormy wind and tempest. Surely parents have much cause to rejoice that (these) their treasures are in heaven—rather than to mourn over the severity which deals the blow.

A SCRAP FROM THE NURSERY.

A DEAR little child, of three years, was accustomed to talk much about Jesus. One Sabbath, sitting in my lap, I tried, in as simple a way as I could, to explain to her the reason she should love the Bible, saying it was Jesus' book. She looked at me with a sweet smile, and clasped the blessed book in her tiny arms, and kissed it again and again, exclaiming, "Jesus' book—Jesus' book!" and would not part with it, as it was *His* book. Everyone she came near, she would hold it up for them to kiss, saying, "Jesus' book—me loab it!" She laid it aside, while taking tea; when finished, fearing her hands should soil it, she held it in her pinafore. Just before I put her in bed, kneeling, she repeated the prayer—

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity—
Suffer me to come to thee."

Then, after the "good-night" kiss, she laid it on her pillow, and fell into a peaceful sleep.

Mothers! teach the children to love the Bible; tell them its beautiful stories, particularly "that sweet story of old, how Jesus dwelt here among men:" it shall be a guide to them when your leading hand is motionless in the grave. Do *you* love the Bible *yourself*?

THE NAME LONGEST REMEMBERED.

IF you know the love of Christ, His is the latest name you will desire to utter: His is the latest thought you will desire to form; upon Him you will fix your last look upon earth—upon Him your first in heaven. When memory is oblivious of all other objects—when all that attracted the natural eyes is lost in the mists of death—when the tongue is cleaving to the roof of the mouth, and speech is gone, and sight is gone, and hearing gone, and the right hand, lying powerless by our side, has lost its cunning—Jesus! then may we remember thee! If the shadows of death are to be thrown in deepest darkness o'er the valley, when we are passing along it to glory, may it be ours to die like that saint, beside whose bed wife and children once stood, weeping over the wreck of faded faculties, and a blank, departed memory. One had asked him, "Father, do you remember me?" and received no answer; and another, and another—but still no answer. And then, all making way for the venerable companion of a long and loving pilgrimage—the tender partner of many a past joy and sorrow—his wife draws near. She bends over him, and, as her tears fall thick upon his face, she cries, "Do you not remember me?" A stare—but it is vacant. There is no soul in those filmy eyes, and the seal of death lies upon those lips. The sun is down, and life's brief twilight is darkening fast into a starless night. At this moment, one, calm enough to remember how the love of Christ's spouse is "strong as death"—a love that many "waters cannot quench"—stooped to his ear and said, "Do you remember Jesus Christ?" The word was no sooner uttered, than it seemed to recall the spirit, hovering for a moment, ere it took wing for heaven. Touched, as by an electric influence, the heart beats once more to the name of Jesus; the features, fixed in death, relax; the countenance, dark in death, lights up like the last gleam of day, and, with a smile, in which the soul passed away to glory, he replied, "Remember Jesus Christ!—dear Jesus Christ! He is all my salvation, and all my desire."—*Dr. Guthrie.*

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

ADA'S PRAYER.

ADA's mamma always encouraged her children to approach God as a loving Father, and ask from Him those things they needed, thinking, by this mode of teaching, their interest would be excited, and love to God inspired. She has been exceedingly gratified, in listening to their childish petitions, to hear that the truths of the Gospel she was so anxious to impress upon their minds have been apprehended beyond her expectation. This is one of Ada's simple prayers:—"I thank you, O God, for sending your Son to die for such wicked people as we are; it was very good of you—but *I would rather He had not done it because I love Him so.*"

RELIGION.

Religion is the mortar that binds society together, the granite pedestal of liberty, the strong back-bone of the social system.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Little Crowns, and How to Win Them. By the Rev. J. A. COLLIER.
London: Nisbet & Co.

Beautiful stories for little folks.

On Education and the Duties of Civil Life. By JAMES MOTT. London: Bennett.

A very instructive and attractive book.

Hints on Self-Help for Young Women. By JESSIE BOUCHERET.
London: Partridge.

A useful present for your daughter, mother.

The Mourning Mother Comforted. By THOMAS JACKSON, M.A. London: Wertheim.

Interesting portions, in prose and verse, for sorrowing mothers.

Old Jonathan. London: Collingridge.

A favourite family paper.

The Christian Mother. By Mrs. E. HOARE. London: Wertheim.
Scriptural references, very useful for Maternal Associations.

HOW LONG MAY A ROYAL WIDOW WEEP?

“We want to have a chat with you, mother! Let us go back together over the past for a short time. You like to gather up the past with a friend who has been through the same dark waters; and whose heart beats in unison with yours. Yes, I know you do; it is a solace to you to tell the tale of sorrow over and over again.

“It is a grand mistake,” said a widow, one day, “to prohibit me from talking of him who is ever in my thoughts”—aye, to be sure, nothing soothes the heart more than to speak of the loved and lost. Oh! how desolate you felt that morning, when the sun rose for the first time in your widowed home. The world seemed all desolation, and you thought the sun should not shine as brightly as usual; you thought your duties would overwhelm you, and your dear family must all go wrong, without a father’s care, for you felt alone in the world. Yet you can trust your heavenly Father, and you know He has promised to be a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless; and He has declared, if any widow or fatherless child is afflicted by men, and they cry at all unto Him, He will surely hear their cry, and His wrath shall wax hot—beautiful resting-place for widowed hearts!

Suppose some man of business came into your desolate home, when more than a year had passed since your beloved one’s death, and told you it was full time to give over weeping; that your widow’s cap and weeds were misplaced now, and your friends were vexed with you for secluding yourself from the gaieties and fashions of the world; that it now became your imperative duty to forget the grave and its gloom, and the sorrow that your heavenly Father intended you should never forget—what would you think of such a heartless man? Why, to be sure, you would say, the man must have a marble heart, destitute of common humanity—a selfish, unfeeling wretch, without a particle of refinement in his composition. Oh! how you curl your lip at the very thought of such a being intruding himself into your home of sanctity and grief!

Now we ask you, what you have felt when you have heard our beloved, widowed Queen blamed for weeping too long? Presuming

to tell her, what business men and men of pleasure have told her, what *they* say is her duty—forgetfulness of her deep, deep sorrow, and of all she has lost in her Albert the Good? Because she is Queen, forsooth, she must cease to weep: refusing Victoria the privilege of her meanest subject—to mourn for one of the best husbands that ever breathed on our earth; forgetting, too, all she has lost in him, and all our great nation has lost; forgetting how he shielded her brow from the weight of the heavy crown, guided her precious children, in unison with her, towards that blessed immortality on which, alas! he had so soon to enter. Oh! cruel, cruel men, to wound the bleeding heart of the royal widow! We comfort ourselves with the thought that our beloved Queen knows well that no *woman* would talk of her sorrow as *men* have spoken. How can *they* feel the depths of a woman's love or a widow's sorrow? No, no; we can only forgive them, because of all this they are utterly ignorant.

Oh! who was not moved to see the position of our Queen at the late marriage of her son? Not long ago, she stood at the altar, a youthful, queenly bride, by the side of her noble husband. Now we see her in that quaint old pew in the wall, with one standing by her side, so like her departed husband that he seems to be his shadow. Her pearls and diamonds are laid aside, and instead of her crown she wears a widow's cap; instead of her ermine robes, "a black silk dress, with white collar and cuffs, and black gloves; the only colours which appear upon her are the star of the Order of the Garter, and its blue ribbon, narrowed to the width her Majesty usually wears across her left shoulder. During the singing of a chorale in 'Joseph,' before the ceremony, her Majesty drew back from the window of the pew, and, after an effort to conceal her emotion, gave way to her tears, and almost sobbed; nor did she, throughout the rest of the ceremony, entirely recover her composure."

While our beloved Sovereign passes among us with a sadder, paler brow, and a heart naturally gathering up the past, amidst her many cares and mighty responsibilities, as the greatest sovereign of the greatest land, we delight to have her foot-prints as a true Queen, a true mother, and a true woman, among her suffering subjects, mingling her duties with her grief. Look

at her for a moment, at the vestibule of the Royal Victoria Hospital, Ah! she is thinking of the time when she and Albert the Good laid the foundation-stone of the edifice; now she treads the rooms of sorrow without him, and desires to be made acquainted with their suffering inmates, and look at the order of the place; and a few sick beds are not enough for her—no; she would see them all, and speak face to face with her sick soldiers, who, we are told, devoured her with their eyes.

One old, grizzled, way-worn veteran said to her as she paused before him, "I thank God that He has allowed me to live long enough to see your Majesty with my own eyes." Life, energy, and youth seemed to return, while the sunshine of the beloved and honoured Victoria rested on his couch. Mothers! tell us, did not the royal widow, in that cap of sorrow, by the dying soldier's bed, look more glorious than when sitting in her marble halls of state, surrounded by splendour, by beauty, grandeur, and dazzling gems? Mothers! speak out for your beloved Queen—sympathize with her, and, above all, commend her daily to the God of the widow.

LITTLE HARRY.

"MAMMA, is baby going to die?" asked Jessie Raymond of her mother, as she stood before the glass in her dressing-room, dressed for a ball. "Don't be troublesome, Jessie," replied her mother, sharply; "go to the nursery, and play with Willie." "I can't play to-night, mamma; nurse says baby will die, and I'm so sorry," sobbed Jessie, as she turned mournfully away and sought the nursery. "How troublesome nurse is, with her fancies," remarked Mrs. Raymond to her maid; "baby is not worse, and he certainly looked better this morning." And she turned to the glass, and arranged the lace of her dress. In a few minutes, the carriage was announced, and, without a thought of her dying child, Madeline Raymond was whirled away.

* * * * *

"Mary, do run and call master—I'm sure the dear little one is dying!" exclaimed nurse to her fellow-servant, who had watched

through the night with her. Mary did as nurse ordered, and in another moment the father gazed upon his dying child. "Papa," lisped the sufferer, and the little, feeble hand was raised to stroke the bent head; "Papa—mamma," and then one faint struggle, and the waxen eyelids drooped over the weary eyes, and another lamb was folded in the arms of the "good Shepherd." Darkness was changing to grey dawn, when Madeline Raymond reached home. Her husband met her at the door, and with gentle words, but stern face, told her how her child had died. There was a moment's silence, and then one long despairing cry rang out, and Madeline fell senseless at her husband's feet. Long weeks of illness followed, and when God restored the erring woman to health, it was with a saddened heart she heard what nurse told her of baby's death. Other babies as fair and lovely have called her "mother" since that fatal night when little Harry died, yet the shadow still rests upon her brow, the loneliness still in her heart; but Harry's death taught his mother what his life never would—that God gave her the little ones to care for, and nurse for Him.

LETITIA LEE.

THE PRINCESS AND THE SABBATH-SCHOOL CHILDREN.

DEAR little children, we congratulate you that it is in your little warm hearts to present to the Princess Alexandra the book of books, bound in royal style. One part of the ornaments by which it will be adorned we think a beautiful thought. The hidden pearl will be covered from Her Royal Highness's gaze until she opens the clasp. You, dear young friends, who are in our Sabbath schools, will easily understand the tale the hidden pearl is intended to convey; if you do not, ask your teacher next Sabbath day. We are quite sure you will all like the thought that our own Princess of Wales should be studying the very same book with you, and let us hope that she and you may meet within the pearly gates of that bright city where the streets are gold and every head wears a bright crown.

Our object in writing this little paper is to give you a descrip-

tion of the beautiful binding and stand, as we know some little children who have not heard it described. It is intended for the covers of the Bible to have on each of them five medallions of white ivory carved in relief—the subjects to be representations of scenes taken from Scripture. These medallions to be set in gold mountings, and the intervals filled with pierced gold, having a back-ground of crimson or purple velvet. The clasps to be of the finest gold, and to be in two pairs—that is, secured to the covers on either side and to open in the middle—each pair united by a band having a fastening in the centre which secures the two clasps at once. Immediately under this centre fastening there is to be set a single pearl, emblematic of the “hidden treasure,” found only when the book is open. The edges of the leaves to be brilliantly illuminated and the fly leaves emblazoned. The book markers to be five in number, made of Coventry ribbon, expressly for this work, and as far as practicable by those engaged in Sunday schools. The designs will be copyright, and the manufacturers are under an engagement not to make or issue any further markers from these designs without the special permission of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. The markers to have gold terminals set with pearls or stone.

The reading desk is to be so constructed as to close over the Bible when required, and form a casket to protect it as well as a stand to support it; to be of carved woods with gold mountings, hinges, handles, key, &c. The desk to contain two compartments, in one of which is to be placed an illuminated manuscript address; and in the other, a list of the schools which unite in the presentation. It is proposed, if the funds should allow, to present a photograph of the Bible and desk to each school subscribing.

We hope all our young friends will be able to have a peep.

ANNIE MUIR; OR, SOW IN FAITH.

NO. III.

THEN they sat, many an hour, Annie reading and talking of those she loved so well, while her companion listened with a face full of attention; but silently Annie saw that her interest was

aroused, her sympathies excited by "the sweet story of old," but the heart, she feared, was untouched. And when, after many days and weeks, she came not, and Annie heard that her tribe had suddenly removed to a different quarter, it was with more of doubt than hope she thought of the Indian girl. She did not know how in the quiet night she had stolen away to have a last look at a spot now very dear to her; how in the silvery moonlight she stood gazing on it, till tears streamed from eyes little used to weep, and kneeling down, with clasped hands, breathed the simple prayer she had taught her, adding an earnest petition that "the kind Jesus would bless that dear teacher, and take her when she died to His own beautiful home!" Yes, the love unspeakable had sunk into her heart, and kindled there a love deep and enduring; and when she came back once more to the dear familiar spot, and found that she who had told her of that love was there no longer, she had sweet comfort in the thought that Jesus would not go away. And she gathers the little ones of her tribe around her, and tells them of the loving Jesus; and that blessed name is not now unknown among her people. And so God prospered His work. But Annie never knew it—perhaps never will, till her days of ministry are all over, and from the far-off fields of earthly toil she has entered on the joy of her Lord. Then shall she know, then shall she look on that radiant brow, and read the answer there.

Ah! why should any labouring for Jesus grow faint and despair? The work is all His own, it is not ours. Let us work with more humble dependence, more simple faith in Him, and with Him leave the issue. And even now, "as the night-shades of our ministry and testimony may be gathering round us," let us be "up and doing." Let us go forth to minister to Jesus, whether in the quiet home-circle or in the Sabbath-school, by the bed of sickness, or in the homes of the poor, it is all one! if we do it to Jesus. He will accept our work. And even though we see no fruit of our labours, though we may have been able to do nothing at all, we have not laboured in vain. No, nothing that we do for Jesus is in vain. He will own even our poor feeble attempts to serve Him, and welcome us with the gracious words, "She hath done what she could."

THE FEARS OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

It is frequently a source of annoyance to a busy mother, and of pain also to an affectionate one, that her little ones are afraid to be left alone when put to bed, or to be anywhere in the dark by themselves. In some instances this may have been caused by the cruelty practised by thoughtless or unprincipled servants in exhibiting objects of terror to their mind, so as to induce silence and submission in the little trembling one. On such conduct we will not enlarge further than to say that no punishment of the law would be too severe for such persons; as both the *reason* and the *life* of many a tender child have been lost through such unpardonable treatment. These cases we will leave, hoping that as education progresses, and the principles of religion become more diffused through the masses of society, these evils will cease to exist. But there are hundreds of instances constantly occurring where sweet, intelligent children, who have been kindly nursed and judiciously trained from earliest infancy, show unmistakeable signs of terror *at trifles*, and these are what we have now in view.

And here we will remark, that young children are far more observant of what passes around them than people generally imagine. A little one will be quietly seated on the floor, playing with his toy or her doll, as the case may be, *appearing* to be intent only on its own occupation, but all the time hearing and seeing what is going on; and at an after period the mother is surprised by questions which have been revolving in the mind, as the result of its infantile reasonings. Now, while this fact should teach us caution as to what is said in the presence of children, it will also afford us ground of encouragement as to the success of our efforts in correcting their little mistakes, and raising the infant mind *above its fears* by the combination of sympathizing tenderness with due firmness in our mode of treatment. Never let the infant be laughed at for its needless and unreasonable fears; a sensitive child will shrink from letting its feelings be known, and will suffer in secret rather than encounter ridicule. Thus its terrors will be doubly increased, and the nervous system *permanently* injured by its fears being pent up in its little breast.

A kind look, a smile of interest and sympathy, an encouraging manner, while we listen to what in *them* is a *real tale* of woe, will of itself relieve their little hearts and prepare them to give more credit to our assurances—that did they but know as much as we do, they would see plainly that there was no cause for fear. A degree of confidence will be inspired; the little one will feel encouraged to make a mental effort at *fortitude* and *resolution*; and every such effort will be a real *conquest gained* in the conflict between feeling and reason, which, if followed up, will be a life-long benefit.

And then let the pious mother remember that God, who made the human heart, and who can and does by the power of His Spirit influence the infant mind, will give His blessing to her prayerful endeavours, when she tries to inspire her offspring with a feeling of trust in Him as the Almighty God of love. With this view the following simple verses were sent for insertion in the "MOTHERS' FRIEND:"—

LITTLE ONES ENCOURAGED TO TRUST IN GOD.

Why should my Harriet fear the dark?

Why would my darling flee?

Henry is merry as a lark,

No evil does he see.

Does not the same kind Saviour keep

Each little one from harm?

He watches while you lie asleep,

To save from all alarm.

He, the Almighty God of love,

Who made both earth and skies,

Stoops from His glorious throne above,

With pity in His eyes.

And tenderly, in loving tone,

He says, with beaming look,

"Suffer the little ones to come;"

Such the kind words He spoke.

He will protect, He never sleeps,

Is always close at hand,

Ever to guard He watchful keeps,

Whether on sea or land.

So now, my precious child, be calm;
And trust your Saviour friend;
For He will save from every harm,
And shield you to the end.

II. E.

CAN YOU SAY "NO?"

I THINK I hear my little readers readily replying to this question, "What a silly thing to ask us! Of course, we can say No! it is just about the easiest word in the English language." But if you will allow me, my dear boys and girls, I will tell you that "no" is sometimes the most difficult word that you can bring yourselves to say, and one that will require frequently not only all your effort, but earnest prayer, and strength from above to utter. Perhaps you will say, "How can this be?" To explain myself, let me tell you a story.

Two boys met at the corner of a street, one bright July morning. "Where are you going, Tom?" said Harry, a clean, neatly-dressed, rosy-cheeked little fellow, with a satchel over his shoulder. "Why," said Tom, "I'm going to have a good game of marbles with Dick Jones and some other fellows. I wish you'd come, too, Harry."

Harry looked wistfully down towards his friend's hand, which was playing among the marbles in his pocket, and making a most enticing clatter, the almost irresistible charms of which only boys can thoroughly understand. "I'm afraid I can't come, Tom," said Harry, moving his head away uneasily, and kicking one of the paving-stones on the side-walk. "I'm afraid I must not come; you see I am all ready for school, and mother charged me not to be late." "Nonsense," said Tom, coming closer, and again jingling his marbles musically; "your mother need never know anything about it: we shall have such a jolly time. Come along, Hal!"

Now was the time for the little word "no"—but Harry had not courage to utter it; and, after a few more weak objections, he followed Tom to the dirty little court in which Dick Jones lived, and to which many boys who played truant, and in other ways disobeyed their parents, frequently found their way. Harry's

conscience troubled him for about half an hour after the game began; but as the excitement increased, he forgot everything except what now occupied his attention. The pleasures of sin, however, do not last for ever, as poor Harry soon found. The boys began first to quarrel, then to fight, and the uproar attracting the attention of a policeman near, some of the offenders were punished on the spot, while others were sent home with a severe scolding. Among the latter was our poor Harry, who, with one black eye, a face all over mud, torn clothes, and a ruined satchel, deprived in the scuffle of half its contents, reached home in, as may be supposed, a most deplorable condition, and with a weight of misery upon his heart that was the well-deserved punishment of his disobedience and weakness.

Harry's mother did not scold him: she was a wise woman, and saw in his black eye, torn clothes, and penitent expression of face, that he had suffered enough. She only did all she could to relieve the pain he was enduring, and contented herself by preaching a very small sermon on the very small text I have chosen. I will repeat what she said, for your benefit, my little readers. "My dear boy," she whispered, as she tied a wet bandage over his swelled eye, and saw him wiping the fast-falling tears from the cheek that was turned from her—"My dear boy, ask God, in your prayer to-night, to help you—by the strength which He is willing to grant to all who humbly seek it—in resisting evil, and to give you power, when temptations assail you, to look them steadily in the face, and overcome them with a resolute 'No!'"

M. E. R.

HANNAH; A STUDY FOR MOTHERS.

THE Bible is a family book and a book for the family. It contains a number of domestic pictures. The household is the germ of the nation, and we get a knowledge of the Jewish nation partly through glimpses into family life. The diversified scenes of domestic and rural life, through a succession of ages, are spread out before us in the pages of the sacred book; we there get full portraits and side-views of a great number of individuals. The first book of Samuel opens with an interesting series of family

pictures—there are many touches of exquisite beauty and simplicity in these pencilings. One family is placed by the side of another, and we are led to estimate the qualities of the different characters by the force of contrast.

We have, in these family groupings, two fathers, two mothers, three sons who are named, and sons and daughters whose names are not given. The fathers are Elkanah and Eli; the mothers, Hannah and Peninnah; the sons named, Hophni, Phineas, and Samuel. What an interesting study of human character we have in these individuals! Characters are like faces—no two are exactly alike. Elkanah is affectionate, tender-hearted, and religious. Eli is pious, devoted to God, but too flexible and easy in family government. Peninnah is selfish, jealous, and loquacious. Hannah, pensive, humble, and prayerful. Hophni and Phineas are sensual and fearfully depraved. Samuel, as he emerges into boyhood, is simple, confiding, and holy.

Hannah's character is certainly one of the most attractive in the group. We see her in many moods and in many attitudes—mourning pensively, praying hopefully, trusting confidently, singing exultingly, and working industriously. As we get the first glimpse of her in the holy page, she is a woman of a sorrowful spirit. Her husband loves her, and is always kind and affectionate, but she has no sweet babe to press to her tender bosom. She has also an adversary in her own house; her trials are great, and she sometimes frets and weeps in the midst of them. She eats the bread of sorrow, and drinks the waters of affliction. Bitterness is in her soul. But Hannah, under this grief, did not rush into anger, nor sink into despair. She knew the remedy for a wounded spirit. She took her heart and cause to God. "And she in bitterness of soul prayed unto the Lord, and wept sore." Prayer is as medicine to a troubled spirit; prayer gives wings to the soul, and takes it to God; prayer opens the treasures of heaven; prayer brings rest to the restless, and peace to the penitent; prayer makes us Christ-like.

Hannah's prayer was not expressed in audible words, but was offered in the thoughts and feelings of the heart. Earnest prayer need not be noisy. A deep spirit is often silent in its powerful movements. Silence is sometimes the beauty of a woman's

prayer. This deep, silent, powerful prayer was misunderstood and misrepresented on earth, but was received and appreciated in heaven. Man sees the body, but God looks into the heart. God heard and answered the unuttered prayer. The groanings which cannot be uttered are music in the ears of God. In the course of time, the darling boy was born. He is emphatically the child of prayer, and Samuel must be his name.

Mothers, you have your trials and sorrows—"every heart knoweth its own bitterness"—what will you do with your grief? Learn of Hannah to take it to God. If you have no words, take your troubled hearts and wounded spirits to Him who alone can heal you and make you happy. Your very prayers may be misunderstood by those around you—there is One who can make no mistake. Be not angry in thy sorrow; despair not in thy grief. The changeless God can change your experience and earthly condition. All souls are in His hands. Cast thy burden upon Him; lay thy anxiety at His feet; take thy corroding care to the cross of thy Saviour. Be prayerful, be hopeful, and thy grief shall turn to joy, and thy sorrow to salvation.

G. H. L.

THREE YEARS WITHOUT A BIBLE;

OR, THE FAITHFUL LITTLE MONITOR.

WHEN the fever for emigration to California was at its height, there was a young man in New York named Alfred B., who did not escape the contagion, and nothing would do but he must leave a pleasant home, a kind mother and a little sister, and go and dig for gold in the newly-found State. It was three years before he returned, and his mother and sister greeted him with warm embraces.

"I have something pretty for you in my trunk, Minnie," he said to his little sister, "though you see I have but little luggage. That small trunk has been with me through sunshine and storm." "Let me unpack it, brother, please," said Minnie, "I will be very careful not to tumble your clothes," and taking the key from Alfred's hand she proceeded to take out one article after another and put them on one side till she came to the bottom of the trunk;

she paused a moment and seemed to distrust herself; she put her hand on one article and then on another, then looking up earnestly into her brother's face, while she sat on the floor beside his unpacked things, she said, "Where is your Bible, brother?" "I have none," he said quickly. "No Bible, Alfred," said Minnie, as she arose and laid her hand on his arm; "no Bible, brother?" "No, Minnie," he said, a little impatient at the question, "I left all my books in New York when I started for California, they took up too much room." "And have you had no Bible for three whole years, brother?" "No, Minnie," he answered. "Whose did you read in at night then, brother?" "I did not read anybody's, Minnie; come, don't bother me now. Let us find that pretty, fine dress I have for you." "No, stop a moment, brother; have you not read the Bible for three whole years?" "No, Minnie, I have not, and I don't think I have ever seen one since I have been in California." The little girl stood and looked at him in utter astonishment, while the tears bounded over her cheeks. At length, raising her eyes, she said, in a low, earnest voice, "Oh! brother, were you not afraid that God would forget you?" What an appeal to a brother's heart! He took the little Minnie in his arms and kissing her, he said, "I am almost afraid I have been forgetting God, Minnie."

The case of Alfred B. is not a singular one. Think upon it, Christian parents. Many a young man leaves home influences behind him when he goes into the busy world. Many a man who began life in a pious home, forgets his Bible and forgets his God, when he once gets into the hot race of the world. Perhaps there was a time when a kind mother put a Bible in his hand, and he promised he would read it for her sake, and meant to keep his promise, but it was swept from his mind. Would to God that to each and all such wanderers from the right way could come such a gentle admonition as came to Alfred B., "Where is your Bible, brother? Were you not afraid God would forget you?" The earnest pleading of the child touched the brother's heart. That night, for the first time in all those years, he opened the sacred volume and read aloud from its pages. "Pray for me, mother," he said, "for I have wandered far from God." Night after night the earnest prayer ascended to the throne of grace, and God in

mercy heard and answered. He found peace in Jesus, became a truly Christian man, was a comfort and blessing at home, and a bright example of true piety to all around.

EIGHTEEN YEARS PRAYING AND WATCHING.

A MOTHER knelt before her God,
And pleaded for her son ;
Of that young group, so fondly loved,
He was the oldest one.

When quite a tiny little child,
His mind was fully bent
To love and serve his father's God—
On this he seem'd intent.

And he would rather sit with ma',
And talk of things most rare,
In that lovely home above the skies
That the Saviour will prepare,—

Than he would join the little ones
In their own merry play ;
And yet he was a happy child,
In his own quiet way.

One, among those who watched him most,
Oft thought that child would be
An early inmate of that home,
With that bright company.

Or else that God had marked him for
His messenger on earth :—
How many an anxious parent's heart
Have given to such thoughts birth ?

The child grew on to eight years old,
And God revealed His love
Unto his earnest, sickening heart,
He tasted joys above.

Then leaving home for life at school,
The influence was bad
Upon that conscientious boy,
He grew a reasoning lad.

But still the Holy Spirit's power
Was with him on his way,
And through the slippery paths of youth
It was a guard and stay.

Once more an inmate of his home,
The Holy Spirit bowed
His strong will down—and in his room
He prayed and wept aloud.

Yet once again he left his home,
God opened up his way,
And by His tender, watchful care
Guarded him to this day.

This, the brief history of the son
For whom the mother prayed,
For whom—on this his natal day—
She sought Almighty aid.

Just eighteen years ago—this day,
She first beheld how fair
The tiny little baby-boy
Committed to her care.

And earnestly she prayed her God
That He would take the boy,
Rather than let him live to be
A grief instead of joy.

This was the burden of the prayer
Which then that mother prayed,
When first on that eventful day
She sought Almighty aid.

“Rather permit him to expire
In life’s uncertain morn,
And join him to the angel choir,
The Church of the First-born.

“I ask as with my parting breath,
For this child let it be
A holy life—or early death—
But which, I leave to Thee.”

And now she came to plead again
The promise often given,—
That everyone of hers should be
At last with her in heaven.

She came to ask that this might be
The birth-day of the soul,
For faith that he those words might hear,
“Thy faith hath made thee whole.”

THE SCHOOL OF INFANCY.—No. XV.

CULLINGS FROM JOHN AMOS COMENIUS, WRITTEN IN LATIN
IN 1663.

Two things pre-eminently distinguish men from brutes—*reason* and *speech*. Man needs the former on his own account, the latter for the sake of his neighbour. Both, therefore, equally demand our care, so that man may have his mind and tongue equally trained and exercised as well as possible. We now, therefore, add something respecting instruction in *language*—such as when and how the principles of *grammar*, *rhetoric*, and *poetry*, ought to be propounded. The beginnings of *grammar* appear in certain infants as early as their first half-year, generally, however, towards the end of the year, when certain letters in their language begin to be formed, such as *a, e, i*; or even syllables, such as *ba, ta, ma, &c.*

But in the following year fuller syllables begin to be formed and they try to pronounce whole words, when it is usual to propose to them the more easy words to be pronounced, such as *tata, mama, papa*; and there is need to do this, for nature itself impels them to begin with easier words, since the manner adopted by us adults in pronouncing mother, father, food, drink, is difficult to be uttered by infant tongues just becoming loose.

As soon, however, as their tongues begin to be more supple it is hurtful to indulge them in this practice, which may lead them to speak lispingly; and if this practice be allowed, when children come to learn longer words, and at length to speak, they will be necessitated to unlearn what they had before learned corruptly. Why should not their mother, sister, or nurse, when amusing infants, now freely opening the mouth, teach them to pronounce letters and syllables properly, distinctly, and articulately; or even entire words—beginning always with the shorter—or letters, or syllables separately. This will be sufficient grammar for the second year, which exercise may be continued to the third year, as, from the slowness of some children, is occasionally necessary.

In the fourth, fifth, and sixth years their language will increase in the knowledge of things, provided exercise is not omitted, so that they may be accustomed to name whatever they see at home, whatever they are employed in, and therefore they should often

be asked, 'What is this? What are you about? What is this called? Always taking care that they pronounce their answers distinctly; in this respect no further instruction is necessary, unless to please them by some playfulness, for example—who can pronounce, better and quicker than the others, some long words.

A STRAY LEAF FROM ROSE COTTAGE.

WE have lost our little baby; she is the first of our family circle gone to dwell in the courts above. Oh! 'twas hard to rend the tie and give her back to Him who gave her; hard to part with the little pale-faced child with those sad shy eyes and that plaintive voice, ever wailing out the cry of "mother, mother." Have you ever lost a baby? a dear little girl, who had just begun to talk, had learned to lisp your name, and by a thousand endearing ways had wound herself tightly round your heart? And have you ever, little boys and girls, gone silently about the house, your merry laugh hushed, and your little feet tired of tip-toeing from room to room, lest those little shoes should make too much noise, because the baby is ill? And have you ever day by day watched her grow thinner and thinner, and heard the little cry of pain, and at last seen her lay cold and lifeless, and when you called her name only the dull echo of the room answered back? If so, you can picture to yourself what we have done, for we have lost our little baby; yet, should I say lost? No! only gone before, for one day we hope to meet again in that heaven prepared above. If we do the will of our Father on earth, our parting here is but for a short time, and then that long re-union in heaven.

LOUIE.

STORMY AND CALM WATERS.

IT was morning, and the thick clouds covered the whole heavens, whilst the wind which had been blowing fresh for some time increased to a gale. The men-of-war riding in the offing had lowered their topsails and made all snug on board against the weather. Nothing is to be seen between the western part of the island and the near forts, but a steam packet and a sailing craft, tossed on the boisterous waves, as each succeeding billow mounted them

upwards to the heavens and then permitted them to sink again in the deep. The huge waves rolled their white-crested tops onwards and onwards, until with fury they dashed against the stone walls, throwing their spray high over the embankment. Surely, no boat could have lived in such a storm. How beautifully does such a scene as this remind us of the power of God,

“ Who rides upon the stormy winds
And manages the seas.”

And it should excite in us strong desires that those whose calling is upon the mighty waters, and who behold the wonders of the deep, should be filled with love to God, and be always ready to enter into His presence.

It was evening; and the bright orb of day was setting behind the western extremity of land, gilding the lofty turrets of the stately mansions and throwing a broad line of golden hue along the smooth waters. The placid ocean, like a molten looking-glass, reflected back the dark outlines of the ships lying at anchor in the roadstead, whilst the white sea-gulls dipped their outspread wings in the briny fluid. On its bosom were to be seen vessels of all descriptions, their white sails lying close to the mast, and here and there small boats were taking their freights of joyous people on a short pleasure trip. There is something lovely in looking out on the expansive ocean, on a calm and almost breathless summer's eve; and, beholding its unruffled waters glistening in the beams of departing day, we are led to exclaim with reverence, “ O Lord, how manifold are thy works, in wisdom hast thou made them all !”

As it is in creation, so is it in providence and grace. One day may break upon us in all its stormy aspects, wave after wave may toss us to and fro, until, like the mariner in his frail bark, we may be at our wits' end, hardly knowing what the result may be. But let us remember, there are seasons of calm too, when the spirit feels it is resting in the bosom of divine favour and love, for often after a storm comes a calm, and after a night of sorrow comes a season of sweet peace, which the rude and unfriendly world can never give nor take away. Mothers! battered about by a tempest of trial and distress, not knowing whether the next wave may not com-

pletely overwhelm you with its weight, be not faithless, but believing. The set time to favour you *must* come, and then He who holds all things in the hollow of His hand shall fully quit himself of His promise, "Behold, God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompence; He shall come and save you," and you shall have to rejoice in his smiles.—OLD ANTHONY.

SHUNNING THE APPEARANCE OF EVIL.

PRESIDENT ADAMS was once within twenty miles of home when overtaken by the Sabbath. He had been delayed by impassable snowbanks. A sickly family at home required his presence. A clerical friend, with whom he lodged, told him he thought the circumstances of his case would justify his travelling on the Sabbath. His reply was that to those who witnessed it, it would have the *appearance* of evil, as they would be ignorant of the justifying circumstances. The friends of the Sabbath would be grieved to see him apparently disregard the sacredness of the day, and those who wished to be freed from its restraints would rejoice to have him sanction their indulgence by his example. Christian reader! are you as careful of the sacredness of God's holy day? Are you ready to make a similar personal sacrifice, merely to avoid the *appearance* of evil? Are you on all occasions willing to prefer the advancement of God's cause—the spiritual good of others—before your own personal benefit? If you are not, you have reason to fear that your profession of religion is nothing but hypocrisy or self-deception. The very spirit of the religion of Christ requires us to sacrifice everything personal for the general good, to suffer all things for the elect's sake, to do or suffer anything rather than hinder the Gospel of Christ.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

"SOME men's hearts are narrow upwards and wide downwards; narrow as for God, but wide as for the world. They gape for the one, but shut themselves up against the other. The heart of a wicked man is widest downward; but the desires of the righteous, like the temple in Ezekiel's vision, are widest upward and spread towards heaven."—*Bunyan*.

"I DIE DAILY."

The late eminent Mr. Durham in his last illness, which was long and lingering, was visited by a minister who said to him, "Sir, I hope you have set all in order, and that you have nothing to do but to die." "I bless God," replied Mr. Durham, "I have not had that to do neither these many years."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Feed my Lambs. By a MOTHER. London: Nisbet and Co.

A charming little book for young mothers.

Dick and his Donkey; or, How to pay the Rent. By C. E. B. London: Partridge.

A capital tale for boys. Mothers! buy it.

The Royal Marriage. By Rev. J. H. WILSON. London: Partridge.

A subject interesting to everybody.

Little Jane, or the Boat Accident. By ALFRED MILLS. London: Partridge.

A fatal act by a drunken father.

I believe, or the Apostles' Creed explained to Children. By JANE ANN WINSOM.

A little book, far more interesting to children than it appears at first sight.

A Trap to catch a Sunbeam. London: Lockwood and Co.

A nice little tale worth reading.

Grandmama's Conversations on the Bible. London: Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt.

Attractive lessons for little folks, in ten pamphlets.

Words to the Wise. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

A little book, full of good and serious thoughts.

A gathered Blossom, and True Happiness. London: Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt.

Two little cheap and useful books.

Bertie Bristol. London: The Book Society.

A pleasing account of a dear little boy who has passed away.

An Old Glass for New Faces. By BISHOP HALL. Loughborough: Gray.

A glass worth looking into.

Epithalmion, or the Royal Nuptials. By REV. WILLIAM TIDD MATSON.

London: E. Faithful, Victoria Press.

A charming little poem, which will be read with deep interest.

Old Jonathan. London: Collingridge.

An illustrated paper as good as ever.

SUNSET IN EARLY MORNING.

WE have sometimes tried to encourage anxious mothers whose sons are nearing manhood, not yet converted, to hope on in Him whom they have served for many long years, that the son of many prayers and scriptural training may, at the end of life, meet her in the kingdom of heaven. A sorrowing mother said to us one day, respecting an unconverted son in the meridian of life, "Oh! he has gone so far and continued so long in sin, that I fear he will be lost." "You must wait on and pray," we replied, "to the end of your life, or to the end of his life. God is faithful."

We have lately read with deep interest an account of the last days of a beloved son thus trained with many prayers. It is written by his beloved father, who says: "The nature of his disease was such as to excite our worst fears, and to awaken in our minds a deep and anxious concern for his spiritual welfare. Distressing as was the thought of his being taken from us, we felt we could cheerfully submit to this, if satisfactory evidence were afforded us that he had given himself to the Saviour. For this we prayed, and wrestled, and waited, cheered at times by the hope that a child of so many prayers would not be lost. At length, to our unspeakable joy, our anxieties were relieved, and our hopes were realised. In the early part of last summer (1862), our loved one began to show that a change had passed over him, and that his mind was deeply impressed with the supreme importance of spiritual and eternal things. He seemed to have a vivid perception of the evil of sin, and for a time his convictions were deep and distressing. Such, indeed, was the sense which he had of the 'sins of his youth,' committed in the midst of the many religious advantages he had enjoyed, that his troubled spirit found but little relief, until his attention was directed to a sermon by Mr. Spurgeon, founded on the words of Boaz to the reapers; 'Let fall a few handfuls on purpose for her.' After he had read it, he said to a friend, 'Now I feel some encouragement to hope,' but wishing for something beyond this, he said to the same friend on another occasion, 'What I long for is a realising sense of my personal interest in the imputed righteousness of Christ; to know the

have His robe as a covering for my soul ;' adding, 'my plea is Jesus only, and my dependence is alone on His finished work.' No sooner had he given his heart to Christ, than he began to manifest a deep concern for the spiritual welfare of others, especially for that of his young friends. Speaking of some of them by name, he said, 'Oh! that before I die I might see them Christians.' When they came to see him, he spoke to them with great earnestness of the importance of religion, and entreated them at once to attend to its claims. To a young friend, who often visited him, he said on one occasion, 'I'll give you a problem. What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' At times, when feeling great weakness and pain, he frequently remarked, 'If I had put off religion till now, I could never have thought about it, for sometimes I cannot even pray.'

"For several months before his death," continues the parental narrative, "it was evident to all that saw him that the disease was making rapid progress. His sufferings from exhaustion were very great, but he never complained; and it was pleasing to observe, as his weakness increased, the firm faith with which his soul rested on Jesus, and the calm composure with which he anticipated his end. The fear of death seemed to be entirely removed. When suffering from great weakness, he said, 'I can scarcely think how I shall feel in heaven; it will be so strange to go about without this weak and suffering body.' Addressing his mother, he said, 'Ma, it will be something for you to look forward to.' 'What, my dear?' she asked. 'To meet me in heaven when you come there.' On Saturday evening, December the 27th, after I had prayed with him, he said with great energy, 'I am afraid that I am not right now, pa.' But it was only a transient cloud passing over the mind, for, after a few encouraging remarks, light and peace returned. On the next day (December 28th), his last Sabbath on earth, he said, 'I do not think that I shall be here long; only a few days.' His mother remarked, 'You will be with Jesus, for He says, Where I am there shall my servants be.' 'My service,' he replied, 'has been very poor.' In the evening, during the time of public worship, he became much worse. To his sister and a friend, who were with him, he said, 'I am going home,' and expressed a wish to pray with them. The prayer he offered was a

remarkable one. He began it thus: 'Oh! Thou who hast ten thousand harps strung to thee, wilt not refuse to listen to a sinner's prayer.' He then prayed for his father and mother, for his brothers and sister, and sister-in-law; for the servant and friends who waited upon him, and then for himself, that he might be supported under his sufferings, and especially in the hour of death. Seeing his father enter his room, on his return from the evening service, he said, 'I am now going, pa; pray that I may go to-night.' But his hour was not yet come. In the morning he expressed some disappointment, and said, 'I thought I should have been in heaven before this.' On Wednesday, December 31st, looking at his mother as she stood by him weeping, he said, 'Ma, don't weep. If I were invited to spend a month at —, would you not let me go?' 'Yes,' was her reply, 'if I thought it would do you good.' 'If I were invited for a longer period to a place still more beautiful, would you not consent to my going?' She said 'Yes.' 'Why, then, do you wish to keep me from heaven? Have I not given you assurance enough as to my state?' Late in the evening of the same day, it was evident to all who were about him that his end was drawing near."

In conclusion, his father observes: "About an hour before midnight, alarming symptoms set in, and while those who were at the midnight meeting were pleading with God, our dear boy was struggling with the last enemy, and for seven long hours the fearful conflict lasted; but during the whole time not a cloud seemed to pass over his mind. Some medicine being offered to him with the hope that it might soothe his anguish, he asked, 'Will it lengthen my life?' Being told that it would not, 'Then,' said he, 'I will take it.' Fixing his eyes on the clock that was by his side, he said to his brother, who is a medical man, 'John, how long will it be? Will it be a day?' On being told that it would not, he asked, 'Will it be two hours?' The answer was, 'Perhaps not.' 'Will it be an hour?' 'It may not be more,' was the reply. 'Then,' said he, 'that is another mercy; not a day, only an hour.' 'Will the pain cease before death?' he inquired. When told that most likely it would, he said, 'Then I shall be able to talk to you.' He now asked to have his position changed, but finding that the attempt to move him was more than he could bear, he said, 'Never

mind; no cross, no crown.' About seven o'clock in the morning, January 1st, he became perfectly calm and composed. Among many other things, he said, 'Give my love to Mr. C., and tell him that I shall see Mrs. C. this morning.' (She had died a few months before.) A short time after, looking earnestly at all of us, he said, 'I did not think it was so nice to die;' and then, with looks and in tones which will not soon be forgotten, he repeated the following lines:—

'I am rising, and not setting;
This is not night, but day;
Not in darkness, but in sunshine,
Like a star I fade away.'

"A young friend came in a short time before he departed. Fixing his eyes upon him, he said, 'Remember what I have said to you, and give my love to B., and tell him not to forget what I have said to *him*; and when you meet, pray together.'

"Each member of the family having kissed him, he said to his father, 'Let me kiss you;' adding, 'may you live, Sir, for many years to preach the Gospel as you have so long preached it.' During the last hour, he watched with intense interest the progress of death, and made remarks on every change he felt. 'This hand is gone, John,' he said to his brother. Soon after, 'My breathing is shorter; now my eyes are becoming dim.' Then in an instant he became unconscious, and in a few moments his happy spirit took its flight to the land of the blessed." Mothers, take encouragement. Hope and pray on, believing that you shall have your desires granted.

*Lines written on hearing some Particulars of the Death of the
above Youth.*

Dear youth, we seem to view thee
Upon the bed of death;
We see the cold dew on thee,
While struggling hard for breath.

We seem to hear thee crying,
"Do not my life prolong;"
And listen to thy sighing,
"How long, O Lord, how long!"

But now thy face is lightened—
Faith beams in thy soft eye;
The valley's shade is brightened,
And victory is nigh.

Sweet peace thy soul is filling,
We feel that all is well,
And now, in accents thrilling,
With joy we hear thee tell:

"I know that I am dying,
Yet do not weep for me;
On Christ alone relying,
I only glory see.

"Life's dawn was only beaming
While I sojourned on earth;
'Twas but the first faint gleaming
Of my celestial birth.

"Just like an opening flower
Expanding to the sun,
Cut off in one short hour,
Has my brief race been run.

"The pulse of life is waning;
Yea, I must pass away.
But hush all sad complaining,
For Jesus is my stay.

"Now shorter is my breathing,
My sight is getting dim,
My bosom is up-heaving,
With conflicts from within.

"But Jesus, at death's portal,
Is waiting now for me;
Soon He will clothe this mortal
With immortality.

"Farewell to loved ones tender,
Farewell to all below;
My breath I now surrender,
On faith's bright wing I go.

"But for a time we sever,
But for a time we part;
I go where farewells never
Can desolate the heart.

"When new years come with greeting,
Oh! then remember me;
Think of the happy meeting
Our next in heaven will be."

NOT ONE TOO MANY.

THE WIDOW'S STORY.

"It was the third day after my husband's funeral," said the widow, "and I was so stunned by his sudden death, that I could do nothing but sit and think over it, and try to realize how it could be so. Only the Sunday before he had been sitting with me watching the baby as he sat in the sunshine, laughing and clapping his little hands as the shadows of the trees were flung across the floor and moved by the passing breeze. Now the child was sitting in the same spot, the glowing October sun streaming in on his bright curls, and making him look so pretty—so like a picture; but the father was gone from us for ever. It seemed to me I must see his dear face once more—that he would surely lift the latch and walk in and take our child up and say as he so often did, 'Mother, what would you take for this little bother?' Even the poor baby missed him, and would come and stand at my knee calling 'Papa, papa!' until I thought my poor heart would break. The two eldest children were at school; the rest were out at play. By-and-by, the baby tired of his play, and came and got up into my lap. 'Mamma cry—mamma musn't,' he lisped out, and wiped my wet face with his little chubby hands; but I could only hold him closer to me and then cry more bitterly.

"Just then Mr. and Mrs. Lorimer drove up in their handsome carriage. They lived not far off, and were our richest neighbours. When I had invited them in, and had dried my tears a little, they seemed at a loss how to begin the conversation; but Charlie had slid away from my side and went and stood at the lady's knee, and pointing to her heavy gold bracelet, said, 'Pretty, pretty!' in his childish way. She took it off, and gave it to him, saying, 'Won't you come to be my little boy, Charlie?' My mother's heart took fright at once. They had no children, and I seemed to feel, as plainly as if they had told me, that they had come to ask for one of mine. 'No, no; mother couldn't spare him,' I said, quickly snatching him away, almost rudely I fear.

" 'My dear woman,' began Mr. Lorimer, 'have you thought seriously of the impossibility of your getting along with five chil-

dren under twelve years of age? It has required all your husband's efforts to make a living for you. How can you hope to do it without him?' 'We offer,' joined in his wife, 'to take the most helpless of your little ones—to give him all the advantages we would our own child; and surely you must see that God's hand is in it—that through us He intends to help you.'

"I need not tell you how long I withstood all their arguments. But at last, overcome by their entreaties, I consented to consider the matter. In two days, they came for my answer; I never mentioned their visit to any of the children; and I had changed my mind almost every hour since I had seen them. At last, convinced that it was for the child's good, I consented to give him up. When I went to dress him to go, my resolution almost failed me; I lingered over every article I put on him, and made every dear curl over and over again before I could get it to please me; and I kissed the little white shoulders until they were all rosy. But at length he was ready, and I thought he never looked so pretty. He was full of animation, for he was old enough to know what it meant to 'go riding,' and he clapped his hands and laughed aloud at the horses as they were driven up. I handed him to his new mother (the children supposed that he was to come back soon), and he never even looked at me. Oh! how jealous my aching heart grew! When I came back into the house, the first thing my eye fell on was his cradle. I could only throw myself on it and sob aloud.

"Then came the trial of telling the whole truth to the children. None of them seemed reconciled, and I felt that the worst was to come when the two eldest should return from school. I almost dreaded to meet them, especially Willie; he was like his father—so quiet and calm outwardly, but hiding beneath his apparent coolness the strongest, deepest feelings. But the others went to meet them as they came home; and I was pleasantly disappointed in the way the eldest took it. He seemed to feel that I had done it for the best, and that he must hide his own sorrow for my sake. He was more thoughtful for my comfort—gentler than ever, only very still and grave."

We must tell our friends how the poor mother got on without her baby next month.

JESSIE WALLACE.

"Jessie, I think sometimes your heart is as tender and soft as my dear mother's, and at another time I think it is really grown as hard as a rock."

"Look, mamma, here is a beautiful book Colin Campbell has given me at the drawing-school; he said, his mamma thought it would suit me, as it was about a young lady who was very firm." "Ah! indeed, very kind Colin is; his mamma was always a bundle of love. I have promised to take my work over this afternoon, so if you will go and request Sally to brush your hair and make you ready, we will walk along the shady lanes."

Not long after, Jessie came rushing into her mamma's room, with flushed face, saying, "See, mamma, what a figure I am; Sally *would* do my hair the way I do not like, and she says she likes to see me determined. Oh! mamma, I feel like stamping." "My dear child," said the gentle mother, "you had better go to your room and wait for an hour, and ask gentle Jesus to give you a meek and quiet spirit like His own." "Do you know, ma, Sally said she liked to see me in my determined ways. *Can* she be a good woman? She does not help to make me good, as you do." Tears were falling fast now, as Jessie rested her hot brow on her mother's loving heart. "Do you not remember, Jessie, the old lady I told you of, who, when she felt herself getting angry, would turn her face to the wall and count sixty." "Yes, mamma, I remember; but it comes so quick, and makes me forget everything. Now, mamma, I will do as you told me; and will you request Sally to make my hair right?" "You will be able to ask her yourself, love, in a gentle tone."

Soon Jessie and her mamma were enjoying their shady walk through the green lanes, and the little girl was like a butterfly running from flower to flower: "Oh! mamma, do look at those honeysuckles! if Colin Campbell were here, he would *have* them down for me in a moment. Oh! that thrush! *Mamma*, is not this a beautiful part of the world?"

"It is, dear; and I feel almost as joyous amidst its beauties as my little Jessie." "Oh, mamma! I feel like jumping." "But, love, the world was just as beautiful, and the flowers were as sweet, and the birds sang as sweetly, when you were ready to

stamp, as now, when gladness would make you jump; so you see, dear, it rests with ourselves to make the world a happy [or a miserable place.]”

“ I WANT TO GO HOME.”

So sobbed a little girl the other night in my hearing. She, with an elder sister, was seated on a door-step, weeping bitterly. The one vainly trying to comfort the other, with her arm passed round her sister's neck. “ Never mind, Ruthie, we shan't hurt here for to-night; you can creep close to me and be warm, and we shall find our way in the morning.” Upon inquiring the cause of their sorrow, the eldest informed me that they had followed a crowd and lost their way home. “ Oh! I want to go home,” sobbed little Ruth; and, after a few simple directions, they turned their weary little feet homeward. Oh! how often, while “ sailing o'er life's stormy wave,” have we longed to “ go home;” longed for the haven of rest that seemed so far off; longed for one kindly word from lips we knew only too well were lying still and cold beneath the waving grass. Some, too, have longed, oh! how hopelessly, to reach “ home,” not knowing that the angel of death had laid his icy hand on the loving hearts that made it “ home” to them. Oh! then we need the child's simple trust, that nothing will hurt us.

LETTIE LEE.

BUDS OF AFFECTION.

DEEPEST depths are going
 'Neath the waveless tide,
 Sweetest scents are flowing
 Where the shades abide.
 Beauty, fairest, purest,
 Hides from curious gaze;
 Nature's scenes—the proudest,
 Ask not human praise.
 Thus the love of childhood,
 All unseen, unknown,
 Holy, pure, and mighty,
 Sleeps upon her throne.
 There she rests, and hideth;
 Deep within she lies,
 Peacefully reposing,
 Far from prying eyes.
 How deep is childhood's love!

Richest flow'rets ope not
 Where rude footsteps go ;
 Harps, for angel-fingers,
 Weep when touch'd below ;
 Brightest things have faded
 In the passing blight ;
 Many stars are shaded
 'Mong the clouds of night.
 Thus thy child's emotions,
 Beating—oh, how true !
 Heeded not, neglected,
 Fade from mortal view.
 Ah ! one breath of harshness,
 One discordant tone,
 Leaves the youthful spirit
 Crush'd—to die alone.
 Nay, slight not childhood's love !

Sweetest songsters warble
 When the world is still,
 Fairest verdure liveth
 Where no tempests chill ;
 Tones, the most melodious,
 Sleep amid the storm ;
 Thorns may hide the flow'ret
 Loveliest in form.
 Thus the lip of falsehood,
 Cloth'd with blandest smile,
 Seeks the heart of childhood
 Vainly to beguile.
 Yet will nought save kindness,
 Shed from love's bright eye,
 Whisp'ring fond affection,
 Bid the shadows fly.
 Then treasure childhood's love !

S. O'M. C.

HE WHO HONOURS GOD, GOD WILL HONOUR.

THE patches of white cloud, which for some time had been float-
 ing rapidly through the air, had become more settled. The vane
 on the church-tower now looked due north, and the lark sang his
 notes of praise as he rose higher and higher, when a young man,
 who had committed his way unto the Lord, emerged from his

humble dwelling in search of employment. As he passed through one street after another, his mind was exercised with hopes and fears. He knew from the word of God, and the religious instructions of a pious mother, that nothing happens by chance, and though men devise their ways, the Lord directs their steps. Still his mind felt not at ease. There was a tremulous sensation; why or wherefore, he knew not. As he entered an office adjoining the street, he breathed an earnest prayer that he might be able to honour Him who had always proved a friend in time of need, and who had never left him, especially in the hour of trial, but had stuck closer to him than a brother. He had learned by experience how manifold are the temptations that beset youth in their daily employments, and how needful it was to seek divine grace, not only at the first, to declare his determination to serve God rather than man, but through all the subsequent career of his life, to maintain with fidelity the profession he had made.

He had not waited long ere the head of the firm made his appearance. He was a man of middle age, short of stature, and evidently of suspicious mind. His sharp, black eye quickly surveyed the young man with keen scrutiny, as he stood before him and stated the object of his interview. Having made many inquiries, and received candid answers as to qualification, character, habits of life, &c., the gentleman expressed his satisfaction, and his determination to receive him into his employ on trial for a season. With grateful heart to the Giver of all blessings, our youthful hero returned many thanks, and then in a firm voice, mingled with becoming respect, aided by that power which he had so fervently sought, he made known his intentions as to the future.

"Sir," said he, "ere our agreement is final, I wish to state one thing, that in the future there may be no mistake. In all my engagements I have made known a resolution, which for many years I have abided by—namely, of doing no work on the Lord's-day, and under no circumstances telling a wilful and deliberate lie for any man. If these terms meet your approval, then, Sir, I am at your disposal, and will strive in every way to do you justice. If not, however painful it may be again to be thrown on the wide, wide world, I must decline."

A moment's pause followed the announcement of this important

determination, in which our young friend saw the delineation of scorn, mingled with respect, fully developed on the countenance of him with whom he had to deal. But believing the great truth, that all hearts are under the control of Him, who is too wise to err; and too good to be unkind, he had confessed his allegiance to Christ, and felt assured of the reality of that promise, "He that honoureth me, I will honour."

How far this promise was verified in his experience shall be told next month. In the meantime, let me say to mothers; instil into the minds of your children a holy reverence for the Sabbath and love of truthfulness, praying God to seal home your instructions with divine power, and you shall have your reward. To my young friends I say, never be ashamed of owning your preference to holy things. It will save you from a thousand difficulties to be decided at once. Declare yourself on the Lord's side, and you will not only have the favour of God, which is better than life, but He will make those with whom you have to do to respect your candour and openness.

OLD ANTHONY.

A FABLE.

"ALAS! alas! what will become of me?" cried a young swallow, as she sat shivering on the spout of a country house. "The cold autumn is coming, and my wings are not yet strong enough to fly, and seek a warmer clime." "You silly little bird," said an old swallow, who had just then alighted near, and had heard the tiny creature's lament; "you silly little bird, don't you know that we should none of us have the power to fly the long way that we do every autumn, if we did not strengthen our wings by flights—short at first, but becoming longer every day. Be assured, little one, if you will only imitate our example, and try to believe that all will be well, you will soon find your wings quite strong and serviceable." The young bird at this took courage, and resolved to follow the advice of her kind friend. She gradually accustomed herself to greater distances in flying, till at last, one bright morning, on which the troop of swallows had agreed to leave their English home, she found herself ready for flight, and

with strength sufficient to support the fatigues of the coming journey.

MORAL.—There is no duty, however arduous, which God cannot give us ability to perform, if we are earnest in striving to do what is right. However inclined we may feel to despond, let us remember that a higher power has assured us that “as our days, so our strength shall be.”

M. E. R.

THE SCHOOL OF INFANCY.—No. XVI.

CULLINGS FROM JOHN AMOS COMENIUS, WRITTEN IN LATIN
IN 1663.

THE principles of rhetoric arise in the first year, and indeed in a great measure intuitively by gestures, for as long as the intellect and power of speech in this early age remain in their deep roots, we are accustomed to draw them to the knowledge of ourselves and things by certain gestures and external action; for example, when we lift them up, put them to rest, show them anything or smile upon them, by all these things we aim at this, that they in their turn should look on us, smile, reach out their hand and take what we give them. And so we learn mutually to understand, first by gesture, and then by speech, even as we do with the deaf and dumb. I maintain that an infant, in its first and second year, is able to understand what a frowning and an unwrinkled forehead mean—what a threat indicated by the finger means—what a nod means, which, in truth, is the basis of rhetorical action.

About their third year, children begin to understand and imitate figures, according to gestures, sometimes expressing admiration, and sometimes when they relate anything becoming significantly silent. Poetry, which binds and, as it were, entwines language in rhyme and measure, early becomes a favourite pastime with the little ones. The principles of poetry arise with the beginning of speech; for as soon as an infant begins to understand words, it begins at the same time to love melody and rhyme. When children, from having fallen, or in some other way hurt themselves

are wailing, they are often solaced by some rhyme,—so much that they not only become quiet, but even smile. Some such lines as the following often amuse them :—

“ Dearest baby, do not weep,
Shut its pretty eyes to sleep ;
Go to bye bye, lovely dear,
And forget all pain and fear.”

HE MAKES HIS MOTHER SAD.

He makes his mother sad,
The proud, unruly child,
Who will not brook
Her warning look,
Nor heed her counsels mild.

He makes his mother sad,
Who in his thoughtless mirth
Can e'er forget
His mighty debt
To her who gave him birth.

He makes his mother sad,
Who turns from wisdom's way,
Whose stubborn will,
Rebelling still,
Refuses to obey.

He makes his mother sad,
And sad his lot must prove ;
A mother's fears,
A mother's tears,
Are marked by God above.

O ! who so sad as he,
Who, o'er a parent's grave,
Too late repents,
Too late laments,
The bitter pain he gave ?

May we ne'er know such grief,
Nor cause one feeling sad ;
Let our delight
Be to requite,
And make our parents glad.

"IT WAS THE LITTLE SHOES THAT DID IT."

THE writer once lived opposite a beer-shop, called the "Fox and Geese," and with pained attention often watched the doings and heard the sayings of the customers. One winter's evening a shoemaker's boy came into the shop with an assortment of children's shoes, and the landlady of the "Fox and Geese," who had a most marvellously shrill voice, called to a little dirty slave of a nurse-girl to bring "Addlehead"—as she pronounced Adelaide—to have her new shoes on. I could see the little creature, who was at once fine and filthy, sitting under the gaslight in the bar, and kicking and screaming as the shoes were coaxed on her feet. At last a pair fitted, and the spoiled pet was lifted up triumphantly in her mother's arms—"Here, do look at her! The darling has let me get a pair of the very best ones on. Look, dad, do!"

Just then a tall man, very thinly clad, came out of the tap-room, passed the bar, and saw the child stretching out her feet for her father to see. Now, a poor woman had been hovering about at the corner, peeping now and then timidly into the bar-window, and then creeping to the door; she had a child in her arms, and looked ready to drop with cold and weariness. I had seen that woman, on many a Saturday night, waiting and watching for her husband to come out. Ah, there he is, rivetted for a moment, looking at the child showing her shoes; he rouses himself and rushes out.

"What, Bill, going so soon?" bawls the landlady. Bill pulled his hat down over his eyes with one hand, clutched his old jacket tighter over his chest, and answered the words with a sort of grunt. He is outside: there is his wife and little one. For a moment the woman looks at him timorously, and half swerves aside, as if she feared—what I will not write, lest the manhood of my readers should be wounded. Something in Bill's look re-assures her, and she goes close to him, feebly, but yet coaxingly. He took the child from her tired arms; the little creature gave a short quick cry of fright, and, as he lifted it, I saw that its little feet were bare; it drew them swiftly under its poor frock, but not before the father saw them. I wish his hat had been off, so that

I might have seen his face, as those two little blue chilled feet met his eyes.. I noticed that he put them in his bosom, and buttoned his jacket over them, and held his child close, and went on his way with a heavy stamp, as if he beat his thoughts on the ground; his wife, slipshod and tottering, had hard work to keep up with him. I had a faint suspicion of what was passing in that man's mind.

From that night I was glad that I saw him no more among the frequenters of the "Fox and Geese." He and his wife and child, for weal or woe, had dropped out of my ken, and nearly out of my mind. Some months after there was a meeting in the Temperance Hall of the district, and many working men were present, and gave their testimony to the good effects of sobriety; now and then they told little bits of their history—about the reasons that led them to give up the public-house. One tall, well-dressed, respectable-looking man listened earnestly, till one who sat near him said, "Say a word, William Turner; you've known as much about the mischief as any one here, or anywhere. Come, tell us; for I have never heard how it was you turned right-about-face from the mouth of hell to the field of hope. Come, man, out with it; it will, maybe, do good." The man, thus urged, rose at the first word, and looked for a moment very confused. All he could say was, "The little shoes; they did it."

With a thick voice, as if his heart was in his throat, he kept repeating this. There was a stare of perplexity on every face, and at length some thoughtless young people began to titter. The man, in all his embarrassment, heard this sound, and rallied at once. The light came into his eyes with a flash; he drew himself up, and addressed the audience; the choking went from his throat. "Yes, friends," he said, in a voice that cut its way clear as a deep-toned bell, "whatever you may think of it, I have told you the truth—the little shoes did it. I was a brute, and a fool; strong drink had made me both, and starved me into the bargain. I suffered; I deserved to suffer; but I did not suffer alone; no man does who has a wife and child, for the woman gets the worst of it. But I'm no speaker to enlarge on that. I'll stick to the little shoes. I saw one night, when I was all but done for, the publican's child hold out her feet for her father to see her fine new

shoes. It was a simple thing; but, friends, no fists ever struck me such a blow as those little shoes. They kicked reason into me. 'What business have I to clothe others, and let my own go bare?' said I; and there was my wife and child outside on a bitter cold night. I took hold of my little one with a grip, and I saw her chilled feet. Men! fathers! if the shoes smote me, what must the feet do? I put them, cold as ice, to my breast; they pierced me through and through. Yes; the little feet walked right into my heart, and washed away my selfishness. I had a trifle of money left; I bought a loaf and a pair of little shoes. I never tasted anything but a bit of that bread all the Sabbath day, and went to work like mad! on Monday, and from that day I have spent no more at the public-house. That's all I have to say. It was the little shoes that did it."

A LITTLE GIRL'S PRAYER FOR HER MOTHER.

JESUS loves little children, and loves to see them happy and cheerful, and hear them singing His praises as they pass through this world. We read in the Scriptures that He rebuked those who would have hindered them from approaching Him, saying, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," &c. God has often condescended to make use of little children as instruments to win sinners to himself. Many a little child has He made the messenger of His saving mercy to a whole household. We once heard of a poor but industrious mother, who was afflicted with a violent temper. She quarrelled with her neighbours, and beat her children on the smallest provocation. On one occasion, after a hard day's work, she came home more than usually irritable, and was tempted, in her uncontrolled anger, to strike her youngest child. The little one shrank away, weeping, to bed, and then the mother's heart, not wholly hardened, rebuked her for what she had done; and she crept up-stairs, thinking by this time she had cried herself to sleep, and longing to kiss the poor little arm which, in her wild passion, she had so cruelly struck. But the child was still awake, and as the mother went up the narrow stairs, she heard her voice, and paused to listen. She was praying, in her childish manner, "Oh, dear Lord Jesus! pray forgive my

mother, and keep her from being so cross to us, and give her a new heart."

The poor woman could bear it no longer, and going into the chamber where the little one still kneeled, she flung herself upon her knees beside her, and began to pray from her heart, using the same petition, that God would be pleased to take away her stony heart, and give her a heart of flesh. "It must, indeed, have been a heart of stone that could injure you," she said, taking the half-frightened child in her arms, and covering her with kisses. "Can you forgive me, my Letty—can you forgive your unhappy mother?" "Our teacher says that we must not only forgive our enemies, but pray for them," replied the child, clasping her arms about her mother's neck, and resting her head lovingly upon her bosom. Her simple words sent a fresh pang to the heart of the conscience-stricken mother. "I am, indeed, my children's enemy," thought she, "and my own enemy; but, above all, I am at enmity with God. Oh! Lord, be merciful to me a sinner, for Christ's sake." From that night a change came over her, slowly at first, for bad habits and tempers are slow to mend; but nothing is impossible with God, and the prayer of the little Sunday-school child was heard and answered in her now peaceful and happy home.

WILL A MOTHER'S PRAYERS BE ANSWERED?

A PRAYING mother is called from this world to her home above. She has drunk deeply of the cup of sorrow, from the conduct of her ungodly children. Often she has wept over them, prayed for them and with them, and yet they still continue rebellious and disobedient. The mother has prayed for more than forty years for the conversion of these children; but she is gone to her grave, and her prayers are not answered. Are they lost? A few weeks before her death, as she was retracing the Lord's dealings with her, she spoke of His wisdom in choosing her path; "And yet," she said, "it has been one of great trials. I can, with the greatest propriety, say with Jacob, 'Few and evil have been the days of my pilgrimage.'" Are this mother's prayers lost? Are they not registered in the Lamb's Book of Life? Has she not left them in

the hands of the "Judge of all the earth," and "shall He not do right?" She has often said, "Oh! that my children did but live before the Lord, I should value it as the greatest blessing I could possibly possess;" but she has left the world without seeing any effects of her prayers. Are they lost? No, they are delayed, but not lost; they will be answered, though she has reached the mansions of glory without realising what she prayed for.

Prayerless children, your mother can pray no more for you, but there is a large store of her earnest petitions laid up for you in the hands of Him who died to save. Will you not entreat that your mother's prayers may be answered in your behalf? Your mother's will is now entirely lost in the will of her God, and if you are found at the left hand of the Judge, even your tender mother's voice will be heard saying "Amen" to your eternal doom. May the Lord open the storehouse in which are laid up your mother's prayers, that they may descend in copious showers of blessing on your head!

A CONSTANT READER.

TWO IN HEAVEN.

I SAW a lowly mother
 With children at their play,
 I asked, "How many had she?"
 "I've two, and two away."

I mourned her loss, poor mother,
 But with uplifted eye
 She said, "Not lost, dear madam,
 But gone to live on high."

"Whilst on earth they oft were weary,
 Often hunger did endure;
 Now they are rich and happy,
 For 'He careth for the poor.'"

"They're safely housed from tempest,
 No storm can hurt them there,
 They're clothed in robes the purest,
 And golden crowns do wear."

"In my dream I see the Shepherd
 Watch my lambs with tender care,
 By pastures green He leads them,
 Nought can harm while He is near."

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

"Oh! there wafts a joyous feeling,
 For my dear ones live on high,
 And the hope comes o'er me stealing,
 'I shall meet them by-and-by.'"

Well said, thou pious mother,
 Thy comfort comes from heaven;
 'Tis He, thine elder brother,
 Who has this promise given.

And thus, oh! heavenly Father,
 I would submissive be,
 Should'st thou e'er call my loved ones
 To the spirit-land and thee.

BERTHA.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

A LITTLE IRISH BOY'S IDEA OF FAITH.

A poor Irish boy, taught in a mission school in Ireland, was asked what was meant by saving faith. He replied, "Grasping Christ with the heart."

A GOOD REPLY.

A female slave at Travancore, at a public examination of candidates for admission to the church, in reply to the question. "What is meant by the words 'Thy kingdom come?'" modestly said, "We therein pray that grace may reign in every heart."

A FATHER'S MAXIM.

A father of a family, one day entering his children's nursery, placed upon its walls the following lines, neatly penned by his own hand:—"If the spring put forth no blossom, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit. So, if youth be trifled away without improvement, riper years will be contemptible, and old age miserable."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Old Jonathan. London: Collingridge.

A very interesting number of this useful little paper.

A PAGE FOR SAILORS' MOTHERS.

A CHAT IN THE RAILWAY WAITING ROOM.

THREE ladies were sitting together, waiting the arrival of a train, a little girl of about four years was running in and out, and her voice was the only one heard for some time, the elder ladies being dumb—English fashion. At length, one who had been wishing to ask a question, turning to her companion, who was pale and evidently out of health, looking earnestly into her face, said, "Do allow me to break English etiquette and ask you a question." The pale face brightened, and the dark eyes beamed with pleasure. The question was asked, and very pleasantly answered. This led to a very agreeable conversation, and the stranger friends felt quite at home with each other. Just then a little sailor lad passed them, with his slouched hat, broad collar, and bronzed face. "What a merry, light-hearted looking fellow," said the elder lady; "I like sailors." "I am glad of that," replied her companion, "for I am a sailor's wife." "Indeed! and is that your little fair-haired girl running in and out of the door?" "Yes," said she, with a shadow on her brow, "but her papa has not seen her since she was a mere infant. Oh! I have passed anxious days and weeks for four years since I last saw him. He has only passed six months with me for seven years, and now I am daily hoping to see him, but my hopes have been rather dashed this morning; I fear it will yet be two months before we meet." "I hope your anxiety will not affect your health," said the friend. "It has already almost ruined it, for I am only now just recovering from a nervous fever. Oh! sailors' wives have great need of faith and patience." "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," said the friend, "but when the noble vessel glides gracefully into the harbour, and the beloved one leaps on shore, the sorrows of the past are forgotten in the delightful meeting." "Ah!" said she, "that is quite true, but sometimes life's voyage ends suddenly, and the meeting place is in the land where there is no more sea. A distressing circumstance occurred here this morning:—an aged woman came to meet her sailor son, who was expected by the morning train, happy and joyous, and full of loving expectations,

she stood straining her eyes to catch the first glimpse of the face. At length the travellers all alighted, but no sailor son was seen, and abruptly a person came and told her her son was drowned. Slowly and gradually she sank to the ground, by the side of a daughter who was standing near. Her loving heart and active brain seemed paralysed with the sudden intelligence."

"What a distressing tale," said the other lady; "it reminds me of one written some years since by a great favourite of mine; perhaps you have heard it; it refers to an only son, who had a very pious, kind mother, but a passionate and cross father. Some angry words passed between the father and son; the lad ran away, embarked on board a vessel, and his home was on the sea for several years. At length the mother became a widow, but the little room where her sailor boy had always slept was kept in order, waiting for his return; the little white curtains floating in the breeze, the roses peeping in at the casement, a Bible on the neatly spread cloth of the table, and the counterpane of many colours arranged as it was wont. By-and-by a letter came, telling the anxious and praying mother that her sailor lad had become sick and was invalided home, and would arrive on a certain day. Sunshine seemed to be spread around that mother's path as she set everything in order, and leaving the kettle singing on the cottage hob, she locked the door, and went forth to meet her precious son.

"At length the coach arrived; she hastened to the coachman and said, 'Have you brought a sailor to the village?' 'No,' said he, in his rough way, 'didn't you know your son was dead and buried four days ago?' The shock was too great for the poor mother's brain, she reeled and fell. A traveller, in order to mitigate her grief, said, 'Oh! perhaps it is not so; he may come to-morrow.' The words, 'come to-morrow,' were all she heard as she recovered consciousness. She treasured them and repeated them again and again, as she returned to her lonely cottage; they seemed to be imprinted on her heart. From that time, every evening at the same hour she was seen anxiously waiting for the coach, and her first words were, 'Is my Willie come?' The coachman, moved with pity for her, answered each day, 'To-morrow,' and each time she went away contented to wait a little longer.

For many years, with her limbs growing weaker, and her hair becoming whiter and thinner on her wrinkled brow, she hurried forth at the sound of the horn to ask the same question, and receive the same reply. When reason sank at the blasting of her hopes, maternal love caught those words and treasured them for a comfort through life."

Oh mothers! sailors' mothers! how little do you know what perils are before your sailor son ere you see him or hear of him, when he leaves the home of his infancy. How cruel, then, must it be of a sailor's mother to fail to commit her ocean child to the care of Him who controls the winds and the waves, and whose ear is ever listening to a mother's fervent prayer. Sailor's wife! Sailor's mother! Pray on in faith, resting on Jesus, at whose voice the storm was hushed.

NOT ONE TOO MANY.—No. II.

"THE day ended, as the longest will, at last, and it came time to go to bed. I had taken Willie to sleep down stairs, near me, since his father's death; the other children slept just above us. Well, when I came to lie down, there was the empty pillow. Baby had always laid his little rosy face as close to mine as he could get it, and slept with one little hand on my neck. All my grief broke out afresh when I thought of him. Willie raised up at last and said earnestly, 'Mother, it's Charlie you are crying for, isn't it?' 'Yes,' I answered, 'I know it's for the best; but oh! it's so hard to give him up.' 'Mother,' continued the child, 'when father died, we knew that it was all for the best, because God took him from us; but I have been thinking, ever since we laid down, how poor little Charlie must be crying for you, and how God gave him to us to love him and keep him, and now you have given him away. If He had meant him to be Mr. and Mrs. Lorimer's baby, wouldn't He have given him to them at first?' The child's words carried more weight with them than all the arguments of my rich neighbours. After considering a moment I said impulsively, 'Oh! if I only had him back, he should never go away any more, no matter how poor we might be.'

"The moon was shining so brightly that it was almost as light as day, and presently Willie said, 'Mother, it's only half a mile across the fields, and they won't go to bed for a long time at Mr. Lorimer's—let us go and get Charlie. Why, mother, I seem to hear him crying now.' Urged by the child's entreaties, and the fond promptings of my own heart, I consented. I think I never walked half a mile so quickly in my life, and neither of us spoke until we reached the mansion. Then we stopped a moment for breath, and sure enough we could hear baby screaming at the top of his voice. We went round to the sitting-room door and knocked. They seemed half frightened when they saw who it was, but asked us in politely. A hired nurse was walking with the child up and down the floor, trying to pacify it. Mrs. Lorimer had wearied herself out, and was lying on a sofa. 'Come to mother,' Willie said, and brought the little fellow to me at once. How he clung to me, still sobbing, yet smiling all the while to find himself in my arms. 'I cannot give him up,' I said at last, when I could get my voice clear, 'you must let me take him home.' They evidently thought me the silliest of women, but their cold words only made me the more determined, and we started back in less than half an hour after we came—I carrying the baby. Willie offered to help me, but I felt as if I could carry him in my arms for ever.

"When I laid him in bed, now fast asleep, but still sobbing and reaching out his little hands to feel if I was there, I said, 'God helping me, I will never part with one of my living children again, come what will; and I never did. I need not tell you how wild with joy the rest of the children were, when they found the baby in bed the next morning. They almost fought over the little fellow, and from that day forth it was their greatest pleasure to amuse Charlie, and have him with them. When the affair came to be known, many blamed me, and many favours that my rich neighbours might have done me they withheld, I think, for my folly, as they called it. But a few poor women, like myself, that had always nursed their own children, said I did right. We had many trials to contend with, and often scarcely a crust of bread in the house. but our hardships only bound us the more closely together. All my children proved comforts and blessings to me. God took care

of one for me, but, as Willie said, we knew that it was for the best. The rest married in the course of time and left me ; but the prop of my old age, the one whose industry and management gives me this plentiful and comfortable home, has never left me since the day I gave him away."

PAGE FOR THE BOYS.

THE BOY WHO COULD NOT TELL A LIE.

LITTLE Willie Dalton had many faults, like all other children. He was sometimes passionate or peevish, and in other ways did what was wrong ; but there was one very good quality which he possessed, and which made him universally beloved—he was perfectly truthful and honest. One look into the bright, trusting, open face that he turned up to you while he answered a question, would have been quite sufficient to convince you that candour and truthfulness only could have given so frank a smile to his rosy lips, or so fearless and straightforward a glance to his merry black eyes. Willie did not always find it easy to speak the truth ; he had often many difficulties to overcome in the performance of this duty, and one day he was sorely tried through his persistence in saying nothing but what was strictly true.

It was a fine morning in summer, just before the holidays, and all the boys, at the school to which Willie went, were in a state of almost uncontrollable excitement at the thought of their departure for home ; and the master being suddenly called from the school-room, all his pupils gave vent to their boisterous delight by jumping about, shouting and singing, overturning the forms, and throwing their pens, writing-books, and rulers against the wall and ceiling—a very pleasant amusement, no doubt, but, as it proved, not so safe as pleasant ; for one poor fellow, as clumsy as he was unfortunate, tossed his great heavy ruler into the air, and in so doing broke the glass over the face of the school clock, and also seriously damaged one of the hands. In an instant the mirth of the boys was hushed ; every face grew solemn with apprehension. At length one of the older boys said, " Listen to me, all of you. We will none of us tell of poor Jim, as if we do, he is sure

to be punished; but when we are asked how the clock was broken, and who did it, we will say, 'We do not know.' All who agree to this, hold up your hands."

A look of relief passed over the countenance of Jim, and all hands were held up, excepting those belonging to our little friend Willie. In a moment the eyes of the boys were directed towards him with an inquiring, and almost an angry expression. Willie's cheek flushed crimson; but he folded his arms quietly on his breast, and turning till he faced his companions, said firmly, "If we say we don't know who broke the clock, boys, it will be a lie, and I cannot tell a lie." At this Jim began to wipe his eyes, and at last stammered out, "You are very unkind, Willie Dalton, to want to tell of me, and get me into trouble." Willie's eyes filled with tears, but he answered with only a slight trembling of the voice, "Jim, I would rather bear the punishment myself than bring it upon you, and I will do anything but tell a lie to save you. All that I can do I will, but I must not say what is not true."

A low murmur of dissatisfaction passed round among the boys at Willie's decision, but there was no time to say more. The door opened, and in walked the master. In one moment he saw the broken glass on the floor, and the long hand of the clock bent almost double; and in a severe voice he called out, "Whoever can have done this? The boy who has broken the clock, come forward." Not a foot moved nearer the master, not a sound was heard, till he spoke again, and said in yet harsher tones, "Is it possible that the boy who has broken the clock is too much of a coward to confess it? Be this as it may, I must find out who he is! Do you know who has done this, Lumley?" continued he, turning to the oldest boy in the first class. The boy addressed lowered his eyes from his master's determined face, and muttered an indistinct "No, Sir." "Don't you know, Pearce? nor you, Goodwin? nor you, Asters?" resumed the preceptor, pointing at each in turn, but still receiving the same answer of "No, Sir."

Another moment or two passed in perfect silence; then the stentorian voice spoke again: "Dalton, come up here." Willie stepped firmly forward till face to face with his master. The latter eyed him keenly, then said, "Do you know, Willie Dalton, who

broke my clock?" "Yes, Sir, I do," replied Willie. The next question followed quickly—it was the one Willie dreaded—"Who was it?" Again the blood rushed to the poor boy's cheek, and his voice faltered audibly as he said, "If you would kindly excuse me, Sir, I would much rather not tell." Once more the master ran his eye keenly over the faces of the boys before him, then he turned to Willie and said, "I give you two things from which to choose: either tell me who the boy is who broke my clock, or suffer yourself the punishment destined for that boy." A gladness shone in the dark eyes of Willie as he replied without hesitation, "Thank you, Sir, I choose the latter."

The master said no more to Willie; only told the rest of the boys that they might retire into the playground, while he proceeded to leave the school-room with his brave little companion. This proof of Willie's kindness, however, after all the hard things that had been said of him, was too much for the remorseful heart of poor Jim. He rushed frantically after the master as he was leaving the school-room, and throwing one arm round Willie's neck, at the same time grasping in his right hand the coat-tail of his worthy instructor, he sobbed, "Don't, don't, Sir; don't punish Willie. It was I who broke the clock, and was afraid to tell. Please, Sir, let Willie go, and take me instead."

If you, dear reader, had been there, and had looked into the master's face at that moment, you would have seen great tears sparkling through his spectacles. Throwing an arm round each of the boys, as each pleaded for the other, he said, with a strangely husky voice, "Jim, my boy, let this be a lesson to you. Willie, you are a noble fellow. My dear lads, I shall punish neither of you." So saying, the master wiped his spectacles, and strode out of the room. We need not describe the gratitude and joy of poor Jim, or the enthusiasm of the whole school, when the two boys came hand in hand into the playground. I have told you enough, I think, to show you that not only is the path of truth the right path, but it is also the safest way in which to walk, because it always leads to the truest happiness. Dear readers, Christ can guide you into *all* truth. Follow in His footsteps, and you will obtain pleasure in the "way," deeper knowledge of the "truth," and at last a blissful entrance into "*life*." M. E. R.

JESSIE WALLACE.—No. II.

“Jessie, I think sometimes your heart is as tender and soft as my dear mother's; and at another time I think it is really grown as hard as a rock.”

YEARS passed on; and under the judicious training of a pious, excellent mother, Jessie became the comfort of her parents and the beloved of the circle in which she moved. Full of life and energy, well educated, and well-trained, Jessie Wallace had become at seventeen a very fascinating and lovely young girl, beloved by all her circle, particularly by her early friend, Colin Campbell; to him she had been betrothed some few months before he went to Edinburgh, where he was now pursuing his studies. Both families were delighted with the prospect of the union of their children, hoping thus to cement the friendship of many, many years. Colin had, indeed, been differently trained from Jessie; for although his parents were exemplary in all their outward deportment, and highly esteemed by their neighbours as moral and generous people, vital godliness was unknown to them. Consequently, the young people had been trained in a different atmosphere; for Jessie, who had received her education from both her parents, had her head full of sound theology, though her heart was as yet untouched by its divine precepts. Jessie and Colin often had little discussions on the subject, generally ending where they began, in lovers' sunshine.

Jessie, who was very fond of study, now earnestly requested that she might be allowed to spend a year or two at a ladies' college, a description of which she received from a young friend who had passed some time there. Her parents pondered over the matter, and then consented to the request of their beloved Jessie: one anxious fear Mrs. Wallace could not throw off, lest her precious one should lose the impressions she had received in early youth, and that it might be found at last that an educational religion was all she had; but she committed her in faith to her heavenly Father. Jessie luxuriated in her new advantages, and amidst her compeers she shone a bright star. Several of the young ladies were decidedly pious, and some were exceedingly gay; among them was an Indian girl who had finished her studies,

and was about to return to her own clime. This young lady was very fond of our Jessie; and often in their long walks, amidst summer beauties, did Jessie try to lead her friend to the contemplation of Jesus on the cross, but in vain.

Once a month a beloved and excellent minister was wont to visit the college, and give the young ladies an address. One day, when he came, he was shown into a parlour where the dark, beautiful girl was playing and singing; so absorbed and delighted was she with her subject, she heard no sound of the minister's footfall, and he stood behind her ready to turn her music. She was singing—

“Cheerful and joyous we trip along,
With beautiful music and cheerful song;
What care we for the clouds of sorrow,
All will be bright again to-morrow.”

The good man whispered in her ear, “I have some music I should like you to sing.” He then placed it before her. She read—

“Angels beckon me away
To a bright and cloudless day;
I'm going to walk in a golden street,
And cast my crown at the Saviour's feet.”

“Oh, dear! I do not care for that sort of thing; you are like my friend Jessie Wallace. It is too dull for me. You see, Jessie has been brought up by a mother who has no taste for the world; but I love it and all its pleasures well.” A long and interesting chat followed, and together they walked to the breakfast parlour, where the address was delivered. His subject was the young man in the Gospel, lovely and loveable, but lacking the one thing of all others the most important. Many young heads were bowed in silent thought, and among them Jessie Wallace;—this proved the deciding point in her young life. Heaven or the world! Heaven was her choice; and from this moment Jessie took up the cross.

She passed a week of deep anxiety, feeling with her favourite Montgomery, “Night is the time to weep.” At the end of the week she wrote to her mother just such a letter as she had been expecting; and to her beloved Colin she wrote a truthful account of the great change which had passed over her life.

THE LITTLE CRIPPLE.

As the superintendent of a Sunday school was one morning going to his business, he turned a little out of his way to visit a poor little girl, who had not been to school for several Sundays, and who had sent a request that he would come and see her, for she was very ill. After seeing her, and hearing from her words which made his heart rejoice, which told how she loved her Saviour, and how she was waiting for the message, "Come up hither," he went on his way, thanking God for this one blessed result of earnest work in His service; but while so engaged, he heard sounds of a very different kind. He stopped and listened, and although he was anxious to get to business, he could not go on till he had ascertained the cause of the sounds, which proceeded from a house near, and which made his heart ache.

Blows and harsh words, mingled with oaths and curses, continued even after the door was opened, for his knock had not been heard. Oh! what a sight! Could it be possible that, so near to the peaceful, happy home he had just left, there could be such a scene? There were those, whom God had made to love each other, full of enmity. The man had struck his wife, who was just rising from the ground, looking fiercer than her husband, and evidently intending to repay evil for evil. Without saying a word, the superintendent stepped up to the man, and placed his hand on his shoulder. He turned round sharply, but the steady and kindly expression which met his look at once made him feel ashamed. The woman began to abuse the stranger for interfering, but without making any remark, or seeming to notice anything unusual, he turned to a corner of the room, in which was crouched a little boy, evidently full of fear, and began talking to him. His affectionate voice and manner soon won the little fellow's heart, and had its effect also upon the father and mother, who stood listening in silence. The spell was broken. Their angry spirits began to calm, and taking advantage of this, the gentleman said, "Would you like your little boy to learn something?" A surly grumble was all the reply. "Would you like to come to Sunday school, my little boy?" His eyes brightened, and he looked up cautiously. "Yes, if ——" "Well, I'll call for you on Sunday

morning, and take you with me." He then said "Goodbye" to them all, and left them, and for some minutes afterwards they might have been seen remaining in the same position in silence.

The unusual manner of the stranger, his perfect unconcern apparently about their quarrel, his kind look and words, seemed to have an effect upon them which they had never felt before. The man went out to his work, the woman sat down listlessly on a broken chair, and for the first time for many a day—thought. In a few minutes the scenes of years gone by came and passed before her—the days when *she* had been accustomed to go to Sunday school; her mother's home, so neat, and tidy, and clean; the joy with which she had looked out of that window, and down that country lane, watching for John, who came once a week from the next village, where he had some work, to take her out for a walk; of the kind and loving words which he spoke to her then; of the calm, sunshiny walk to church across the fields on Sunday morning, over a stile, and down that narrow, shady path, over which the trees met, shutting out the sun, and making it, even on the brightest day, cool and dark; of the happy—oh! how happy—Sabbath afternoons, when, after an hour in the school, she would sit and dream in that little bower, with no sound but the buzzing of the bees as they hovered over the flowers. But *now*, how changed! And why—why? "John does not love me now, as he used to in those happy days; *then* he would do anything for me," and a bitter burst of tears came from that woman's heart; blessed tears—God's gift.

The little boy, who had never before seen his mother shed a tear, was quite overcome, and asked what was the matter? The sound of her boy's voice recalled her to herself. She had forgotten where she was, and the little fellow crawled along to his mother, with feelings which never till now had drawn him there. "Mother, may I go to school with the gentleman?" "Yes, George, but you know you can't walk, and the gentleman won't carry you. I suppose I must take you," and, with a heavy sigh, she turned to make up the fire, which had nearly gone out. The next morning the superintendent, as he went along, thought he would just look in, and see how the little boy was. He was later than on the previous day, and the father had gone to his work. The

conversation was short, and the events of the former visit entirely kept out. After a few words of advice and comfort, and with a promise that he would call again, he left, but he saw in the woman's face that which convinced him that here was soil in which the seed would grow, although the surface appeared hard and ungenial. A silent prayer escaped his heart that God would bless that household.

Sunday morning came. On arriving at the house, the boy was not ready, and as the superintendent could not wait, he made the mother promise to bring the little boy as soon as she possibly could. Soon after the school was opened, with a timid step she came and left George under the care of his new guardian, who at once took him and placed him with some little fellows, who were being taught by a lady, who was not long in gaining the confidence of her little pupil. As soon as he was seated, the teacher began to talk to the little boys, and ask them some questions so as to interest them and keep them from staring at George, or making remarks about him. The time passed very quickly, and George quite longed for the afternoon to come. His mother came for him, and carried him home. After some weeks, by the assistance of the superintendent, a little pair of crutches were bought for George, and the thump, thump of these might always be heard in the schoolroom as soon as the doors were opened. He could now come and go by himself, which was a great treat to him; and he could also be of use to his mother, for he could carry his father's dinner to him, and so save his mother's time, which she was beginning to value.

HE WHO HONOURS GOD, GOD WILL HONOUR.

No. II.

LAST month we left our young friend in the office of the builder, announcing his determination, at all risks, to serve and honour God. His employer, for such we must now term him, though a despiser of all that is good, was far from being angry at his candour, and was evidently drawn towards him with respect. Hence, the next morning found him installed in his new office.

It was a small boarded place, in one corner of the workshop, where a number of men were employed in sawing, planing, and putting together the various parts of a building. A small window at the head of the desk looked out on the shop, and our friend soon saw by their actions that the men were those from whom he could expect no sympathy in divine things. They loved the pleasures of sin more than the ways of God. This greatly pained him, and led him to seek more earnestly that grace which alone could keep him.

Years rolled on, with their accustomed routine of labour, and our hero grew in favour with his employer and those around him. In all he did, he sought strength from on high, which alone could preserve him in the right path; and in the midst of innumerable temptations he was enabled to hold on and to hold out in his resolution of keeping holy the Sabbath day, and to abide by the truth. At last a trial came, which was to put him to the severest test. He had all along maintained his integrity amidst the manifold iniquities and temptations by which he was surrounded, but he was to go through the fire, that he might realize the truth of our motto, "He who honours God, God will honour."

It was Friday, and the busy scenes of the day were drawing to a close, when the head of the firm and our young friend, who had now a wife and family added to his cares, were busily employed in running over an estimate of the day's labour. The sun, which had been pouring its hot rays on the timber stack and the slated roof of the adjoining building, was throwing its remaining beams in at the window where they were sitting, when a gentleman, with angry frown on his brow, appeared at the entrance gate. "Go tell that person I am not at home," said the principal, with a look of fear depicted in his countenance; "I do not wish to see him on any conditions." "How can I say so, Sir?" returned our hero, with a calm and respectful voice; "if I tell a lie *for* you, you must not wonder, when it answers my purpose, if I tell a lie *to* you. No, Sir, I cannot, I dare not do it, whatever may be the result." So saying he took up his hat and retired to the far end of the building. You may be sure that unpleasant looks were the result.

Now there is an old adage, and in many cases a true one, that "one trial comes not alone;" and so it was with this young man.

Scarcely had a week of unpleasantness passed away, when one morning, on going to his desk as usual, he discovered a note addressed to himself, stating that his services were no longer required, and therefore he must leave his situation at the end of the week. With sadness he turned his steps homeward at noon, to relate the sad news to the partner of his joys and sorrows. He knew that it was right to do God's service rather than man's, and that in obeying there was a rich reward; yet he felt his heart sink within him when he saw himself suddenly deprived of the means of obtaining bread for himself and family, and knew how difficult it was to procure another situation. Oh! with what earnestness did he plead at the throne of grace that the spirit of wisdom, knowledge, and submission might be granted in this distressing hour; that whatever might be the result, he might have strength to honour God in the cloud as well as in the sunshine; and whilst he was pleading, a peace which the world can neither give nor take away, crept over his spirits, and he felt assured that Jehovah in some way or other would provide.

At length the day came when he was to turn his back on the place where he had laboured many years and go forth, not knowing whither to go. But He who is rich in mercy knew the steps he had taken and what trial he had to endure, and was about to provide in a way he little imagined.

"The mount of danger is the place
Where God displays surprising grace."

I have often noticed that in the hour of sorrow and trial, those who serve God are sure to witness, sooner or later, some clear manifestation of God's providential care. It was so at this juncture of our history. Monday came and with it a wonder how its necessities were to be met. But He who has all power knew where the treasury was, and as this young man wandered out in search of employ, his eye suddenly caught sight of something glistening amidst the dust of the road, and on stooping down he found to his astonishment that it was a piece of money sufficient for that day's requirements. Tuesday came and the like circumstance was repeated. Wednesday, and there was no lack. Thursday came, but the mysterious supply had ceased, there was

no necessity for its repetition. A way of employment had opened, and our hero found himself installed in an office where he realized all that was required for the comfort of himself and those dear to him.

Years have intervened between that period and the present, years of trial and difficulties, mingled with innumerable mercies; but the remembrance of God's goodness and care, as then displayed in the experience of your, then young, but now old, friend Anthony, has often soothed, solaced, and brightened up his rugged pathway to eternity. And when new trials have come, and dark forebodings have been realized, he has had only to look back to that season, and his belief in the promises of God has been made firm, to the rejoicing of the heart and to the confirmation of his trust in the motto he has chosen, "He that honoureth God, God will honour."

OLD ANTHONY.

THE WISH OF THE MOTHERLESS CHILD.

"I WANT to go home," said a weary child,
With earnest gaze, in accents mild;
"I want to go home, for ma is there,
And my sweet little sister with flaxen hair:

I want to go
Away from woe;
Oh, let me go home!

"She told me to ask that I might rest
Up in the city where all are blest;
I want to go home, for I am sad;
And there's nobody here to make me glad.

Oh, let me fly
Up to the sky;
Pray let me go home.

"Many a time in the dark, dark night
Nurse goes away and takes the light;
It was not so when mamma was by;
If *she* heard my voice, *she* would run and fly.

Dear ma, come back to me,
Or let me come to thee;
Do, do let me go home!

" Before mamma went away for ever,
Over the dark and dreary river,
She told me that Jesus, up in the sky,
Would listen to hear my infant cry.
I am never glad ;
I am always sad ;
Take me, oh ! take me ; pray, take me home !"

LITTLE SAMUEL.

A LITTLE fellow returned one hot summer's afternoon from amusing himself with his kind nurse in one of the beautiful squares of D——. He found his dear mamma very ill indeed, and thought that she was very soon to die and leave him all alone. After the child had kissed her, he went out of the room, and, kneeling down on the stairs, he prayed his simple prayer, where no earthly eye could see him, that " God would, for the sake of Jesus Christ, leave him dear mamma, and he would try and be a better boy and love his mother more, and endeavour to do whatever she told him." God heard his prayer, and his mamma *was* spared.

Oh ! how happy little Samuel felt when that dear one was once more able to put him to bed at night, and kneel down with him next his little bed, to hold his tiny hands together as she breathed her petition for her only boy, and made him repeat after her, " God bless dearest mamma and papa, and dear sissy, and make me kind to dear nurse ; God pardon all my sins, and make me His dear child by His Holy Spirit, for Jesus' sake, Amen."

Sometimes, however, Samuel grieved his mother very much ; and afterwards he would be *very* sorry, and go to her to ask her to forgive him, and give him a kiss *to show* she loved him still. Then dear mamma would tell him that he must ask Jesus Christ to blot out all his sins ; for He was *so* full of love that He would not only forgive him, but grant him a " new heart," and make him very, *very* happy.

There was one day, and his mother missed something which had been stolen by somebody ; and oh ! little Samuel felt very unhappy, because he *thought* he might be suspected as the thief. His mother saw the clouded brow of her son, and wondered why he looked so miserable. At last she saw the tears in the dear boy's

eyes ; and when she was putting him to bed that night, he clung closely to her bosom, and cried as though his heart would break. " Oh ! mamma—dear mamma, I did not take it ; *indeed* I did not ! " he sobbed, " dear mamma, I am *so* unhappy, lest you should think I took it. " " My darling child, I *never* thought you took it. What made you think such a thing ? " " Oh, mamma, I was afraid to say anything about it ; but you looked so sad all day ; I thought you were angry with me, *for you did not kiss me after dinner.* "

His mother then remembered, that during the search for the missing box of comfits, fearing lest some little thief was among the household unknown to her (for many children were accustomed to meet at the kind lady's house), in her anxiety she had forgotten to kiss her child, and he supposed it was because his dear mamma thought *he* was the one who took the box.

Oh ! how joyfully Samuel lay down when he was assured that he was *never* suspected ; for his mother would not *even think* he would do anything wrong *until she knew it.*

Now, I hope every dear child who reads this story will never make themselves unhappy like little Samuel, as I am sure their mammas and papas are too wise ever to imagine their little ones thieves, unless they have very good reason indeed. But suppose this little boy had taken what was not his *before*, do you think his loving mamma would be *so very sure* he did not steal the box ? I am afraid not.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MOTHER'S DYING TESTIMONY.

THE other day I was addressed by a gentleman when walking. I did not know him, but he knew me, and we got into conversation on religious subjects. He spoke of his mother ; evidently he revered the memory of his mother. " Oh ! Sir, " he said, " I well remember one day, as I was watching by my mother's death-bed, she could scarcely move, and only spoke in a whisper, a

thought crossed me, and I said to her, 'Mother, mother, do you believe *now* all that you used to teach us *when we were children*?' I had scarcely uttered the words, when, to my astonishment, she raised herself on her side, and looking steadily at me, said, 'Yes, my boy; every word.' She laid down, and never spoke more, but soon passed away. I never can and never shall forget that." Did this young man not reveal his mother's care and anxiety for her children?

LITTLE CARRIE.

"AFTER two days' illness," short warning for the loving mother to yield up one so dear to her, but with the sunset of the second day, the "reaper" came and gathered the little flower to bloom in the garden of the new Jerusalem. Weeping mothers may know "it is well" with their little ones, but it is hard to lose the clinging clasp of those little arms, to know that those little eyes will never again seek yours, that the little lips will never more press kisses on your cheek, to know that you must walk along life's pathway, while that little golden head that made sunshine in your home is lying beneath the green grass; that the sweet, prattling voice is hushed in an everlasting silence, and your friends come and go with a softer footfall and hushed tones, for they know your heart is with your dead child. But "it was not in cruelty" the "reaper" came for your lost darling. It "was an angel" that took your flower to bloom in the courts of Paradise. Oh! I know that the bright, blue sky, the gleaming sunlight and sweet flowers, seem to make your sad heart sadder still, and your thoughts wander back to the time when your Carrie loved the sunlight and the flowers, and you feel how hard it is to say, "Thy will be done." God only knows how deep is the grief in a mother's heart when she sees her first-born sleep the sleep that knows no waking. But He who afflicts also comforts, and He who comforted the widow of Nain can comfort you.

LETTIE LEE.

CHRIST AND THE LITTLE ONES.

"THE Master has come over Jordan,"
 Said Hannah, the mother, one day;
 "He is healing the people who throng Him
 With a touch of His finger, they say.
 And now I shall carry the children—
 Little Rachel, and Samuel and John;
 I shall carry the baby, Esther,
 For the Lord to look upon."

The father looked at her kindly,
 But he shook his head and smiled;
 "Now, who but a doating mother
 Would think of a thing so wild?
 If the children were tortured by demons,
 Or dying of fever, 'twere well;
 Or had they the taint of the leper,
 Like many in Israel."

"Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan,
 I feel such a burden of care;
 If I carry it to the Master,
 Perhaps I shall leave it there.
 If He lay His hand on the children,
 My heart will be lighter, I know;
 For a blessing for ever and ever
 Will follow them as they go."

So over the hills of Judah,
 Along by the vine-rows green,
 With Esther asleep on her bosom,
 And Rachel her brothers between;
 'Mong the people who hung on His teaching,
 Or waited His touch and His word,
 Through the row of proud Pharisees list'ning,
 She pressed to the feet of the Lord.

"Now, why should'st thou hinder the Master,"
 Said Peter, "with children like these?
 See'st not how from morning till evening
 He teacheth, and healeth disease?"
 Then Christ said, "Forbid not the children,
 Permit them to come unto me;"
 And He took in His arms little Esther,
 And Rachel He sat on His knee.

And the heavy heart of the mother
 Was lifted all earth-care above,
 As He laid His hands on the brothers,
 And bless'd them with tenderest love;
 As He said of the babes in His bosom,
 "Of such are the kingdom of heaven;"
 And strength for all duty and trial
 That hour to her spirit was given.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

A CHILD'S REPROOF.

ONE morning I had been taking a customary morning walk, but was rather later in my return than usual, and I had therefore kept breakfast waiting. On reaching home I found my eldest little girl, who is just two years and six months old, and her mamma both expecting me; and mamma feeling some little vexation at my delay, expressed it in her manner and blamed me for keeping them so long. The little ears heard, the eye noticed it, and looking up innocently in her mamma's face said, "Why don't you speak pitty (pretty), mamma?" Need I add that mamma felt the reproof.

THE MECK.

A missionary in Jamaica was questioning the little boys on Matthew the fifth and asked "Who are the meek?" A boy answered, "Those who give soft answers to rough questions."

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

The peculiar mission of woman and the peculiar source of her influence consists in the application of large principles to small duties.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Mountain Journey; or, the Way to Heaven. A True Story. London: Macintosh.

A little book that will interest our young friends and teach them many

JESSIE WALLACE.—No. III.

“Jessie, I think sometimes your heart is as tender and soft as my dear mother’s; and at another time I think it is really grown as hard as a rock.”

How differently were hearts affected by Jessie’s letters. They caused joy and gladness in her father’s house, but sorrow, disappointment, and almost anger, in Colin Campbell’s student home in Edinburgh. In the bitterness of his heart he wrote poor Jessie an unloving letter, calling her silly if not mad; pouring forth angry words on all around her for making his Jessie a fanatic and enthusiast, ending by telling her she would destroy all his future happiness. Poor Jessie was not prepared for this; she, in the simplicity of her heart and the zeal of her new life, thought it was only to tell him of her new-found happiness and he would be ready to share it with her. Alas! she had a hard lesson to learn. Little did she imagine how much she would need shoes of iron and brass to tread her thorny path, and carry the cross in her youthful days. After her burst of anguish she wrote to him a gentle, loving letter, telling him she could never regret entering the path she had chosen, and pointing out to him the joy which would be found at the end of her journey, and encouraging him to walk with her in the path of life. Thus months passed on, Jessie’s letters were continued, full of love and hopefulness, Colin’s full of bitterness, disappointment, and anger.

The time now drew near for Jessie to return home, her studies over, her resolutions taken, her character formed. Greatly she longed to pour her heart’s sorrows into her loving mother’s bosom, and greatly she needed all the wise counsel a loving mother could give. The minister came to give his last address to the young ladies, many of whom he would see, on our earth no more. He had been from home for health and rest, and he told them of two cases, in which, in the early part of his ministry, God had made him useful. He said, in heaven, if not on earth, he might know he had not laboured in vain among their little group. He told them that in passing down a street in a far-distant town, he was surprised to be seized by the arm by a lady with a flushed face, elegantly dressed, but without bonnet or shawl, who requested him to

enter her home—a mansion near at hand. He consented. Shutting the door, she said, “You do not remember me.” “No.” “I was Mary Glenn, to whom you once spoke of Jesus and heaven; I am now the mother of five boys, and to *you* they are indebted for a mother who can point out to them the path of life.”

In another place he had been taken to dine with a gentleman, whose name he had never heard; at the head of the table sat a lovely woman, who told him with a merry laugh that she was “once little Hannah Lee, who heard from him the way to heaven.” During the repast the good minister felt that Hannah had not yet entered on that upward path. In the garden, after dinner, he took his seat by this lady’s side, in a pleasant arbour; here he reminded her of life’s brief season, of eternity’s duration, and of the necessity of making ready here by walking with Jesus. He left her amid tears, with a solemn promise that she would seek the hidden pearl, the one thing needful. One more instance of this gentleman’s usefulness and we bid him farewell. A few years after this, when his hair was blanched, and his eyes dim, a lady called at his house. “I am just arrived from India,” said she, “and I bring a message from one who I hope and believe is among the angels in heaven. I was called to the dying bed of a beautiful girl, to whom you gave a piece of music as she was about to leave the college. Your words entered her heart, and led her to Jesus, under the influence of the Spirit of God. ‘Call upon this beloved friend,’ said she, ‘as soon as you reach England, and tell him

Angels beckon me away
To a bright and cloudless day,
I’m going to walk in a golden street,
And cast my crown at the Saviour’s feet.’

An hour after, with a smiling face and outstretched hands, she passed away to the spirit-land.” Together the lady and the aged minister wept as he repeated the words, “Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.”

THE LITTLE CRIPPLE.—No II.

GEORGE’S father had now become a cab-driver, and George used to go with his dinner every day to the stand, and if his

father was away with "a fare" he would sit down on a pail turned up and wait till he returned ; then, when his father had finished, he would take the basin and cloth back to his home. George used to take with him a little Bible, which his teacher had given him, and while he waited would try to read some of it. He found it rather difficult by himself, and he longed to ask his father to help him, but he was afraid to do so. However, one day he said, "George, what book is that? you seem very much taken with it." "Oh, it is the nice book my teacher gave me; will you let me sit on the box by you while you eat your dinner, and let me try and read some of it to you?" The father seemed not much to like it, at first, lest the other men should laugh at him, but he let him try, and George with a little difficulty read the simple story of God's love to sinners, and how He sent His Son into the world to save them; he did not read much at a time, but quite enough for the father to think about for the rest of the day. Sometimes he would try and forget all about it, but it *would* come into his mind; sentences seemed to be written in bright letters right in front of him.

George was getting on nicely at school, and began to grow in wisdom, though he grew little in stature. He often wished that he was like other boys, and one day he asked his teacher if God could cure him of his lameness. "Oh yes," said the teacher, "if He likes, He can do anything, but He can do something far better than that for you; He can cure your crippled soul and make that well, and He can make you quite as useful and quite as happy as you are. So, if I were you, I would ask God to 'make me very useful;' if He wants you to be well, He will make you well; but if not, you will not mind then." So George used to pray that "Jesus would make him very useful," and he often thought when he prayed, "Now how can I be useful *to-day*."

He soon began to wish that he could make his mother feel what he felt, that she might be happy; for ever since the gentleman had called on that morning she had seemed so unhappy. George had learnt that the only way to be really happy was to love God and have his sins pardoned and his heart changed by being washed in Christ's blood; and he asked God to teach him how to bring his mother to Him. Rather a strange plan came to his mind; he

went up to his mother and said, "Mother, would you like me to be well and strong?" "Why yes, boy, of course I should." "Well, I have heard of a doctor who can cure me." "Nonsense, you were born lame, no doctor can cure you." "Oh, but mother, he has cured some who *were* born lame, and He does not charge poor people anything." "Where does he live? I never heard such a thing." "If you will go, I will show you," said George, "and you know it can do no harm to try." His mother said some day she would go perhaps.

George would not let her rest. One day he said, "Mother, I wish you would go, perhaps the doctor will go away and leave this part; you put on your bonnet and shawl and come now." The woman thought there would be no harm in trying, it would be a nice thing if her boy were strong, so she went into the next room to get ready. George followed her, and closing the door, took his mother by the hand and drew her towards the bed, and without a word to her knelt down, and looking up poured out his little heart in earnest prayer to the Great Physician, *not* to cure his lameness, but to heal his soul; and to give his dear father and mother new hearts, to wash away their sins, and make them all happy.

His mother, without at first knowing it, sank on her knees as the earnest words of her boy were drawing down the blessing. He flung his arms round her neck and kissed her, and said, "Oh, dear mother, come to Jesus, whosoever cometh He will in no wise cast out." He asked so simply, and looked so lovely, that his mother, as she saw him, felt how wicked she had been, and a crowd of early thoughts, hymns and texts, learnt and long forgotten, came into her mind. For some time they were both silent, but the unuttered thoughts of those two broken hearts were being recorded above, and the answer in part had come to the prayer "make me very useful," and a blessing for that mother was ready when she should only ask for it.

George's delight was great, but it was not to end here; his reading to his father on the cab-stand was having its effect; God was blessing this weak attempt of the boy, and that stubborn will and hard heart was bending; on this very day he determined to tell his wife that he meant to live a better life, but as he neared

his home his courage failed him. He was trusting in his own strength, and God meant to teach him this was useless. He entered his house in rather a cross mood; nothing pleased him; his wife's efforts to make him happy, as she had made up her mind she would, only seemed to irritate him; he saw things were different, but never thought how welcome would be a word, a look of love. But this mood was not to last; his wife was too happy to let him alone, and after they had finished supper she said timidly, and not without great misgivings, "John, I have been thinking a great deal about old days; do you remember that evening, when you and I sat together in father's garden, how happy we were? and I have been thinking why should not we be happy now, just as we were then; do you know I have come to think the reason why we are so changed is, because we have forgotten to ask God to make us happy; will you kneel down with me and pray?"

To her surprise he immediately knelt down, and in words which went to her heart, poured out his soul to God, and told Him, what he could not tell his wife, that he loved Him. After rising from prayer he took from his pocket George's Bible, and opening it in several places read, "God so loved the world that He sent His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life;" "God is love;" "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" "*Whosoever* will, let him come." "Jane dear, I have come and found Him, and I wanted to tell you, and ask you to come with me, but I find that you are there already." "Yes, John," said his wife, looking up with tears of joy, "God has heard our little lad's prayer, 'Make me very useful.'"

What a different home that was after that day! No more harsh or unkind words; no more blows or threats. Jesus Christ had come to live there, and all was made as nice and comfortable as if He in His visible body had come as a Prince to honour that dwelling. That family lived with Christ daily, and they ever tried to live as they prayed George's little petition, "O God, for the sake of Jesus, make us very useful."

HORACE.

TO OUR READERS.

WE have great pleasure in presenting our readers with the accompanying paper, sent to us by a French lady who takes a deep interest in our work, and, indeed, in all other works likely to do parents good. Her heart beats in unison with ours, being herself a loving young mother. It matters not in what language the cradle song is sung, nor in what climate the babe opens its eyes upon this world of ours. It may be on Greenland's icy mountains, in the wigwam of India, on the sultry plains of Africa, or in the refined homes of England or France; wherever it may be, every heart responds to the name of "mother."

AN AWFUL WARNING TO PARENTS.

AN AUTHENTIC AND RECENT FACT.

In a small and retired village, about twenty miles distant from a beautiful city in the north of France, lived a respectable couple, whose dearest earthly treasure was a fine and promising son. The child grew, and the parents' humble trade prospered well. Their chief employment, besides a little farm, consisted in buying and selling butter on a large scale, and carrying it with their own horse and cart to market in the neighbouring towns. We must not omit to state that Mr. and Mrs. E—— were zealous Protestants, and belonged to a little flock of evangelical Christians, which for many years had flourished in the above-mentioned village. A pastor came once a month from the large city to preach in their little place of worship. In his absence they did not forget the assemblies, and Mr. E—— was one of those whose office it was then to conduct the service.

At the age of twenty-one, which is that appointed for every Frenchman to draw at the conscription, Henri E—— drew an unfavourable number, and his parents paid at once £120 to rescue him from military service. It was a very large expense for their means, but they did not consider it too great for their darling child. Three months later Henri made, in the neighbouring city of B——, the acquaintance of a very winning and pretty young

woman. She also was an only child, and of ample pecuniary means. This connexion seemed very suitable, and was agreeable to all parties concerned; but one great obstacle stood in the way. The father of the young lady was chief clerk and leader of the singing choir in the fine Romish cathedral of that place; he was, besides, tailor to the greater part of the clerical body, which is very numerous there. It was he that made the ecclesiastical garments, of which there are such various sorts and shapes. Thus his business was an important one. He was not from the heart attached to his religion, but he felt that he needed the patronage of the priests, and would at once lose it if his daughter married a Protestant.

The great tempter of souls suggested to this contemptible man a way of bringing about the desired union without injuring his worldly prospects. On the contrary, this measure would raise him many inches higher in the opinion of all the ecclesiastical body. He proposed this plan to Henri's parents, who at first shuddered at the idea, then hesitated, and at last gave their full consent. Surely they had not prayed for grace to withstand the temptation. This is how the thing was settled. Henri was to abjure solemnly and publicly the Protestant faith in the cathedral, and to be baptised according to the Romish rites, previous to his being married in the same place. "After that," added the worldly man, "my daughter will go and reside in her husband's village, and who can know what they do in that secluded spot? I shall not care about it; they may then both follow the Protestant worship if it pleases them." So this awful bargain was struck—bargain of souls, we might say—the day was fixed, and it began to be known.

Mr. E——'s Christian friends, both in town and in his village, asked him if the report could be true. They remonstrated with him energetically, they entreated; but he had hardened his heart, and would not be moved. His invariable answer was, "Whatever be the cost, it shall be done." And now hardly a week had to be got through before the wedding. Everything seemed to go smoothly, when Henri, full of health and strength, was attacked by a violent disease, and after four days' illness he was no more! At the very time when the grand cathedral bells were to have been

ringing for Henri's baptism and marriage, a very mournful group was accompanying his mortal remains to the little village churchyard, for the day which had been fixed for the wedding was the one on which the evangelical pastor preached over the young man's grave from the twenty-second chapter of Genesis. And who shall describe the fearful awakening of the wretched parents from their treacherous delusion. How strongly they felt at that terrible time the hand of their divine Master, who had arrested them as they were on the point of sacrificing their only son's eternal soul.

HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.

Hope on, hope ever, whatsoever
 Little sorrows may be thine;
 Storms can never last for ever,
 Brightly summer suns will shine.

Hope on, hope ever, nought can sever
All the evil from the good;
 E'en with gladness cometh sadness:
 It is fittest that it should.

Hope on, hope ever, altogether
 Trusting in a higher hand;
 Trials testing, hopes thus resting,
 Firmly evermore shall stand.

L. L.

AMY LESTER; OR, GOOD FOR EVIL.

"AMY, my child, what are you thinking about this evening?" said Mrs. Lester to her little daughter, who, contrary to her usual habit, was sitting idle upon a stool at her mother's feet, with her face buried in her hands. Amy looked up, and showed a sweet, pale countenance, and deep, earnest eyes, on whose dark lashes bright tears were glistening. "Mother," she said, laying her little hand on her mother's, and speaking in loud tones; "I don't know how it is, but Fanny Gray seems almost to hate me. Yesterday, when the teacher was out of the room, she called me

names, and said I was a deceitful girl, the most artful little minx she had ever seen. And yet, mother, I try never to provoke her; indeed, I keep out of her way as much as I can, for she is always trying to get me into trouble. To-day, while I left the school-room to wash my slate, she blotted my copy-book and broke my pencil; and when I told her how grieved I was she should have done this, and how angry the schoolmistress would be with me, she laughed and said it would do me good to be scolded a little, for I never was spoken to but in words of praise. And now, mother dear," continued Amy, wearily laying her head, with its clustering black curls, on Mrs. Lester's knee, "what shall I do about Fanny? I cannot bear to tell tales of her, and get her punished, and yet what else can be done?"

Mrs. Lester put aside her work, and stooping, fondly kissed the brow of her little girl, while she said in soothing tones, "Amy dear, you are right in not wishing to have Fanny punished. I think I can tell you a way by which you can even make her your friend." Amy started up eagerly. "Can you, mother?" she exclaimed; "oh! do tell me how." Mrs. Lester smiled and said, "The method I would have you adopt in order to accomplish your object is a simple one, and taught us by our blessed Saviour himself—it is the law of love. For every unkindness that Fanny shows you, my darling, show her a kindness in return. Prove to her that you wish to love her, in spite of all she can do or say against you. Try this for a while, and then tell me how my plan works."

Amy's face brightened, and she resolved that the following day should see the experiment tried. She had ample opportunity the next morning at school for the exercise of forbearance, for Fanny was more than usually unkind and provoking; but Amy kept her temper, replied gently, and tried to follow her mother's good advice. Once, however, her patience was sorely tried. She was crossing the room with an inkstand newly filled in her hand, when Fanny, quickly passing by, purposely jostled against her so rudely that the inkstand was thrown out of her hand, while the ink was spilt upon the floor and upon Amy's own neat dress.

The angry tears started to the poor child's eyes, and she was on the point of saying, "Fanny, how could you be so unkind?" when

the thought of "conquering by love" came into her mind, and without speaking, she quietly helped to sponge up the ink and collect the fragments of broken glass which lay strewn over the floor, sustaining without a murmur the reprimand which the schoolmistress bestowed upon her for her supposed carelessness.

Recess time came, and the girls joyfully laid aside their books, and ran out into a little field adjoining, where they generally amused themselves from twelve till one o'clock on fine summer mornings. Amy was about to follow the example of her school-fellows, when she heard a low sob in one corner of the room, and looking up, she saw Fanny Gray bending over a lesson-book, with her face turned towards the wall. Amy did not stay to look twice. Lightly she crossed the school-room, and laying her hand gently on Fanny's shoulder, said softly, "Fanny dear, I should like to help you, if I could; don't cry." "Get away, Amy," said Fanny, fumbling uneasily for her pocket-handkerchief, which, however, she was unsuccessful in finding. "No, don't say so," replied Amy, kindly; "don't send me away. See, here's my handkerchief; now wipe your eyes, and show me your lesson. Perhaps I may be able to help you."

Without making any other reply, Fanny wiped her eyes with the offered handkerchief, and pushed her book towards Amy. The movement was ungracious enough, but the kind-hearted little girl accepted it as a sign of good, and diligently applying herself to the study of the task over which Fanny had been employed, soon so far conquered it as to be able to explain away the difficulties which her companion had found insurmountable. Fanny volunteered no thanks. Abruptly turning from Amy, the moment the book was returned, she said, "You'd better go now; I don't want you any more." Amy was about to move away hurt, but a new impulse seized her. Suddenly throwing an arm across Fanny's shoulder, and laying her cheek against that of the refractory girl, she whispered earnestly, "Fanny dear, *do* be friends with me. I want to love you, if you will only let me. I do love you, whether you want my love or not. Kiss me, Fanny, and say we shall be friends."

There was a moment's pause; then, as Amy was once more about to turn away disheartened, there was a quick movement on

the part of Fanny. Starting from her seat, and throwing both arms round Amy's neck, she cried as if her heart would break. "Oh! Amy," she sobbed, "forgive me, forgive me. You are so good and kind, and I have been so wicked. Will you forgive me and love me, if I try to be better?" Amy's tears flowed almost as quickly as those of poor, repentant Fanny, as she returned the warm embrace of her newly-found friend, and felt how great was the melting power of love.

That evening, as Mrs. Lester was sitting at work by the open window, Amy, with a glowing face and sparkling eyes, ran up the garden walk, and entering the house, threw herself into a seat beside her mother, and said in a voice which literally trembled with joyous emotion, "Mother dear, your plan has succeeded; love has conquered. Fanny and I are friends." My dear readers, little Amy's happy experience may be that of each one of you, if you will but seek to follow the teachings and example of our blessed Master, "who, when He was reviled, reviled not again, and when He suffered, threatened not."

Few of our fellow-creatures are so hard as to sin against continued love and kindness. Take my word for it, all who think it worth while to read this little story, Amy Lester need not be the only individual made happy by the blessed results of returning good for evil.

M. E. R.

LITTLE SAMUEL.—No. II.

ONE day, on returning from school, little Samuel was told that a near and very dear relative was dead—had passed away to dwell with her Saviour for ever. The intelligence was quite unexpected, and brought the thought to his mind, "Must I too die?" He followed the precious clay, and saw it lowered into the cold, damp tomb, and like one in a dream beheld the earth thrown upon the coffin-lid as the words were uttered, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." "Is it possible," he thought, "that *she* can be gone who loved me so dearly, who spoke to me so often of heaven and Jesus, and told me *He* could bring me to be with himself throughout eternity?" and he resolved to remember her

words. However, Sam seemed to think that the more he tried to do right, the more he felt that all was wrong with him. He did his best to be kind and affectionate to his little sister, but still evil temper would often show itself, and leave him so disheartened about his best endeavours that he felt almost inclined to give up in despair. Ah! the secret of little Sam's unhappiness was, he tried to do right all *in his own strength*. This showed itself very clearly upon one or two occasions.

He had a very beautiful little dog, and he and his dog were very much attached to each other, so that wherever Sam went, Niggie went. Sometimes Niggie's bark would be heard as you passed along the road, and you might then be sure little Sam would soon appear. Now, it happened that a schoolfellow of Sam's had some ill-will against him, and endeavoured to annoy him as much as possible. The truth was, Sam's schoolfellow was envious of the attention and love all the boys bestowed upon his young companion. He waited for some opportunity of showing his dislike, and resolved to do something or other to Niggie, Sam's especial favourite. The desired opportunity soon occurred, and what was the consternation of Niggie's little master when he found his dog one morning drowned in the river, a stone having been tied around its neck. Who could have done such a thing? The whole school agreed that it was Robert Tarleton, who confessed he had done it, and seemed to take pleasure in seeing the grief of one he had treated so unkindly. They all joined together and determined to punish Robert, but Sam stepped forward and said, "No, don't take any vengeance; I forgive him;" and he immediately went over and told Robert so, who was so astonished at the act, *apparently* so generous, that he at once said he was sorry, and would not vex him again.

When Sam returned home, the first thing he did was to tell his sister and aunt what he had done. His aunt seemed much pleased at the manner he forgave the unkind act, but his father said little in praise. Just before he was about to go to bed, his father called him, and made him turn to the sixth chapter of Matthew's Gospel. "Now," he said, "read the first verse." Samuel read, "Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them; otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven."

"Look at the margin of your Bible, and tell me what is the other meaning for 'alms.' " "Righteousness," said Samuel. "Now," said his father, "have you *in any way* broken that command to-day? Did you do any action before others *merely to be seen of them?*" "Oh! papa, I know what you mean. I shook hands with Robert, and said I forgave him, *only to get praise from my schoolfellows.*" "Yes, my child, that was it. Remember, we are to try and do right only to please our Father who is in heaven. May He teach my darling boy to do everything as in His sight, and not to love 'the praise of men more than the praise of God.'" "Oh! dear papa," said the penitent son, "now I know *why* it was I seemed to do everything wrong, and that the more I tried to do right, the more difficult it appeared to be. I was doing *all in my own strength*; now I see I must have God to help me, and give me His Spirit to enable me to think and act as I should."

Little Sam slept happily that night, and he felt determined to seek daily grace to help him in the time of need, and he learned this lesson, "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool."

A MOTHER'S PRAYERS ANSWERED.

THE shadows of evening were gathering fast around the little village of Ashley, as it lay peacefully reposing in the quiet valley, completely surrounded by hills. The sun had long since disappeared below the horizon, but a faint golden light still lingered, shedding a wondrous beauty over hill and dale, and stealing gently in at the open window of the sitting-room of Woodbine Cottage, where in the beautiful summer twilight sat a mother and son deeply engaged in conversation. There was an earnest pleading tone in the mother's voice as she said, "Harry, my son, this time to-morrow you will be far away. Will you promise me, ere you leave your childhood's home, that you will not engage in any pursuit or mingle in any company that your father and I would disapprove of?"

The youth rose from his seat, and taking his mother's hand, gazed unflinchingly and steadily into the deep blue eyes bent so lovingly upon him, as he said, "I do solemnly promise, dear mother; but, indeed, you need not be so anxious about me, my

love for study will keep me from much temptation. My ambition, as you know, is to be a great man—one of the ‘lights of the world’—and although I am aware that the struggle will be a hard one, yet I feel certain that in the end I shall conquer, and take my place among the noble and great of the land.” A tear dimmed the mother’s eye as she imprinted a fond kiss on his brow, saying, “Harry dearest, while you are picturing such a bright future for yourself, I could not help thinking of those words of our Saviour, ‘What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?’ Oh! my dear boy, it would give your mother more joy to see you a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, than to behold you shine among the heroes of fame; for the honours of earth are at best altogether unsatisfying, and the laurels of worldly greatness wither and fade, but in the love of Christ there is perfect happiness, rest, and peace. The aspirant after earthly honour meets with disappointment and trouble, but amid all the storms of life the Christian stands calm and secure, for his anchor is fixed on the Rock of Ages. Believe me, my dear Harry, if all your aims are centred on earth, you will be grievously disappointed if you think to find happiness; for without Christ there is no real happiness—all is vanity and vexation of spirit. But we must not linger, my boy; you will have to rise early in the morning, and you need rest, for you look wearied and tired already. Good night, my son, and may the God of Israel bless you evermore.” The mother and son separated for the night; one retired to rest, and soon forgot everything in sleep; the other entered her room, and knelt, long and earnestly pleading with God for the salvation of her boy.

Harry Lloyd was the son of many prayers from his earliest childhood. His father’s counsels and his gentle mother’s admonitions had been directed to train up their son in the fear of the Lord, but as yet the seed sown seemed to have taken no root. Though dutiful and amiable, he was yet a wanderer from the narrow way, still an “alien from the commonwealth of Israel.” His nineteenth birthday passed. Henry had obtained a situation in the gay city of Bath, and well did the mother know that many temptations would assail the proud, sensitive heart of her son, and she knew, too, that in his own strength he would never overcome

them. Long did she plead with God on this night. Morning dawned ere her eyes closed in sleep, but when she awoke a sweet peace filled her soul, and she felt that in His own good time God would answer her prayers on Harry's behalf.

We will not dwell on the parting scene. Suffice it to say, that on the morrow Harry Lloyd bade farewell to his father's roof, and entered on his duties in the establishment of Messrs. Clyde and Newby, in the city of Bath. He found he had not so much time for study as he had anticipated; but wherever he went, in the office or counting-house, alike in his quiet hours and in the whirl of business, his mother's words continually haunted him; and when, ever and anon, dreams of future greatness flitted across his brain, with a vivid distinctness came those words—the words she had quoted—"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" For more than two years did Harry Lloyd struggle against conviction; then he consecrated himself wholly to Christ, and laying his pride and ambition at the foot of the Cross, arose a new creature, saying, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

* * * * *

Another year passed away, and a crowd were assembled on the sea-shore to witness the departure of a young missionary to a foreign land. In the manly form on deck we recognise our old friend Harry, who has devoted himself to the missionary work, and who is now, with his young wife, setting out for the field of labour. On the shore, foremost of the crowd, stands his mother watching the fast-receding ship, and as it disappears from her sight, she says in the fulness of her heart, "Lord, I thank thee." Mothers! take courage, pray on, and you shall have a blessing.

L. S. C.

CHILDREN'S TROUBLES.

A LITTLE child lay on a grassy bank,
Midst the lovely flowers of May;
No merry sound came from his rosy lips
As among the flowers he lay.

But a deep, deep sigh, heaved up from his breast,
 And a tear glistened in his eye,
 Sorrow or trouble was on that child,
 And I could not pass him by.

I stopp'd and inquired what his sorrows were,
 Or if he was suffering pain,
 But scarce did his blue eyes gaze on my face
 Than he turned them away again.

"Can you not tell me, my dear little boy,
 What is it that grieves thy heart?
 Hast thou no brothers to join thee in play,
 No sister to take thy part?"

These words spoken gently, the troubled child
 Turned his eyes on me and spoke;
 "The kite papa made I was trying to fly,
 It caught on a tree and broke."

I searched for the plaything, and found it near
 To where the little one lay,
 The rent and the fracture I soon repaired,
 And coax'd him again to play.

Then his merry laugh and his joyful shout,
 And the smile on his rosy face,
 Told me his sorrow and grief was past,
 So I turned and left the place.

How great is the little one's grief and pain,
 At the loss of a trifling toy;
 Yet how easy to bring to his heart again
 Its innocent mirth and joy!

J. H.

THE SCEPTIC; OR, PRAYER IN THE WILDERNESS.

Two men, belonging to one of the States of New England, were travelling together into the western country on business. One was an infidel, the other a Christian. The sceptic on almost every occasion intruded his injurious opinions. When sorely pressed he had still one resource at hand, to denounce religion as

an imposture, and professors as hypocrites ; asserting that he felt "particularly exposed in the company of Christians, and took especial care of horse and purse when the saints were around him." They travelled westward far into the wilderness.

One night their situation was very trying ; they had no other prospect than to ride on till morning, or sit down exposed to the inclemency of the weather. Having money about their persons, they dreaded robbers more than the wild beasts of the forest. Riding onward they discovered a poor little hut, alighted, went in, and looked around. The house appeared as comfortless within as without, and the inmates were not at all prepossessing. An elderly man, his wife, and two sons, were the family—hardy, rough and sunburnt. Although made welcome, the travellers were suspicious. "These coarse people," they thought, "seem kind, but that may be to deceive us and put us off our guard. The place is lonely, just fit for scenes of robbery and blood ; and no help at hand in case of extremity."

They communicated their fears to each other. The sceptic was greatly agitated ; and expressed doubts that this might be the last night of their existence. Aware that to proceed would not lessen the danger, they agreed thus between themselves : "An apartment has been offered us ; we shall secure the door, have weapons of defence ready, one shall sleep while the other keeps watch, and in case of extremity we will sell our lives as dearly as possible." Having settled their plans, they joined the family at supper, after which they proposed to retire. The old man requested them to wait a little, and after a short pause said that it had been his practice in better days, and he continued it still, to call his family together before they retired to rest in order to commend them to God in prayer, and if the strangers had no objection he should attend to it before they separated. The Christian rejoiced to find a brother in the wilderness, and the sceptic could not well conceal his satisfaction with the proposal. The family Bible was brought forward, and no dust had gathered upon its lids, although age had set his mark upon it. The old man selected a passage for the night, and read it reverently ; after which they all prostrated themselves before God, when the aged man's voice was raised in earnest supplication for divine protection.

"When such a man, familiar with the skies,
Has filled his urn where these pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'Tis e'en as though an angel shook his wings;
The balmy influence is diffused around,
And tells us where his treasures may be found."

He was evidently a man of prayer, and it was quite as plain that his cottage was one where prayer was wont to be made. The travellers were not forgotten. He prayed that they might be preserved on their journey, and at the close of life's journey they might have an eternal home in heaven. After prayer they retired, and according to previous arrangement the infidel was to take the first watch; but instead of priming his pistols, and bracing his nerves for an attack, he was for wrapping himself in his great coat and blanket as quietly as if he had never thought of danger. His friend reminded him of their dismal apprehensions, and inquired how he had come so suddenly to lose them. The infidel felt the force of the question and of all that it implied. He frankly acknowledged the cause—that he felt himself as safe as at a New England fireside, and should do so in any house or forest where the Bible was read as that old man read it, and prayer offered up as the old man prayed.

DON'T BE IDLE.

Up and be doing! Up and be doing! I have just been with an idle man, yet idle as he is, he professes to be a seeker of divine truth. Idleness is a sad thing. What! have we feet and shall we not walk? Have we hands and shall we not work? We have more to do than we shall ever accomplish if we are industrious; how then shall we get through it if we are idle? Every magpie building her nest, every spider weaving her web, every ant laying up for the winter, is a reproach to an idle man. Up and be doing, I say, and do not expect the pot to boil while you let the fire go out. We must climb the hill to view the prospect; we must sow the seed to reap the harvest; we must crack the nut to get at the kernel; we must be diligent in spiritual things if we wish to obtain spiritual blessings.

One day I called on an old woman, who had pared a few apples and was making a little dough; but she was one of those who foolishly think that because God can do all things, we have nothing to perform. "Goody," said I, "it is in eternal as in temporal things, we are not to despise the means with which divine mercy has favoured us. There are the apples, and there is the dough, but if you do not put them together, ay, and pop them into the pot too, you will have no dumpling for your dinner."

I cannot bear your tattling, talking, interfering busy-bodies, attending to the affairs of others, and leaving their own duties undone; but yet it is a sad thing to go to sleep when we ought to be wide awake; to be creeping and crawling like snails when we ought to be bounding forward like greyhounds. I have known blind men, and lame men, who, without an eye to see with or a foot to stand on, have done more for God's glory and the good of their neighbours than many of us who have the use of all our faculties. Up and be doing in temporal and spiritual things, and let not the grass grow under your feet. Though the flesh be weak, if the spirit be willing, you will not be happy in standing still. If you cannot hew wood you can draw water. If you cannot preach in public you can pray in private. Take the case of John Pounds to show how much a Christian may do in very humble life.

He was a cobbler and lived at Portsmouth; he sought out the worst boys that town could afford, and by the aid of allurements, which he contrived, managed to win them to his stall, where he taught them while he worked. The power of a hot potato was his best argument. "He knew," says one, "the love of the Irish for this vegetable, and many a ragged urchin did he gain to his humble school by holding under the boy's nose a hot potato." Many whom he found in the way of evil went from the tenement of John Pounds to fill a respectable place in society. It is said that he rescued from misery and saved to society no fewer than five hundred of these children.

In the great number of ragged schools, now established throughout our land, we see the fruit of an honest cobbler's labours. We can do nothing of ourselves, but all things with the sustaining strength and grace of the Redeemer. Let us not

complain of poverty with a mine of gold under our feet; let us not die of thirst with a fountain of living waters within our reach. If we have health and strength let us work for the bread that perishes, and having the means of grace let us be diligent to obtain that bread that is eternal, and let us not neglect to do all the good we can to the sick, the poor, and the afflicted.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

THE EMPTY CRADLE.

There's many an empty cradle,
 There's many a vacant bed,
 There's many a lonely bosom,
 Whose joy and light are fled.
 For thick in yonder grave-yard
 The little hillocks lay,
 And hundreds of sweet blossoms
 Are gathered there to-day.

HOME TRAINING.

A prison chaplain says, "The last thing forgotten, in all the recklessness of dissolute profligacy, is the prayer or hymn taught by a mother's lips, or uttered at a father's knee; and where there seems to have been any pains bestowed, even by one parent, to train up a child aright, there is in general more than ordinary ground for hope."

Good laws will not reform us if reformation begins not at home.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Worth her Weight in Gold. London: Wertheim, Macintosh and Hunt.

A capital book for a present from a mistress to a servant. We heartily wish it a wide circulation.

What's in a Name? London: Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt.

An interesting little pamphlet, giving an amusing explanation of various female names.

Old Jonathan. London: Collingridge.

Just as interesting as ever.

"I HAVE A RICH DAUGHTER."

SUCH were the first greeting words of a loving father, as he entered the home and gently laid his hand on the shoulder of one who had been lately called to render back to God her two treasured first-born infants. The father had hastened to visit his child in her bereavement, but instead of hearing words of sorrowing sympathy flowing from his lips, what was her surprise to be greeted with the joyful congratulation, "My daughter is rich, indeed, now." Turning upon him a wondering, tearful look of inquiry, she asked, "What do you mean, my father?" "Why, I mean that you are my richest child, for you are the mother of TWO ANGELS."

"*The mother of two angels.*" Suddenly a light seemed to burst into the soul of the sorrowing mother. She had only thought before of her little Maggie and Willie as she had seen them, cold and beautiful in death, or she had thought of her own loss; how those who had been to her more than life had been snatched from her arms for ever! How the brightest sunbeams of her home had been lost in clouds of thickest gloom, and the loveliest flowers of her household hearth blighted in the early bud and had faded away. Her soul had been wrapt in agonizing despair as she kissed the cold lips of her lost darlings, and bent with all a mother's anguish over their tiny coffins. Now, the words of her father seemed to break the dark spell, and in a moment the gloomy shadows flew away, as she lifted up the eye of faith to the land of love, and saw there her two transplanted lilies blooming in the garden of the Lord. There with her spirit's eye she beheld them, bright, joyous, and glorious, among the angel-band; joining their voices in the hymn of praise to the Lamb who was slain, or being carried about in the arms of the great and good Shepherd. Ah! that was a wise father; happy are those who are blessed with such.

When the time came for him to leave his daughter, a quiet, holy calm had settled on her soul. She still mourned for her darlings, but not as one who had no hope. She knew they were safe; yea, safer and happier far than she, with the most unwearied care, could ever have made them here. At night, she liked to throw a shawl over her and walk out into the still moonlight, and there

mingling thoughts of her darlings with thoughts of Him who had redeemed them, she would gaze up to the skies, until she almost thought she could see her angel-children looking down at her from among the stars; then, raising her heart to heaven, she could calmly say, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in THY sight."

Years rolled on, and God sent other household treasures to fill up the void in that mother's heart, and to become the joy and light of her home in later years. But her *first-born* are in heaven! They are waiting to welcome her there, and who can tell but that their tiny feet will be foremost among the angel-band that shall hover around her dying pillow, and bear up her redeemed and blood-bought spirit to the bright mansions above.

These lines may perhaps be read by some mother whom God has also made to mourn, because she can no longer look on the face of a much-loved, treasured child. Perhaps the "reaper" called Death has entered your dwelling, and snatched from your bosom the child of your fondest hope and deepest love; you felt it was worse than useless to try to resist that all-conquering enemy. Unbidden he has entered your home, and borne away in triumph those whom you expected would be your prop and stay through life. Ah, mother! how are you bearing the sad, heart-crushing blow? Are you weeping and refusing to be comforted because you look around for your children and they are not? or are you meekly bowing to the will of that God who afflicteth none willingly, and saying from your heart, "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord?" You may well weep, indeed, if you are not a Christian, for then it will be only once again that you will see your child, and that will be at the judgment-seat of God; and if you die as you are living, your child's voice will join in a loud amen when Jesus pronounces your sentence of everlasting woe. But if you are a Christian, we would say to you, weep not; the child is not lost, but gone before; it shall be restored to your embrace again, never more to be wrested from it. While you are wandering through the wilderness of earth, your child is blooming in the fields of paradise. Would you wish it brought back here? Ah! no; even in your wildest moments of grief you could not wish that. Then weep not, because God testeth thy love. Your Father "doeth all things

well." He knoweth your frame. He remembereth you are but dust. He will not grieve you more than you can bear. He can make His strength perfect in your weakness; He can even make you "glory in tribulation."

I once heard of a mother who was called to stand by the death-bed of her child. Life was slowly ebbing away from the little sufferer; the breathing was growing fainter and fainter, till at last the final quiver came and the child was with Jesus. Not a tear dimmed the mother's eye, not a trace of sorrow lingered on her countenance, but following in imagination the flight of her child's spirit up to the regions of eternal day, and losing every thought of self in view of that glory which awaited the departing one, she clasped her hands together and raising her eyes to heaven fell on her knees by the side of the bed, and as the ransomed soul of her child burst through the fetters of death and was caught up to glory, she exclaimed, fervently, "*I wish thee joy, my darling.*"

Oh! mothers, strive to think more of the joy of your departed, cherished ones, and droppings from the river of peace in which they are bathing their sin-freed souls will fall down and water your inward life and refresh you on your journey homewards. We must say a word to those mothers whose home circles are unbroken, whose doors the angel of death hath passed by for a while. Are you training your children for heaven or for hell? For God, or for Satan? Oh! think well of the solemn Bible truth, that each one of your children must soon either be an angel of light in glory, or a fiend in hell. Oh! train them for God. Bring them up for Jesus, and count it the greatest privilege of your life to do so. It is a work on which the Saviour sets a *high* value, and He will reward its faithful performance. With every child that God sends you, oh! that you may hear His voice saying, "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages." Suffer your children to come to Jesus; it is His own command, and surely thou canst not refuse Him. May He enable every mother who reads this paper to fulfil her trust as in the eyes of God, and then your children's voices and your own will blend together in the loud hallelujahs of that home where the just shall shine as the brightness of the firmament for ever and ever.

JESSIE.

A TRUE STORY IN CONNECTION WITH THE SABBATH.

We trust this very interesting account from our French friend will do mothers much good in encouraging them to keep the Sabbath day as God requires, and to teach their children to do the same. What is gained on the Sabbath by traffic, is lost in the week. None ever became a loser by obeying the commands of Jesus.

"One Sabbath morning, Mr. G——, a wool merchant in the French town of B——, saw his servant enter his room with a message from two gentlemen, who were waiting down stairs to speak on business with him. His answer, that he did not transact any business on Sunday, was carried to the visitors, who seemed exceedingly annoyed at it, and sent a request to Mr. G——, to be allowed to see him. He appeared, and they entreated him to grant them but a few minutes of his attention, telling him that they were come from Paris on purpose to deal with him; that they wished to buy at once four hundred pounds worth of wool, and that they belonged to the extensive firm of ——, who would probably send him from henceforth many important orders. 'Gentlemen,' answered Mr. G——, 'I am indeed very sorry that you cannot wait until to-morrow; I should have been at your disposal as early as you might have wished; but I make it a principle never to attend to my trade on a Sunday, and I dare not depart from it even now.'

"The two merchants retired, evidently very much displeased, and deploring aloud that a vain scruple should prevent a good bargain, and should have made them travel a hundred and eighty miles for nothing at all. They went to take the train at once, but when they were quietly seated in the carriage they began to reflect, and to say to one another, that a man who was so faithful to a mere principle, and so ready to sacrifice an acceptable earning to the dictates of conscience, could not easily be tempted to make an unlawful profit, and must be an honest and upright man; that he must in one word be a man with whom it would be good to have to deal. Accordingly, they wrote to request Mr. G——

to forward them samples of his wools, and being satisfied, they sent him immediately an order for two thousand four hundred pounds worth of goods."

JESSIE WALLACE.—No. IV.

"Jessie, I think sometimes your heart is as tender and soft as my dear mother's; and at another time I think it is really grown as hard as a rock."

It was a cold autumnal evening, the leaves were falling, the wind was moaning and soaring so that our little Mary would have said the spirits far away were trying the strength of their voices, making harsh music among the trees and in the chimneys. Jessie drew nearer the bright fire, and putting her arm around her mother's neck she whispered, "Ma, 'coming events cast their shadows before,' people say; I am not superstitious, but I have been rather nervous lately with a sort of dread of the future. I suppose the fact of Colin forgetting me so long has had some effect on my spirits. Oh! mamma, it is well for me I can look away from earthly love to Him who is 'the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.'" Just then a loud knocking was heard at the door, and a servant entered announcing Mr. Campbell. Jessie stood like one petrified, while Colin advanced with a firm step and a flushed face; he took her hand, but not with the wild grasp of a lover, as he was wont, but with an offended and dignified manner, as one of the lords of the creation. "Oh! Colin, how you surprised me," at length exclaimed Jessie, while the unbidden tear stood struggling for escape; "I was just mentioning your name to mamma." "Indeed! then you sometimes think and talk of me; but I suppose it is only to mix me up with your new religion." "Oh! Colin!" She could say no more, but fell on her mother's shoulder and wept aloud. Colin seemed to unbend and make some apology for his altered manner by saying he had been overworked, and thought he was getting mad. Tea and refreshments were soon brought in for the weary traveller, and Mrs. Wallace took Jessie's place at the head of the table, that she might more easily recover herself. When Mrs. Wallace had withdrawn, the lovers remained for a time embarrassed and uncomfortable.

At length Colin broke the painful silence by saying, "Jessie, your letters have almost driven me to madness; I am in a position now to marry, and I shall not return to my solitary home again without a wife. I have a few weeks to settle the matter, and I await your decision; refusal or consent—say, Jessie, which shall it be?" "You bewilder my brain, Colin; how can you talk so foolishly? You have told me again and again in your letters that you feel I am *not suited* to you now; you say, too, that you dislike my religion, and how could we ever be happy unless you were altered in your views of God's truth, and loved the Saviour?" "Stuff and nonsense, Jessie, as if I had become an infidel; certain it is, you are become a Methodist and fanatic; but still I love you, Jessie, as my life, and I would marry you to-morrow, with all your ridiculous notions, because I am sure you will get wise again, by-and-by." "Colin," replied the agitated girl, "you mistake me altogether; the great change you have seen in me, which you call foolishness, will never, no, never alter till I exchange the sorrows of earth for the joys of heaven. I love you as fervently as ever—aye, more so—for I now feel something like the Apostle Paul, that I could bear anything to ensure your salvation. My heavenly Father only knows my anxious solicitude for you, lest you should miss your way towards heaven and be dashed over the precipice of time into the abyss of woe." Poor Jessie could say no more; her tears fell fast, while Colin said only, "Upon my word you are a pretty little preacher."

THE PATTERN OF LITTLE FEET.

UP with the sun at morning
Away to the garden he hies,
To see if the sleepy blossoms
Have begun to ope their eyes.
Running a race with the wind,
With a step as light and fleet,
Under my window I hear
The patter of little feet.

Now, to the brook he wanders,
In swift and noiseless flight,
Splashing the sparkling ripples
Like a fairy water-sprite.

No sand under fabled river
Has gleams like his golden hair;
No pearly sea-shell is fairer,
Than his slender ankles bare;
Nor the rosiest stem of coral,
That blushes on ocean's bed,
So sweet as the flush that follows
Our darling's airy tread.

From a broad window our neighbour
Looks down on our little cot,
And watches the "poor man's blessing,"
I cannot envy his lot.
He has pictures, books, and music,
Bright fountains and noble trees,
Flowers that blossom in vases,
Birds from beyond the seas;
But never does childish laughter
His homeward footsteps greet,
His stately halls ne'er echo
To the tread of baby feet.

This child is our "speaking picture,"
A birdling that chatters and sings,
Sometimes a sleeping cherub,
(Our other one has wings).
His heart is a charmed casket,
Full of all that's cunning and sweet,
And no harp-strings hold such music
As follows his tinkling feet.

When the glory of sunset opens
The highway by angels trod,
And seems to unbar the city
Whose builder and maker is God,
Close to the crystal portal,
I see by the gates of pearl
The eyes of our other angel,
A twin-born little girl.

And I ask to be taught and directed
To guide his footsteps aright,
So that I be accounted worthy
To walk in robes of white;
And hear, amid songs of welcome
From messengers trusty and fleet,
On the starry floor of heaven,
The patten of little feet.

LITTLE SAMUEL.—No. III.

SAM found it much easier to do right now; he looked for daily help from his kind Saviour, who has promised to assist those who ask Him to guide and direct them. He found the words to be true, "I love them that love me, and those that seek me *early* shall find me." However, he had much to contend against; his quick temper often got the better of him, and he many a time treated his little sister Bessie with harshness. Still he always felt sorry when he said an unkind word, and would have given all the world to recal it again. This he could not do, therefore it made him the more cautious what he said when he felt inclined to be angry.

"Mamma, mamma!" said he one day, "John Carter and John Chapman, and their uncle and aunt, are going off to see K—— hills, and they are to dine in the obelisk and have such fun. Do let us go with them; it is so long since Bessie and I have been in the country, and they have promised to take such care of us." "My dear," said his mamma, "I fear you cannot go to-day. You remember how uneasy I was the last time you went there; the rocks are very dangerous, and, besides, the day does not promise to be fine." "Oh! mamma," he said, "*do* let us go, it will be so hard to see them all go off without us; and it is our half-holiday, and we won't have another for some time."

But Sam's mother would not give her consent, and he left for school, looking very ill-humoured and unhappy. The party went on their excursion without him, and as he saw his two schoolfellows go to join their uncle, he thought his dear mother unkind and forgetful of his happiness. They were not long gone, however, when some large drops of rain fell upon the pavement, and he saw the clouds look dark and dreary. "Perhaps," he thought, "mamma was right after all. I am sure she knows what is best for me. Dear me, how unhappy I must have made her this morning; I wish I had not looked so angry when she said she did not think it well for me to go."

When Sam returned home he found his mamma waiting for him in the parlour; she had a small parcel in her hand, directed

on the outside to him. He opened it and saw it was a beautiful little book, nicely bound, with his name on the fly-leaf, with the words "From dear mamma," underneath. "Oh, thank you, mamma!" he exclaimed, "thank you; how kind of you." But when his eye caught the title, he looked confused, and the tears came to his eyes; it was, "Be not wise in your own eyes." "Oh! mamma," he said, "*do* forgive me—I have been most unhappy all day; I *know* I was wrong in acting as I did this morning." "My dear child, I want you to learn a lesson of self-denial from what has occurred, and this little book will, I am sure, enable you also to learn that our own way is not always the best, and that we should always be guided by those who are older and wiser than ourselves."

Sam immediately sat down at the window, and as he read aloud for his sister the book he had received, and saw the rain pattering against the panes, he felt happier than he had for a long time before. He wondered how his heart could have thought his dear mamma *unkind*, and he lost the place he was reading, such an earnest conversation began between him and Bessie as to how it could be that little boys and girls do not know that their papas and mammas *must* always understand what is best for them.

The time passed so rapidly and pleasantly away, that both he and his sister were surprised to hear their mamma calling them to supper, which proved that bed-time was near. "Mamma," said Sam, as he went to bed that night, "I did not know that the rain could teach us anything, for I always thought it very disagreeable to be kept at home on account of it; but the moment I saw the rain fall to-day, it seemed to say as plainly as possible, 'Mamma knows best.'" "My dear boy," his mother said, as she kissed him, "I am truly thankful my little son has been enabled to benefit by the lesson the rain has taught him; and may God give him strength that he may through life look for help from Him who can do for us more than we can ask or think. The mother's tears fell over the loving upturned face and clear blue eyes of her precious one, and as she again pressed the lips that said "Good night, mamma," she inwardly praised that gracious Lord who had blessed her labours and made her child *His own*.

CHARLES AND HIS MOTHER.

"MOTHER, I was terribly urged to go to the theatre last week," said Charles Arnold, in one of his frequent visits at home; "Harvey and Browne were going, and they are pretty steady fellows, and I really was half inclined to go." "Well, what saved you?" "Oh, I knew just how you would look, mother dear, and I would rather never see a theatre than face that grieved look of yours. Mother, the thought of you has saved me from many, many temptations to do wrong; and if I am good for anything when I am a man, I must thank God for my mother." "Thank God for His persevering grace, my dearest Charley, and ask Him to give you more and more of it."

Not many days after, Mrs. Arnold was in company with her son's employer. "Your son promises well, Mrs. Arnold," said he, "he is very accurate, obliging, respectful. I am somewhat hasty at times, and a few days since blamed him severely for something which I thought he had done wrong. He showed no ill temper, but received it with so much meekness, my heart smote me. The next day he asked me very respectfully if I would inquire of one of the clerks about it, which I did, and found that he had done nothing blameworthy in the least. He is a fine boy, madam—a very fine boy—and I hope will make as good a man as his father."

But a good *man* Charley was not destined to be. Her reward was nearer than she had thought, and he who had learned of the lowly of heart, was soon to be transported to dwell with holy and loving ones above. One day he returned home unexpectedly, and the first glance told his mother he was in trouble. "Mother, I feel really sick. I was sick yesterday, but I kept in the store; but to-day I could only go down and see Mr. Barker, and tell him I must come home for a day or two. Oh! mother, it is a comfort to see your dear kind face again," said he, as she felt his pulse, examined his tongue, and inquired how he felt; "and perhaps if I rest quietly an hour or two, this dreadful pain in my head will be relieved."

He went to his pleasant chamber, to his quiet bed, the physician was summoned, and all that skill and the tenderest care could do

was done ; but he rapidly drew near the grave. He was patient, gentle, grateful, beautiful, upon that bed of death, and while his mother's soul was poured forth in earnest prayer for his continued life, her heart swelled with grateful thanksgiving for the sweet evidence he gave of a subdued and Christian spirit, and she could say, with true and cheerful submission, "Not my will, but thine be done, whether for life or death, for it is well with the child."

Just at twilight one evening he awoke from a short slumber, and his eye sought his mother at his bedside. She leaned over him, and softly pressed her lips to his forehead. "Mother," he said, faintly, "the doctor has given up all hope of my life, has he not?" Nerving herself to calmness for his sake, she answered, "He thinks you very sick, Charley, but I cannot give up all hope. How can I part with you, my beloved?"

"Mother," said he, as he took her hand in both his, and laid it on his breast, "I want, while I am able, to tell you how I feel, and I want you to know what you have done for me. I was a passionate, bad-tempered boy, and, you know, father——" He stopped. "Mother, I should have been a ruined boy but for you. I see it all plainly now: you have saved me, mother; you have saved my soul; you have been my guide and comfort in life; you have taught me to meet even death and fear no evil, for you have shown me my sin, and taught me to repent of it, and love and trust the precious Saviour, who died that His blood might cleanse even my guilt. I feel that I can lie in His arms, sure that He has forgiven my sin and washed my sinful soul white in His blood. How often you have told me He would do it if I asked Him, and I have asked Him constantly, and He will do it—He will not cast me off. Mother, when you think of me, be comforted, for you have led me to my Saviour, and I rejoice to go and be with Him for ever."

The next sun arose on the cold remains of what was so lately the active and happy Charles Arnold, and there was bitter grief in that dwelling, for very dear had the kind and loving brother been to them. The father was stunned—thunderstruck. Little had he expected such a grief as this, and he seemed utterly unable to endure it, or to believe it. How much he communed with his own heart of his neglected duty to that departed boy, we know not.

but dreadful was the anguish he endured; and the mother had the joy to perceive that his manner afterwards was far more tender to his remaining children, whom he seemed now for the first time to realize he might not always have with him, to be neglected and put aside, as a trouble and as a care, rather than as a precious gift, to be most carefully trained up for God.

But all wondered at the perfect calmness of that afflicted mother. So devoted—so saint-like—it would seem that she was constantly in sweet communion with Jesus. No regret, no repining, escaped her lips, and many who knew how fondly she loved her children, and had feared that this sudden blow would almost overwhelm her, gazed with wonder at her perfect submission, her cheerful, touching tenderness of voice and speech. And though tears would at times flow, yet she would say in the midst of them, “These are not tears of grief, but of joy, that my darling is safe, and holy and blessed for ever: tears of gratitude to God for His goodness.” And when hours of sadness and of longings for her absent one came, as they *will* come to the bereaved at times, a sweet voice seemed to whisper in her ear, “Mother, you have saved me, you have saved my soul!” And sweetest comfort came with that never-to-be-forgotten whisper, from the dying bed of her precious child, to sustain her in the darkest hour.

Fathers! plead as you will, that you are full of care and labour to support your families. Say it over and over till you really believe it yourself, if you please, that when you come home tired at night, you cannot be crazed with the clatter of children’s tongues. You want to rest and be quiet. So you do, and so you should; but have you any right to be so perfectly worn out with business that the voice of your own child is irksome to you? Try, for once, a little pleasant, quiet, instructive chat with him. Enter for a few moments into his feelings, pursuits, and thoughts, for that child *has* feelings that need cherishing tenderly, for your own future comfort. He *has* pursuits, that you are the one to talk to him about them, and kindly tell him which are right and useful, and which he would do better to let alone. He *has* thoughts, and who shall direct that mind aright which must think for ever, if not the author of his being? Ask of his school and his playmates, and see if your own spirit is not rested and refreshed, and your

heart warmed by this little effort to win the love and confidence, and delight the heart of this young immortal, who owes his entrance into this weary world to you, and whom you are under the most solemn obligations to strive to prepare to act well his part in it. Do not say this is his mother's business. Has the Bible laid any command upon mothers? Would it not seem that He who formed her heart, knew that she needed not to be told to labour, in season and out of season, for her beloved offspring? But to *you* is the strong command, "*Fathers*, provoke not your children to wrath, but *bring them up* in the nurture and admonition of the Lord!" Mothers! do you not reap a rich reward for curbing your own spirits, for every self-denial, for untiring devotion to the immortals given to your care, with souls to be saved or lost? Oh! neglect them not, lest conscience utter the fearful whisper, "Mother, you might have saved that soul."

FATHER, WE THANK THEE.

For the marvels and wonders that garnish the earth,
For the flowerets that spring from the sod into birth,
For the beautiful world and all innocent mirth,

"Father, we thank thee."

For the powers of man and the glories of art,
For the labour of hands and the world-crowded mart,
For all striving and skill and all courage of heart,

"Father, we thank thee."

For the ties of our home and the kindred we love,
For affections that follow wherever we rove,
And for feelings no power but thine can remove,

"Father, we thank thee."

For the pleasures and joys thou hast strewn in our way,
For the rest of the night and the toil of the day,
And for all that is beautiful, harmless, and gay,

"Father, we thank thee."

For the care of our lives and love of our race,
For thy promises rich in the book of thy grace,
For permission to trust thee where thought cannot trace,

"Father, we thank thee."

For the trials and troubles that shadow us o'er,
 For the lessons of truth when the chastening is sore,
 For the rod which afflicts but can also restore,
 "Father, we thank thee."

For the life that now is and the rapture on high,
 For a hope that is sure when eternity's nigh,
 For salvation through Christ and a home in the sky,
 "Father, we thank thee."

M. E. R.

HEAR WHAT THE BIBLE SAYS.

THE rain was descending pretty freely, in the lovely valley and on the high hill, when Ralph Consins passed along the lane and over the broken ground to his cottage hard by the elms. He had been to a distance, and was returning to his family who were waiting his arrival. As he entered the porch he was greeted with a fond embrace from his chubby boy, and a warm welcome from all. Now, Ralph was one of those individuals who, seeing a bright light through the darkest cloud, knew how to infuse cheerfulness around. Many a rankling thorn has he plucked from the troubled bosom, and planted in its room the hearts-ease.

Having partaken of the humble repast provided in the large kitchen, and thrown a fresh log on the hot embers burning on the brick hearth, he drew down from its place the old family Bible, with its well-thumbed pages, saying with a sweet smile, "Let us hear what the Bible says. There are many trials and difficulties," he continued, as he opened the sacred book, and drew his chair near the table, "I say, there are many trials and difficulties to be met with in our journey to eternity. No individual is exempt from them. All alike know, by bitter experience, that 'man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward.' Every day reveals fresh proofs that we are in a vale of tears, where changes are continually taking place, and sorrow has its throne, and anyone supposing that he shall be free will meet with a sad disappointment. But at the same time there are joys and comforts springing up on every side, and it is only for us to look up and around, and we shall soon have cause to rejoice. Let us hear what the Bible says on this point:—'They that trust in the Lord shall want no

good thing.' 'Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all other things shall be added therunto.' 'No weapon that is formed against them shall prosper.' 'I will be with thee in trouble, and will deliver thee out of thy distresses.' Here is enough to cheer every heart. Put your trust in God, my children, make Him your own, and you will always find Him a friend that can deliver, and who will never leave thee nor forsake thee, but will stick closer than a brother." Mother! if you are in trouble, let the homely remarks of Ralph Cousins comfort you; and when trials abound let them not weigh you down, but turn to the Bible and hear what it says. At the same time seek divine influence to guide you in your search, and you will not fail to find there all you need, both to uphold and cheer you in the dark dispensation, as well as to make you rejoice in the God of your salvation.

Hear what the Bible says:
It speaks of love divine,
Which, through the darkest cloud,
Shall make the sun to shine.

It speaks of comfort too,
Which on each drooping heart
Like rain shall freely fall,
And life to it impart.

It speaks of heaven above,
That bright and joyous place,
Where all is perfect bliss
Before the Saviour's face.

In all your troubles, then,
Beneath the smarting rod,
Turn not to helpless man,
But to the word of God.
There solid comfort you will find,
For a distress'd and troubled mind.

OLD ANTHONY.

NINE YEARS' PRAYER.

A MOTHER has sent us the following account of her own experience, which we thought might be encouraging to some other mothers to pray on. She says, "My own mother died the day I was two years old, and I cannot remember anything about her,

only I have been told that she was a good woman, and that she prayed for us and committed us to the care of her Father in heaven. Ever since we, her children, have given ourselves to God, I have felt that it was because she prayed that we were kept from the many temptations of this world and were led to serve the Lord. My greatest sorrow in life has been to find that my husband was a backslider, or that which myself and others thought conversion was only conviction, and after waiting and praying for nine years, now he has passed that great change, I trust, from death unto life, and he says it is because I prayed. I never had the terrible feeling that I did wrong in marrying him because others, even his mother, with whom he lived, thought him a Christian and he had conducted family worship at home, although his brothers made sport of him. O what have I endured in these years! How could we walk together as we were not agreed, how could we train our little ones aright! When I would say, 'Don't do that, dear,' they would say 'Father did it, mother,' and I am thankful to say that these words were a help in turning him to see that his children would do as he did. My most earnest prayer is that my children may grow up to serve God. It is very encouraging to find how soon they learn; I should feel robbed if others first taught my children about the Saviour; I am thankful for the help of others, but I must try and do my work; and what strength I have had given me all those years while my dear husband was indifferent, how I have been weaned from earth and led to know God as a sure and lasting friend! I lost a dear little boy in scarlet fever, two years and a-half old; his brother had had it, and was just recovering. Just before Joey was laid low, his father said with much earnestness, 'I hope my Joey won't have it,' but it seemed to me as if he was to be taken to draw his father heavenward. His sufferings during his illness were very great, so much so that I could not help feeling thankful when he was taken to that home where pain can never enter. The last night I was able to do anything to alleviate his sufferings he said, 'Let me go home;' he was exceedingly fond of his earthly home, he never seemed happy away; now he is gone to his heavenly home, where we hope to meet him."

THE SCHOOL OF INFANCY.—No. XVII.

CULLINGS FROM JOHN AMOS COMMENIUS, WRITTEN IN LATIN
IN 1663.

IN the third and fourth year of the life of the child, knowledge of rhymes may be beneficially increased; which nurses, when playing with infants, may sing to them, not only to prevent their crying, but also to fix them in their memories for future benefit; for example, in the fourth, fifth, and sixth years they will increase their knowledge of poetry by committing to memory little verses.

Although the may not at this time understand what rhyme or verse is, yet by use they learn to notice a certain difference between measured language and prose: nay, when in due time that very thing shall be explained in the schools, it will afford them pleasure to find that they had previously learned something which they understand better now. So far then should the study of language and its various degrees of progress be exercised, during the first six years.

What those external virtues are in which youth ought to be exercised in their early years, I have already enumerated. Now I will explain how that behoves to be prudently and properly accomplished. In case it should be asked, how any age so tender can be accustomed to these serious things? my reply is, even as a young tender tree can be bent so as to grow this way or that, much more easily than a full-grown tree, so youth can be exercised in the first years of their lives, much more readily than afterwards, to good of every kind, provided legitimate means be used, and these are:—

A perpetual example of virtuous conduct.

Properly timed and prudent instruction and exercise.

Duly regulated discipline.

It is necessary that children should have presented before them a perpetual good *example*, since God has implanted in infants a certain imitative principle, namely, a desire to imitate whatever they see others do. So much so, that although you never desire a boy to do anything, provided you say or do some such thing in his sight, you will see he will try to do the same, which perpetual experience confirms.

In this season there is need of the greatest circumspection in the house where there are children, so that nothing be done contrary to virtue; but let the whole house observe temperance, cleanliness, and neatness, due respect for superiors, mutual complaisance, truthfulness, &c. If this were diligently observed, there certainly would be no necessity for many words to teach or blows to enforce. But inasmuch as grown-up persons themselves often fall into excess, it is no wonder that children also should imitate what they see in others, in whom there are sources of error for learners and our own nature inclines us to evil.

A PAGE FOR SAILORS.

SPIRITUAL NAVIGATION.

EVENTS are waves that still do onward roll,
 And Providence the tide that doth control;
 The ocean, life; the bark, the human soul;
 The word of God, the chart by which to steer;
 Conscience, the watch on deck, when danger's near;
 The rock traced clearly in the chart, is sin;
 Hope is the anchor, cast the veil within;
 The cable, the sure promises of God;
 The wake, the separate path by each that's trod;
 Reason, the rudder; faith, the magnet true;
 And heaven, the harbour to be kept in view.
 Jesus, as pilot at the helm doth stand;
 The Spirit is the breeze, that wafts to land;
 The sails to catch the breeze, the means of grace;
 The masts, occasions given for their embrace;
 Our days to number, is the log to heave;
 Our age, the rate of vessels through the wave;
 Life's pulse, the line, the water's depth to find;
 The crew, the thoughts and feelings of the mind;
 The freight, of holy tempers rich supplies,
 Intended for the market of the skies;
 Death, the last billow, soon to break on shore;
 Eternity the coast, where time's no more.

WHY HE COULDN'T.

I HEARD of a boy of the name of John, who ran into his home one evening and said, "Mother, Willie played truant this after-

noon and he wanted me to go, but I couldn't." "Couldn't, why not, my son?" "Because," said little John, throwing his arms most lovingly round his mother's neck, "I thought it would make you sorry, and that is why I couldn't." I wish I knew that boy. There is something so lofty in his reason for not going with Willie, that I really love him. You see it was not fear but love that governed him. He couldn't play truant because it would make his mother feel so sorry.

A CHILD'S INFLUENCE.

AN English lady of respectability resided for a few years, after becoming a widow, with her little son, in one of the chief cities of Canada. The child had been faithfully instructed in the elements of the Christian faith. He was about four years of age, very lovely and promising, and greatly caressed by the fellow-boarders in the house. One elderly gentleman in the family, Mr. B——, was exceedingly fond of him, and invited him one day, upon the removal of the cloth after dinner, to remain upon his knee. The ladies had retired and free conversation ensued. The gentleman alluded to was given to expressions which must ever shock a pious mind. "Well, Johnny," said one at the table in high glee, what do you think of Mr. B——?" The child hesitated, and then replied, "I think he did not have a good mother, for if he had, he would not use such naughty words." The gentleman was a Scotchman; home and a pious mother rose in all their freshness to his mind. The effect upon him was overpowering, he rose from the table without speaking, retired, and was never afterwards known to make use of similar expressions.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

A CHRISTIAN in worldly company should be like a traveller in a storm—making haste out of it.

A LITTLE BOY'S FAITH IN PRAYER.

A mother says:—"One evening as I was undressing my little boy for bed, he spoke rudely to me, upon which I said I could not remain in the room if he spoke so unkindly; so I left him to manage himself and get into bed alone. He screamed for some

time, when all at once his passion ceased and all was silent. I heard his sobs and entered the room, but how different was the scene!—that little face, so flushed with passion, was now calm and peaceful, and yet sad. He was silent for one moment, then bursting into tears, threw his arms around my neck, sobbing out, ‘Will you forgive me, now? I did ask Jesus to forgive me and make me a good boy; I will be good all day to-morrow, because Jesus is going to make me a good boy and take this naughty heart away. It is so nice to be good; now I will pray to Jesus and then you will put me in bed. I am happy now. Good night.’”

DUST TO DUST.

In the churchyard of Melrose is the following inscription on an old tombstone:—

“The earth geeth on the earth,
Glistening like gold,
The earth goes to the earth,
Sooner than it wold.
The earth builds on the earth
Castles and towers,
The earth says to the earth,
‘All shall be ours.’”

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Child's Commentator. By INGRAM COBBIN, M.A. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

We have great pleasure in recommending this beautiful little commentary to our young friends and Sabbath-school teachers. It will be found of great use to those who wish to understand God's word.

The Easy Text-Book. By E. M. V. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

This is just such a little book as we have long wished to see in our children's hands.

No Better than we should Be. By ANDREW MARVELL, junior. London: Freeman.

Views of various creeds.

A Safe, Speedy, and Certain Cure for Small-Pox. London: Kent and Co.

Old Jonathan. London: Collingridge.

This nice little paper always pleases.

JESSIE WALLACE.—No. V.

"Jessie, I sometimes think your heart is as soft and tender as my dear mother's, and at another time I think it is really grown as hard as a rock."

For more than a week Colin tried by various means to turn Jessie away from her chosen path; sometimes he distressed her by unkind words, upbraiding her for her want of love to him, and even suggesting that she never had loved him as he imagined. Again, he would tell her of his ardent affection, and, in an agony of sorrow, would entreat her to give up what he called her new religion for his sake, and consent to a speedy marriage.

Poor Jessie became quite ill by these outbursts of unkindness and love. When Colin found she was not to be moved away from her purpose, he asked "once for all," as he expressed himself, "would she give up her religion and marry him, or give him up for ever?" "Hear me patiently," Jessie replied, with a faltering voice and flushed cheek; "the Saviour has said, 'He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me, and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me, and he that taketh not his cross and followeth after me is not worthy of me.' I have loved you with all the love a woman's heart is capable of; I love you thus still—still, alas! perhaps too well; I would pass my life in solitary confinement if it would ensure your eternal happiness, for I know now the value of a soul—the whole world could not purchase it. You have yourself told me we are now unsuitable. I feel it, yet will I never cease to ask our heavenly Father to open your eyes, that we may see alike in holy things, nor will I ever try to love another while you love."

Colin had covered his face with his hands, and tears stole down his fingers, but only for a few moments did he remain in silence. Drawing his fine form erect, he exclaimed, "Jessie, I sometimes think your heart is as soft and tender as my dear mother's, and at another time I think it is really grown as hard as a rock. Now, Jessie, you have finished the matter; we part for ever." "No, no," interrupted Jessie, "*not for ever.*" "Yes, for ever," replied Colin, stamping his foot; "farewell, fanatical Jessie." He gave his hand. "May we live in a home together in heaven," said the

sobbing girl; but ere the last word was uttered, Colin was gone. How long Jessie remained leaning her aching head on her hand she never knew, but as the twilight was stealing over her, her parents entered the room. "My precious child," said her mother, "you have made a great sacrifice to-day. Colin has told us all, and we rejoice that we have a daughter who has been enabled to take up the cross. The crown of victory shall be yours, dearest, when the dream of life is ended. Come with us to the breakfast-room, we have something to read to you."

When Colin left the friends and home where he had spent the happiest hours of his life, he hurried across the fields towards a mansion, the residence of an old schoolfellow and college chum. As he entered the lawn, Harry Mortimer came running with joy to meet him, exclaiming, "Well done, old fellow, you are just in time. I was saying to Mary I should so like you to go with us to the race ball, but I thought you would not like to leave your lady-love." "Well, here I am," replied Colin, "and ready to be pulled about here and there and everywhere, to the world's end if you like." "Well, come in and see the girls first. The pater is gone off on some musty law affair, so we shall all be merry." After telling Harry the particulars of his parting visit to Jessie, the young men joined Mary and Lucy Mortimer, and Colin seemed joyous and happy as the rest.

Quickly flew a fortnight over Colin's head amidst race balls, private theatricals, and the society of his three friends. The skilful fingers and sweet voice of Mary Mortimer so cheered him that only when the midnight hour warned him to seek repose, did he think of Jessie's love and the bitter parting.

Months passed on, and a rumour reached Jessie that Colin Campbell was affianced to Mary Mortimer. Jessie started, but not for one moment did she repent taking up the cross. Indeed, the more she heard of the gay and thoughtless proceedings of Colin, the more she felt that they were unsuitable now to walk life's pathway together.

Late one evening in mid-winter, Colin Campbell called in his carriage, and sent in a note to Jessie, asking for five minutes' conversation with "Miss Wallace." Jessie had heard he was expected to join his bride-elect about this time, and putting the

note into her father's hand, she asked, "What shall I say?" "Shall I see him for you, love?" "No, papa; unless you object, I will see him myself. I am perfectly calm, and unmoved by regret for anything I have done." "Well, dear, then go and see him in the library for a few minutes, and if you need either of us, we will come at your bidding." Jessie went gracefully and calmly to the library, where Colin stood pale and trembling. He rushed towards Jessie as she entered, and grasped her hand, exclaiming, "Jessie, I am come to ask you once more, before I marry Mary Mortimer, if you will become my wife, for there is none in the wide world that I love as I love you." "I am surprised, Mr. Campbell," replied Jessie, with much dignity, "that you should thus insult me by supposing me capable of such cruelty to Miss Mortimer, and injustice to you and our families." "You offered to wait, Jessie, till I saw as you see; will you wait now?" "Colin, we have mutually agreed to give up our engagement; once more I say farewell."

Jessie summoned her father to show Mr. Campbell out. Colin was soon married. Jessie remains happy and very useful.

OLD FATHER CHRISTMAS.

THE GHOST.

"COME, Willie, don't sit moping over the fire; why you look quite miserable, and I am sure not half so warm as I am,—feel my hands." Charlie, who had been running out in the cold frosty air, had come in, looking so rosy—the very picture of health—while Willie had been sitting close to the fire, really shivering with cold. "Oh! look there, mother; I do believe it is going to snow! Hurrah! what capital fun; now we shall be able to make old Father Christmas's Ghost." "Make what, Charlie?" "Why, mother, old Davy said that when the snow came he would show us how to make his ghost, and now it is coming. Come along, Willie; it will do you no end of good to have a run. Here's Harry; let us see who will get to Old Davy's forge first." And off he started, Henry after him; but poor Willie looked up at the snow and then at the fire, and with a shiver drew closer to the

fireside, saying, "they make the room quite cold, coming in like that."

Harry and Charlie soon reached the blacksmith's. They were very fond of standing watching the bright sparks as they flew about, and of hearing Old Davy tell some droll story. He was very fond of children, and he always tried to say something to do them good. When the boys got up to the door, they were quite out of breath, and could not speak for a moment or two; then Charlie said, "Look, Davy; look at the snow; isn't it capital? I think it is coming down thicker and thicker. I can scrape up a little in my hand. Will it be thick enough to-morrow to make the ghost?" "I don't know, master; sometimes when it begins to come so thick it does not keep on, and that is like some people's love, you know; it is so very thick at first but soon goes off." "Do you like snow, Davy?" "Yes, indeed I do." "Why, some people say they don't like it at all?" "I like it, first, because my Father sends it—He knows what is good for us. Then I like it because it does the ground so much good." "Does the ground good? well, I never!" "Yes, it keeps it warm." "What, snow keeps the ground warm?" "It is like a thick blanket, and then when it melts it goes down into the earth and is better than rain, and the seeds grow so much better for it, and the worms are killed by it." "I never thought of that, Davy; I always thought the only good of snow was to make snowballs and play with. What a clever man you are!" Old Davy laughed, and said it wasn't much he knew; but he thought he knew some things that richer and wiser folks didn't know. "What do you know? do you know more than Squire Forbes?"

Now Squire Forbes was a very great man, and all the little boys looked at him and thought he must be so very clever and so very wise, as he rode about on his grey mare, with his servant behind; and they all touched their caps to Squire Forbes, as good and polite boys should do, and the little girls dropped a curtsy as he passed, as good and polite little girls should do; and Old Davy, also, was not too proud to put his hand to his forehead when he met the great man. But Old Davy would not have changed places, for he was a contented old soul, and he had learned that "it is hard for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven."

"Why, I know, my boy, that God loves me, and I believe that when I die I shall go up to that beautiful place where they sing 'glory, glory, glory;' and I am afraid Squire Forbes does not know that himself. That is worth all other knowledge, you know." And then Old Davy would pull out the red-hot iron, and begin to hammer away lustily; and when the iron was cool, he would put it back again into the fire, and blow the bellows, and sing away so cheerily. "Well, if it snows all night will it be thick enough?" "Oh! yes, that it will, and if you come here in the morning we will see about making the ghost." "Thank you, thank you. Good-bye."

"How very quiet it is, mother; don't you think it is? I never knew it to be so quiet." "Yes, it is because the snow is getting thicker on the ground, and it is soft. The wheels don't rattle along as on the hard road." "Charlie," said Willie, "you can't make a ghost!" "Well, Old Davy says he will show us how, and I think he can do it as well as any one. If you will come with us to-morrow morning you shall see; but I think if you sit still there by the fire you will see a different kind of ghost; you will get what people call the 'blues,' and you will fancy all sorts of things. You will never be a man if you do." "Come, Master Charlie, that's enough of your lecturing," said his mother, who rather spoiled little Willie, and did not like any one to say a word against him; "Willie is not so strong as you and Harry are." "I did not mean it unkindly, mother; but it does seem a pity that he should not enjoy this fine cold weather."

Charlie and Harry, as soon as they were awake in the morning, looked out to see if the snow had fallen, but to their great distress and disappointment there was none to be seen. They came down quite out of temper. "I think *you* have something to learn now, boys; come, see if you cannot have a little patience; where are your bright, happy looks gone? Come, you will never be men, if you cannot bear a disappointment." After breakfast they walked down to the forge. The morning was warm and heavy, but they heard Old Davy singing away. "Good morning, Master Charlie; good morning, Master Harry. Oh! and Master Willie, too. Why—why, what long faces!" "No ghosts to-day!" "No, ghosts are very funny things, you know; when you want to see them they *never* come."

The boys had not long to wait; in a few days the snow came down in right good earnest; the branches of the trees bowed down under the weight; the hedges were levelled with the road, or rather, the road was raised to the tops of the hedges, and men were cutting a pathway for the carriages and market-carts, and throwing the snow up in hills on either side. The boys clapped their hands, and looked quite bright and happy. Old Davy threw down his hammer, and, taking Charlie with one hand and Harry with the other, made their way into a field close by. It was not easy work to walk along, the snow was so deep. "Now, then, we must clear away some of this snow." So they all set to work till they got a clear place, and now the ghost began to rise. First you could only see his feet, then his legs, then his body, then his head; and when Old Davy took out of his pocket two round marbles and put them in for eyes, the two boys jumped and capered about with delight. "There," said Old Davy, "there is old Father Christmas's ghost." "If that is a ghost, I shall never be afraid of ghosts again," said Harry.

"All ghosts are like this one, my boy—they are all *our own making*."

HORACE.

LITTLE SAMUEL.—No. IV.

It is surprising how soon children begin to imitate their parents, both in voice and manner. Now it is precisely the same with regard to conduct and character. If the child sees the inconsistency of its parent's actions, he generally, nay, almost invariably, becomes influenced by what he sees, and *his* moral, intellectual, and spiritual nature is injured. Little Sam felt the truth of this, for when he saw how kind his father and mother always were to everyone—when he felt that they were never angry without good reason—never spoke harshly to him, or his sister, excepting when he or she did very wrong: these things made him trust his parents completely, and made him feel comfortable and happy.

One morning, as Sam was running down to breakfast he went into the drawing-room for a book, and found his papa's watch on the table. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "papa has forgotten his watch,

and may go out without it, I will bring it to him." He quickly lifted it off the table, and was carrying it down the stairs to the breakfast parlour, when the chain caught in the baluster and dragged the watch out of his hand. The glass was broken in pieces, and he felt it must be much injured.

Now some foolish children would be quite terrified, fearing immediate punishment, *because* the article broken was a *valuable one*, but Sam did not feel this kind of alarm. He was very sorry he had not been more careful; yet, he knew his dear father would not get into a passion because *his watch* was injured, but would only reprove him for being careless in not gathering up the chain around it. When he brought the watch and laid it on the table before his papa, he said, "Dear papa, I have been very careless, and I am afraid I have spoiled your beautiful watch." He then explained the whole circumstance without in the least trying to throw the blame off himself, but acknowledged his fault fully. He did not at all expect to see his father get angry with him. He only took him between his knees and said, "My little son must be more careful in future, and I think it would be better for him not to touch such things until he is a little older. Come," he said, "and let us see what mischief is done; nothing very bad, you hear it is ticking still." "Bessie," he said, "what would you say to a walk to the watchmaker's? Suppose you and Sam come with me to hear his account of our broken friend?" "Oh, papa, that will be delightful, we'll be ready in a moment." When they arrived at the shop, the watchmaker found that after all the glass was almost all that was broken. However, he kept the watch, and said he would send it home in a short time, as he wanted to see how it would go.

The children were delighted with all they saw, for in glass-cases on the counter many curious things were displayed—rings and seals, chains, and numbers of beautiful ornaments, more than they had ever seen in all their lives. Their papa, too, told them a great deal about various kinds of mechanism, and they had so many questions to ask about magnifying-glasses, microscopes, wheels and watch-springs, and all sorts of things connected with machinery, that their papa at last had to promise to show them the whole interior of the watch whenever it came home. In the

midst of their joy they were well-nigh forgetting a fact which for the last three weeks they had been thinking and speaking of—that to-morrow would be Samuel's birthday. However, if they had been watching papa more closely, they would have seen that *he* did not forget it. They did not see that, while they were eagerly gazing at a curious clock in one of the glass-cases, he was looking at a small microscope, and had ordered it to be sent as soon as possible to No. 3, S—— Place.

Bessie had that evening some very mysterious conversations with mamma, and the propriety of sticking a pocket pincushion with pins, in the form of the letters S. C. B., was anxiously discussed. It was finally arranged that Samuel's eyes should rest the *first* thing in the morning upon the treasure that had engrossed every secret moment for the last fortnight, to complete. Papa said nothing, he only told them that he had invited Sam's favourites, John Carter and John Chapman, to spend to-morrow with him. "Oh! dear papa, how kind you are! you really did not look as if *you knew* to-morrow was my birthday," exclaimed Sam; "but, papa, may I ask Robert Tarleton? Do you know, he seems quite changed lately, and is always very kind to the boys now." Papa agreed, and a note was accordingly written to Mrs. Tarleton, also inviting Robert's sister, as a companion to Bessie. "If the day is fine," added their father, "you shall have a trip to see the Botanic Gardens; but you remember, Sam, the lesson the rain taught you before; so if it rains we must contrive some indoor amusement. But I hope my son will remember to thank that kind God who has kept him in safety through another year, and who has watched so constantly over him, and given him so many blessings." May my dear children ever be watched over by the Good Shepherd—that Saviour who said, 'Suffer little children and forbid them not to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' Sam, can you repeat for me that hymn beginning

'Time by moments steals away?''

He repeated it, and then all joined to sing it through; and the Christian father placed his hand upon his son's head as they sang the last strain—

"If we see another year,
May we spend it in thy fear;
All its days devote to thee,
Living for eternity."

WE PASS OUR DAYS AS A TALE THAT IS TOLD.

Look at that precious fair-haired child
So happily with flowers playing,
From sorrow now so soon beguiled,
While with its gentle mother straying.
Her smiles are now his greatest joy,
And hers to please her infant boy.
A little while and all was gay,
His manly face with transport beaming.
It is his joyous bridal-day,
His life seemed now like pleasant dreaming.
But soon the joyous dream was fled,
He mourns his gentle mother dead.

Again—and round his cheerful hearth,
A lovely infant band surrounding,
He smiles to hear the childhood's mirth
Through every room and nook resounding.
And now he feels a father's pleasure,
While gazing on his household treasure.

Look on—within that darkened room,
The white-haired sire is feebly gasping,
Treading the fearful valley's gloom;
Around his bed dear ones are clasping.
He lived for EARTH—he weeps to die—
He has no treasure in the sky,
He speaks the sad and last farewell.
Hush—now heard ye not his funeral knell?

CHRISTMAS AT FARMER MAY'S.

"I HA'N'T A MOTHER LIKE THE REST."

"JOSEPH," roared Farmer May's gruff voice outside the kitchen door, where he was knocking the snow off from his great hob-nailed shoes; "Joseph, you lazy rascal, come and unharness this horse." Out of the wood-shed came Joseph reluctantly into the biting Christmas air.

Joseph was Farmer May's bound boy, who did the rough work,

and carried the farmer's children on his back to school many a time. "I don't think he's got any heart at all," exclaimed Joseph, passionately, as his numb fingers loosened the harness, and a bitter tear stole down each pale cheek. "And this is Christmas time! Oh, dear, dear! Why didn't God make a beautiful time for me, too? Work, work, work, and never a kind word. I aint good for anything; I never shall help anybody, or do any good as long as I live, and I suppose God knows that. I pray every night that I may help somebody, and then maybe I might get them to love me, or drop a kind word once in a while." Here Joseph paused, and looked over his shoulder into the broad kitchen window. O what a pretty sight there was within! One square patch of sunshine lay right in the middle of the snowy floor. The great square table was piled high with golden oranges, rosy apples—just the hue of Tiny May's cheeks, bless her!—and fragrant pies, and clustering round, "just to see," were little variegated curly heads you might have mistaken for a bunch of marigolds, their eyes big with anticipation of the dainties in progress. How they laughed and shouted every time Hetty May gave a vigorous chop at the obstinate mincemeat, and sent her curls flying off in a straight line from her head! "Dear me," cried Mother May, in a fright, "that tart's a-burning, I'm sure, and my hands in this dough, too! Joseph, you Joseph, come here and mind the tarts."

Joseph, here, there, everywhere; plenty of orders, but not a kind word! Joseph Craig might have been a machine, without a spark of feeling in him. He never hung up his socks to be filled with Christmas presents—no, indeed! And he never had a kind mother to put her soft hand under his chin, and lift his poor, pale face to her loving eyes.

This was the day before Christmas, and at night, when the little ones were safe in their beds, Farmer May threw a fresh pine-log into the wide-mouthed chimney-place, and the Christmas angel began invisibly to fill up the four long, red woollen stockings, which had been hung up on the stairs to see what might be put in them. What a dancing and capering there was about that kitchen floor the next morning when the beautiful sun revealed what the shy fairy had been about! Twelve-year-old Hetty danced about,

in a pair of new rubbers and a pretty silk hood, with delight Thomas's blue-wheeled cart kept on tripping everybody up as he went careering round the room ; and Tiny's great wax-doll stared at young and old with its impudent blue eyes. But the greatest general of the day was Harry, with the shining new skates which he had found in his stockings. Already he was putting them on, and getting patient Joseph to help him with the buckling. "Hurrah, Joseph! hurrah, everybody! Look out of the windows, I'm off to the big pond for a skate." They were all so proud of handsome, careless Harry!

Mother May was dreadfully busy preparing the Christmas dinner—for all the May relatives were to be there—but she left the peeling of the turnips and onions, and with her wet hands behind her, looked out with the rest to see her promising son. "Bless the boy!" cried out the farmer, in his hearty way, and the children's eyes glistened with pleasure. Joseph's hand was upon the window-sill, and Farmer May's accidentally dropped on to it, gathering the slim fingers into his broad, warm palm. Joseph thought his heart would burst, and a sweet glow of pleasure stole over him; but the hand and pressure were instantaneously removed, and the sunshine faded out of his eyes.

We will tell you more about Joseph next month.

GRANDMAMMA'S STORY.

"GRANDMAMMA dear, it is blind-man's holiday now—too dark to see to work, and too light to have the gas; so do tell us a story." So cried three or four little voices one afternoon, just as twilight was beginning to steal over the earth, and to wrap the streets of the little town in her sober mantle. Grandmamma laid down her work with a smile, then smoothing her apron over her dress, and taking off her spectacles (which last movement was one that always caused a burst of delight), she took the youngest of her little grandchildren on her knee, and looking very wise, said, "Well, dears, what shall the story be about?" There was an instantaneous and universal reply to this question from the eager children. "O grandmamma, tell us about when you were

young." Thus answered, grandmamma, without any further remark, began as follows:—

"I was about ten years of age, dear children, when the events took place which I am about to relate to you. I lived with my parents in a small country town at that time, and used to go to a day-school at some little distance from our house. As I did not generally return home till four o'clock in the afternoon, my mother was in the habit of filling a tiny basket with good things, to serve as luncheon for her little girl; and many were the slices of cake, home-made biscuits, and apples from our own garden, that found their way into my neat covered basket.

"One rainy morning I was walking to school at nine o'clock, as usual, an umbrella in my hands and my basket well stocked on my arm, when I met a tall, half-starved looking boy. The side-walk was narrow, and he stepped on one side to let me pass. As he did so, I noticed his thin and worn, though clean, clothes, and his haggard countenance. He did not beg, but he looked wistfully into my face, which must have been, in its rosy healthfulness, a strong contrast to his own. My heart was touched; I stopped, and, turning to him, said, 'Poor boy, you look very wet and hungry.' 'Yes, miss, I am,' he replied, respectfully. Without saying more, I lowered my umbrella and placed it against the wall. I then proceeded to open my basket, and, taking out the entire contents, emptied them into the poor fellow's hand. The tear that glistened in his eye expressed his gratitude far better than the few words he was able to utter, and, leaving him to enjoy the food I had given him, I took up my umbrella and went on my way without further adventure.

"Some weeks passed, and I had almost forgotten the little occurrence. Winter had come on, and the streets were slippery with frozen mud and water. Once more I was going to school, and as I was crossing one of the streets, my foot slipped and I fell, spraining my ankle, and severely bruising myself. I tried to rise, but could not move, and to add to my fright, just at that moment, a cart, drawn by four huge horses, came in full trot round the corner of the street, and in a moment seemed bearing down upon me. The driver did not see me; his face was turned away. I tried to scream, but terror had taken away my voice.

Of course all this passed much more quickly than I can tell it. Suddenly, just as the foremost of the horses seemed almost upon me, I felt myself seized by my arms, and dragged rapidly backwards. I was conscious of no more till I found myself lying on the side-walk, surrounded by anxious faces, among which I instantly recognized the features of the poor boy to whom I had given my luncheon some weeks previous. What was my surprise to hear that he had been my preserver in the great danger to which I had been exposed. At the risk of his own life he had darted forward almost under the horses' feet, and had dragged me away.

"I was taken home in a carriage, and at my own request the poor boy accompanied me. Of course the gratitude of my parents knew no bounds; they at once inquired into the case of my young preserver, and learning that he was an orphan, they took measures to procure him regular work, and to provide in other ways for his happiness and comfort. And now, my dear children, this is my little story," continued grandmamma, "and the lesson I should wish it to teach you is this: that a kind action, however insignificant, seemingly, will, like the cup of cold water mentioned by our Saviour, never lose its reward."

Grandmamma said no more, for at this moment the servant came in to light the gas; the spectacles were again put on, and the work resumed.

M. E. R.

REMINISCENCES.

JAMES MONTGOMERY has long been in the land where "time has no power o'er the fadeless flower," but his words still echo and re-echo in our hearts, as we watch the shadows of the passing year.

Where are ye with whom on life I started,
Dear companions of my golden days?
Ye are dead, estranged from me, or parted—
Flown, like morning clouds, a thousand ways.

Where art thou, in youth my friend and brother,
Yea, in soul, my friend and brother still?
Heaven received thee, and on earth none other
Can the void in my lorn bosom fill.

Where is she, whose looks were love and gladness?
Love and gladness I no longer see!
She is gone; and since that hour of sadness,
Nature seems her sepulchre to me.

Where am I? life's current faintly flowing,
Brings the welcome warning of release;
Struck with death, ah! whither am I going?
All is well, my spirit parts in peace.

MY MOTHER.

How many sacred and hallowed associations cluster around that dear and loving name, as memory takes us gently by the hand, and leads us far back to the past, to that happy time when blessed by the counsel and advice of the now sainted being we call mother! The music of that silver-toned voice we again hear from the spirit-land, singing some soothing melody, or telling in simple language, "that sweet story of old," till forgotten were all our childish sorrows. And how in the strife and tumult of life, when the cold world frowns darkly upon us, her gentle words come back bidding us "look above." Who can fathom the depth of a mother's love? No friendship so pure, so devoted. The wild storm of adversity, and the bright sunshine of prosperity, are all alike to her; however unworthy we may be of affection, a mother never ceases to love her erring child still. Often can I look up, feeling my mother led me to Jesus.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

FEMALE TEMPER.

No trait of character is more valuable in a female than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn out with the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition! It is sunshine falling upon his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten.

"NO ONE TO TAKE CARE OF THEM."

A gentleman once observed an Indian standing at a window looking into a field, where several children were at play. The gentleman asked the interpreter what was the conversation; he answered, "The Indian was lamenting the sad state of those orphan children." The interpreter inquired of him why he thought them orphans. The Indian, with great earnestness, replied, "Is not this the day on which you told me the white people worship the Great Spirit? If so, surely these children, if they had parents or any person to take care of them, would not be suffered to be out there playing and making such a noise! No! no! they have lost their fathers and mothers, and have no one to take care of them."

EXAMPLE TO CHILDREN.

Children are sooner corrupted with evil action than counselled with many exhortations. One wicked action will hinder twenty wholesome admonitions. Deeds are sooner imitated than words obeyed. Do, therefore, that for God yourselves that you tell them they must do, for if you would have them to walk with God so must you before them. The eye as well as the ear is a learning sense, therefore set a pious and blameless example daily in their view. Do nothing but what you may be able to say, "Look on me and do likewise."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

On Health, what Preserves, what Destroys, and what Restores it. By Dr. HORNER. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

An interesting and instructive family book.

First Lessons in the Life of our Lord. By CHARLES WILLS, M.A. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

A charming little book for mothers and teachers, with a vast deal of information in it.

The New Sunday-School Hymn-Book. By EDWIN HODDER. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

A valuable addition to our list of hymn-books.

The Child's Commentator. By INGRAM COBBIN, M.A. No. 2. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

We are much delighted with the second number of this nice little commentary.

Old Jonathan. London: Collingridge.

As interesting as ever.

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